

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1892.

No. 3.

## OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

JOHN H. VINCENT, *Chancellor*. LEWIS MILLER, *President*. JESSE L. HURLBUT, *Principal*. *Counselors*: LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.; BISHOP H. W. WARREN, D. D.; J. M. GIBSON, D. D.; W. C. WILKINSON, D. D.; EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.; JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL.D. MISS K. F. KIMBALL, *Executive Secretary*. A. M. MARTIN, *General Secretary*. A. H. GILLET, D. D., *Field Secretary*.

## REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

### THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

IT was in the fervor and excitement of the war days of 1861, when men were moved alike to patriotism and to poetry, that Bayard Taylor sought to fire the loyal North with a stirring rhyme illustrative of the intense patriotism that lived in the hearts of the pensioned fighters of an earlier generation. According to the poet,

"An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came ;

He sought the chief who led him on many a field of fame—

The chief who shouted, 'Forward!' where'er his banner rose,

And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes."

The "chief" was General Winfield Scott, himself the veteran hero of two famous wars, and, in 1861, commander-in-chief of the rapidly mustering Union army.

"'Have you forgotten, General,' the battered soldier cried,

'The days of Eighteen Hundred Twelve, when I was at your side ?

Have you forgotten Johnson that fought at Lundy's Lane ?

'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again !'"

His old chief tries to dissuade the battered veteran, telling him that "younger men are in the field" and advising him to give place to them. But the pensioner is persistent ; he is ready to die for the Union and begs his old-time commander to give him the most dangerous post in which he may become an ex-

ample to the new fighting men ; and thus he gives his motive :

"'I'm ready, General, so you let the post to me be given,

Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest heaven,

And say to Putnam at his side, or maybe General Wayne :

"There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane."'"

Whether or not his argument and appeal proved effective the poet does not tell us. The verse had served its purpose, for its fire awoke the slumbering loyalty in younger hearts and Lundy's Lane proved indeed a name to conjure by.

For eighty years the Battle of Lundy's Lane has been told in story and sung in rhyme as a glowing victory in which the American eagle buried his sharp talons deep in the hide of the British lion and caused that hitherto rampant beast to howl with pain and slink away in defeat. As a matter of fact the battle was but typical of a war that was alike needless and leaderless, for it began in a blunder and ended in a blunder ; but between these blunders were displayed deeds of valor and brilliancy of leadership that have outlived the mistakes of that day of blood and so linked the names of Lundy's Lane and Winfield Scott that down to our time they have remained inseparable,

"Familiar in our mouths as household words."

The land operations of the War of 1812 were almost wholly confined to the northern

frontier. "Into Canada!" was the popular victory for the Americans, thanks to the recovery and, in the summer of 1814, for the fifth listless charge of McNeill's battalion, which,



Site of the Battle of Chippewa.

time within the two years of war, an invasion of Canada was planned and attempted. General Jacob Brown was the American commander; associated with him were a few general officers of ability made so by bitter experience. One of these, General Winfield Scott, an ambitious young soldier of twenty-eight who had but just received his promotion to the rank of brigadier, sought to correct the shameful inefficiency of what had thus far been but a travesty of war, by drilling the troops into military discipline in the camp of instruction at Buffalo.

Early in July, 1814, the forward movement began. The "army of invasion" consisted of less than four thousand men; Fort Erie, on the Canadian shore opposite Buffalo, fell without a blow, and, flushed with this bloodless victory, Scott and his advance of thirteen hundred invaders marched on Chippewa, where at the mouth of the Chippewa River, some fortifying had been done by the British. On the banks of Street's Creek, a short distance below Chippewa, the Americans encountered the British force of seventeen hundred men commanded by General Riall, hurrying down to the relief of Fort Erie. A furious fight ensued but before night on July 5 it ended in

ordered on by Scott, swept the enemy from the field in defeat and flight. The camp of instruction had already paid for itself.

Chippewa being won, General Brown felt confident of his ability to cripple the British power in Canada if he could but have the moral and physical force of the American fleet on Lake Erie as a substantial backer.

"I do not doubt my ability to meet the enemy in the field [wrote General Brown to Commodore

Chauncey on July 13] and to march in any direction over his country, with your fleet carrying for me the necessary supplies. For God's sake, let me see you."

But his prayer was not answered. The land leader had his plans; the naval commander had his. And the selfishness that so marked the whole tenor of this blundering War of 1812 was here again exemplified. Chauncey did not wish to co-operate with Brown save in his own way; and that way included the destruction of the British fleet on the lake. So he would not sail to Brown's



Site of the British Battery at Lundy's Lane.

help. Delays were dangerous. Scott, full of the zeal of a successful fighter, begged to be



allowed to unmask the enemy, who had withdrawn to the camp on Lake Ontario and thrown additional defenders into the two nearest forts, George and Mississauga.

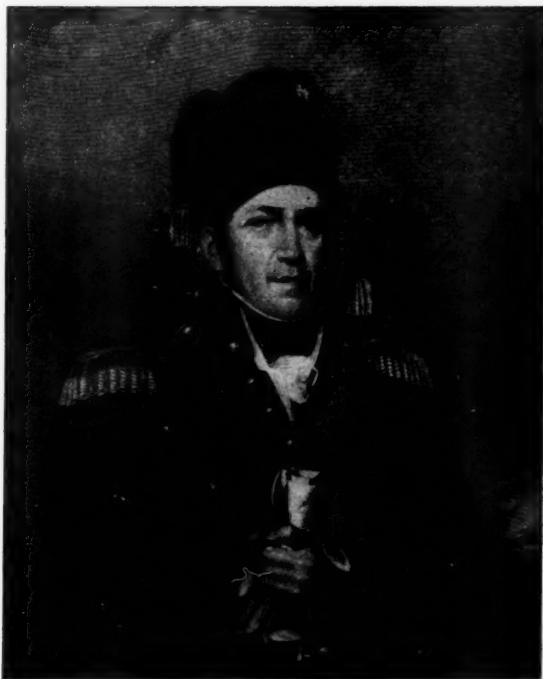
The American commander determined to attempt the capture of these forts. He marched to their attack, but, being without siege guns, he sent post haste to Commodore Chauncey for these necessary pieces of ordnance. Day after day he awaited the arrival of the guns; July was passing without action; again Scott solicited permission to draw out the enemy from their camp on Ontario, but General Brown feared the result of thus dividing his forces. At last came a messenger from Chauncey. The commodore could neither send the guns nor would he come to Brown's aid.

"We are intended [he wrote] to seek and fight the enemy's fleet and I shall not be diverted from my efforts by any sinister attempt to render me subordinate to, or an appendage of, the army."

Again had jealousy and selfishness wrecked a well-conceived plan of action.

Then it was that General Brown determined to do what Scott had for days been advising—draw Riall and his force down from their camp on Ontario. To do this it was decided to feign flight, and on the morning of July 24 the siege of the forts was raised and the American troops withdrew, apparently in retreat. At Queenston the troops halted and here General Brown was informed that his strategem was successful and that General Riall was marching upon Queenston. In high glee at the result of his ruse, and feeling confident of his superior strength, General Brown ordered Scott to march his command against the enemy's advance, to meet and defeat it. Within a half hour's time General Scott had his force of thirteen hundred men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—on the march and was hastening on toward the road that lay along the thunderous falls, hopeful of an easy victory.

It was all a blunder. The enemy, true enough, had been drawn out of their camp and were marching to meet the Americans. But something more had happened, of which neither Brown nor Scott had any suspicion.



General Jacob Brown.

For while Brown was waiting for Chauncey and that self-sufficient commodore was writing letters about his dignity and his intentions, heavy reinforcements had been sent to General Riall and his available force was thus increased to fully five thousand fighting men. Instead of the thousand redcoats that Scott was so confidently marching on to disperse it was this army of nearly five thousand men, many of them veterans of Wellington's wars, that was, with equal confidence, moving on to the annihilation of the Americans.

The long July afternoon was nearly over; and Scott with his thirteen hundred men passed the thick growth of woods that then skirted the roadway almost abreast of the falls, and, in astonishment and dismay, came upon a strong force of the enemy—fully three times the number he had reckoned upon meeting—drawn up in battle array upon the rising ground across which ran the country

roadway known as Lundy's Lane. Upon the hilltop a battery of seven guns was already in position, prepared to dispute the passage of the Americans.

What was to be done? Scott was quick in action; swift in decision. And here was one of the moments that tested alike his courage and his caution. Advance and retreat were equally hazardous; the first might mean annihilation; the second surely meant demoralization. It was one of the supreme moments that call for boldness without hesitation; and this course was that taken by Winfield Scott. Hastily dispatching an officer to General Brown, with information of this change in the situation and the call for immediate reinforcements, he decided upon an attack. Since Chippewa the army believed "Scott's brigade" invincible. Now he would prove it.

It was after sunset; but, through the half light, Scott could see that the British force was thrown across the lane in crescent shape, with the seven cannon in the center and just in front of the little church that occupied the crest of the hill. The enemy's left did not extend to the river; at that end of the crescent was therefore the vulnerable point. Jesup's regiment was at once detached to the right with orders to turn the enemy's left; at the same time, Hindman's battalion was ordered to the left to break the British right.

The boldness of Scott's action for a moment disconcerted the British leader. Because of the gloom, he could not see the extent of his antagonists, and therefore concluded that the entire American force was before him. It was the Americans' opportunity; and the discipline that Scott had infused into his command, as well as the inspiration of his own boldness, put energy into their action and the attack upon the enemy's left and right was successful. As Jesup and his men drove back the enemy's left, Riall, the British general, spurred forward to rally his retreating troops; but in the uncertain light he rode up, instead, to the American line. "Make way there for General Riall," shouted one of his aids. The Americans made way with alacrity. Their lines opened; the British commander galloped through; then the line closed again and General Riall and his officers were entrapped and made prisoners. The British left was driven up the hill and the darkness of night closed in upon the battle field.

In response to Scott's hasty message,

General Brown and the reserve now reinforced the Americans, and at nine o'clock in the evening Scott placed the command in the hands of his superior, advising, as he did so, the immediate capture of the British battery, which, from the top of the little hill, was seriously retarding the American operations.

"That battery is the key to the British position," Scott insisted.

"You cannot hope to win until those guns are silenced," said McRee, a major in the engineers.

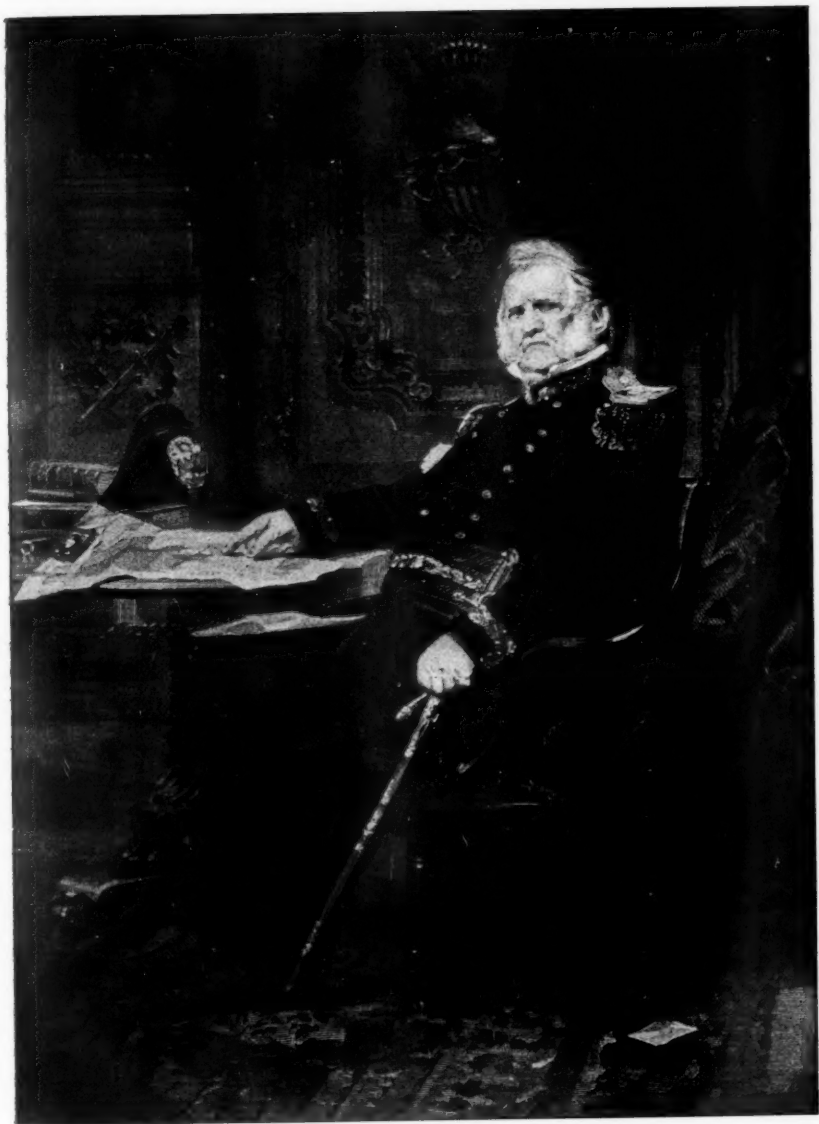
"Miller's battalion is the heaviest on our side," said Scott; "I know the men; they can be relied upon; give them proper support; let them charge up the lane, silence the battery, and take the enemy in flank; then the whole British line can be rolled back into the woods."

"Colonel Miller," said General Brown, riding up to the reserves where the twenty-first regiment still awaited orders, "that battery must be silenced. I want you to take it." And James Miller's prompt reply has been the inspiration to many a daring deed since his day: "I'll try, sir," he said.

The British battery was a busy one. The flashes of light that accompanied its frequent discharges really served as a beacon as Scott guided General Brown and Miller with his men through the gloom to the foot of Lundy's Lane where it led up the hill. As a cover to the attempt Jesup, supported by the small battery that had come with the reinforcements, kept up a furious fight in front, and Miller and his brave three hundred, in double files, moved steadily up the hill where fully fifteen hundred foemen awaited them.

The seven cannon kept steadily at their work like baying mastiffs; defiantly they held the British center. "Charge!" rang out the voice of Miller and right against those belching guns, right upon the begrimed gunners, straight into the British ranks behind dashed the three hundred. It was a gallant assault; it was an irresistible rush; the gunners were driven off; the veterans of Wellington's wars who sought to resist the charge and to save the threatened battery, faltered, broke, and fled. The battery was taken and General Ripley with the battalions of Porter and Jesup marching after, held the captured hilltop that Miller had so gloriously won.

And now from assailants the Americans became defenders. What they had gained



General Winfield Scott.

they must hold. Twenty-six hundred men had driven back forty-five hundred—for the entire American and British forces were now engaged.

But the British rallied, reformed, and marched back to recover their lost position and their captured battery. Three times in greatly superior numbers they charged on the American line; three times were they repulsed. Scott with the remnants of his crippled brigade drew off from the main body and sought to assail the enemy in flank and break the force of his advance. The night was bright with the powder flash and heavy with the smoke and roar of battle. The firing was incessant; the struggle was sharp and deadly. General Brown was stricken down and borne from the conflict; Scott, who had already faced death in every part of the field, and had two horses shot under him, was struck by a musket ball in the shoulder and taken away insensible, recovering just in time to hear that the British had again been driven back; then, placed in an ambulance, the wounded leader was carried to Chippewa. It was now midnight; Brown and Scott both being disabled, the command devolved upon General Ripley.

The British were routed, their position was captured, their defeat assured. A strong disposition of American troops could have held the field; a last vigorous assault would have utterly driven the enemy off. But Ripley seems to have lacked Brown's persistence

that the help of Brown and Scott was removed; uncertain of his ability to hold the captured battery and unable to bring them away for want of harness or drag ropes, he decided to retire from the position his army had won, even at the sacrifice of all the advantages gained. In desperation his principal officers sent to Scott, begging him to come back and make his victory good. But the gallant fighter was too sorely wounded to be moved; so General Ripley left the hill, guns and all, and when morning broke, the British general, Drummond, hearing that the field was tenantless and the battery ungarrisoned, marched to the spot, encamped upon the field, and claimed the victory.

So a battle begun in a blunder, ended in a blunder. The Americans fell back to Fort Erie, and in the fall the customary dallying again gave the British the advantage. Fort Erie was destroyed by its retreating garrison, the American forces withdrew to American soil, and another loudly-heralded invasion of Canada came to naught.

But in all this purposeless campaign on the Niagara frontier the affair at Lundy's Lane stands out as the one redoubtable deed in a succession of blunders. It was the triumph of discipline; the development of ability; the awakening of heroism. Until that day the operations of the American land forces had been little short of contemptible.

"We have now got an enemy who fights as bravely as ourselves," wrote one of the



Gold Medal Awarded to General Miller.

and Scott's courage. Dismayed by the carnage that the fierce fighting had already displayed; fearful of a successful attack by the superior numbers of the enemy should they attempt to reform; distrustful of himself, now

self-sufficient English officers after this bloody fight; "they have proved to us what they are made of; they are neither to be frightened nor silenced."

The spirit of the American soldier thus as-

serted itself and Lundy's Lane was alike the forerunner and the inspiration of the one real battle of this spiritless War of 1812,—New Orleans. It was, too, one of the arguments that gave force to the negotiations that speedily ended in the treaty of peace.

Out of this battle, too, one man emerged with honor. Lundy's Lane made the reputation of Winfield Scott. That he deserved the fame it won him, few will question. Without him it could scarcely have been even the seeming victory it was; for Ripley was inefficient and Brown, though ambi-

tious, was devoid of skill and judgment.

But, after all, it was the courage and tenacity of the rank and file that won whatever glory that midnight battle has as its own. Without their steadiness and valor it would have been but a sorry defeat. It proved the worth of the American soldier and the strength of the American arm when properly guided and upheld. Barren though it was of immediate fruit, it, at least, saved New York from invasion and, in its final results, we are justified in claiming as an American victory this battle of Lundy's Lane.



Gold Medal Awarded to General Scott.

## THE DOWNFALL OF NEW FRANCE.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

**T**HUS far in the course of the French and Indian War, misfortune had fallen upon nearly every undertaking of the English. But the terrible defeat of Ticonderoga was the last of these great disasters, and the remainder of the campaign of 1758 began a series of English victories which ended in the downfall of New France. The successes of the French had been won by the superior energy of their officers, the quicker action of centralized administration, and a better understanding with the Indian tribes. Now, however, natural forces were beginning to make themselves felt. The French activity which had won battles was exhausting the resources of Canada. To prosecute campaigns, harvests had been neglected, and scarcity began to prevail in the whole valley

of the St. Lawrence. The products of 100,000 Canadians could not hold out against the resources of a million and a half of English colonists; and supplies from France could not be relied on with certainty.

In spite of his two victories Montcalm saw ultimate defeat staring him in the face; and in February, 1758, wrote to the minister:

"I cannot give you any information yet concerning the next campaign; the operations will depend on the prompt arrival of provisions, and of the good or bad bearing of the enemy. The article of provisions makes me tremble; notwithstanding the reductions in the rations, the scarcity is greater than we should have believed."

And in another letter suggesting permanent boundaries, he concluded:

"Notwithstanding our successes, peace is desirable for New France or Canada, which must

\*Special Course for C. L. S. C. Graduates.



be reduced at the long run, considering the number of English, and the difficulty of transporting provisions and reinforcements."

It shows the sound judgment of Montcalm that he was not in the least dazzled by his third victory, when he beat back the English from Ticonderoga.

It was coincident with the expedition which Abercrombie so fruitlessly led against Ticonderoga, that a formidable army and fleet had been sent against Louisburg, made up of about forty armed ships under Admiral Boscawen, and 12,000 troops under General Amherst. Halifax was the rendezvous;\* and on June 2, 1758, the whole force appeared before the harbor of Louisburg. Under the lead of Brigadier General Wolfe a landing was effected on the 8th of June, and a regular siege begun. The garrison consisted of something over 3,000 men, and twelve French ships were anchored in the harbor. Though the defense was skillful and stubborn it could not indefinitely resist the overwhelming numbers of the English. Gradually but steadily the French ships were destroyed, and the French guns silenced; and on the 26th of July, 1758, Amherst and Boscawen received the formal surrender of the garrison, the citadel, and the islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward.

The second serious blow to French power followed without great delay. The English army commanded by Abercrombie, after its unsuccessful attempt against Ticonderoga, remained encamped at the head of Lake George on the site of Fort William Henry, which Montcalm had destroyed. But Abercrombie sent Lieutenant Colonel Bradstreet with a force of 3,000 men, mainly colonial troops, to attempt the capture of Fort Frontenac, the French stronghold on the north shore of Lake Ontario. Bradstreet advanced by the usual route up the Mohawk River, and crossing the lake in whale boats and bateaux on August 27, 1758, received the surrender of Fort Frontenac, which contained a garrison of only 110 soldiers and laborers, and was therefore not in condition to make a defense. A damaging result to the French was the capture of nine armed vessels built by them to guard and control Lake Ontario.

The French and Indian War had been begun by the attempt of the Ohio Company to push English trade and settlement across the

Alleghenies to the Ohio River. So far from effecting this, Braddock's defeat had stimulated the French and Indians to an activity in border war which threatened to push back the whole frontier to the eastward. The recapture of Fort Duquesne therefore remained a constant object in military plans, though for two years the attempt could not be renewed. The comprehensive plans of Pitt for the campaign of 1758 once more embraced an expedition against that fort.

Brigadier General John Forbes was sent to lead it, and the name of Washington naturally reappears. Since Washington had been nothing but an aid-de-camp under Braddock, his only connection with military service after that general's death was as adjutant general of Virginia militia. But his service and gallantry in Braddock's unfortunate battle had been so conspicuous that when a month later the Assembly of Virginia ordered a new regiment to be raised, general public opinion compelled Governor Dinwiddie to appoint Washington commander-in-chief of all the forces raised, or to be raised in the colony. Upon him therefore had ever since devolved the protection of the Virginia frontier against the Indians. To do this with the very small militia contingent furnished, gave him more opportunity for military thought and anxiety, than for action and distinction.

Now that a new campaign was to be undertaken against Fort Duquesne, the Virginia contingent was increased, and Washington was placed under the command of Forbes, who appreciated his experience and counsel, though he did not adopt all his advice. Great delay occurred in the organization and progress of the expedition; partly from Forbes' illness, partly because he chose and opened a new route through the Alleghenies, and partly also as a matter of policy, that through the lateness of the season and the influence of special emissaries, the Indians should not be found in great numbers near the fort.

The expedition encountered its full share of difficulties, and a reconnoitering detachment under Major Grant was badly cut to pieces by a sortie from the fort. But Forbes and his 2,500 picked men, Washington being in the advance, finally reached Fort Duquesne on the 25th of November, 1758, only to find it in ruins. The French commander with 500 men being, since the capture of Fort

\* RoN-da-vo. The capital N indicates the French nasal sound.

Frontenac by the English, cut off from reinforcements and supplies, had burned and blown up the works and hastily retreated. Forbes took possession of the abandoned post and renamed it Pittsburg in honor of England's great minister; here in the following autumn a new work called Fort Pitt was built.

Thus the campaign of 1758 had resulted in three important successes for the English (Louisburg, Frontenac, and Duquesne) and one important defeat (Ticonderoga), which, however, a leader with more persistence than Abercrombie might easily, with the forces he commanded, have also changed into a final victory. The campaign as a whole not only stimulated the enthusiasm and hope of the colonies to new efforts, but raised the ambition of Pitt to gain for England, not merely ascendancy in North America, but complete possession of New France. He therefore planned and confidentially communicated to the colonial governors a campaign for the year 1759, which had for its object the final conquest of the whole of Canada.

As Montcalm had anticipated, the king of France was unable to send him any important reinforcements, but instructed him to concentrate his defense "on a smaller extent of country" and within points "which are most essential and most connected"; nevertheless enjoining upon him "the utmost importance to possess always a foothold in Canada." Under these instructions as well as by his lack of resources, the operations of Montcalm were practically limited to an effort to oppose the English at Quebec toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at the rapids of that river toward Lake Ontario, and on the Champlain route at whatever point could be best defended, the present outpost still being Fort Ticonderoga. The western posts had to be left to their own resources.

The English on their part made extensive preparations both in Europe and the colonies to advance against all these points. Abercrombie, who had shown his unfitness for command, was recalled, and Amherst, the captor of Louisburg, succeeded him as leader of the expedition by the Champlain route. Gathering about 11,000 men, half regulars and half provincials, at Lake George, he moved against Ticonderoga on the 21st of July, 1759. The French having no adequate garrison to hold out against such an army, retreated under orders first to Crown Point,

and then to Isle Aux Noix [o-nwa'], a strong position on an island in the outlet of Lake Champlain, defended by more than 100 pieces of artillery. Amherst occupied Ticonderoga on July 27 and Crown Point some days later. It had been expected that he would rapidly force his way northward toward the St. Lawrence, but he allowed the summer to pass away without further advantage, except to build and repair fortifications, and clear Lake Champlain of a few French vessels.

Meanwhile the English had gained important advantages in the west. Pittsburg was reinforced; and a strong expedition was sent up the Mohawk, part of which reoccupied Oswego, while the remainder under Prideaux proceeded to invest Fort Niagara. Prideaux was killed by accident at the beginning of the siege, but Sir William Johnson, second in command, carried it on with spirit and after beating back a French relieving party from the western posts, compelled its surrender on the 25th of July, 1759.

But the principal expedition of the summer was that against Quebec. To command it, Pitt specially selected Brigadier General James Wolfe, who had been the animating spirit in the siege of Louisburg the year before. A dangerous task was thrust upon him. Quebec, well-nigh impregnable by nature, was defended by more than 16,000 men under Montcalm. To conquer these and seize an almost unassailable fortress, Wolfe brought less than 9,000 men. His reliance was upon the superior discipline of his troops as against Canadian militia, and especially that Amherst would come from Lake Champlain to his help.

The fleet which brought Wolfe sailed from Louisburg on June 6, and anchored a few miles below Quebec on the 26th. Operations were begun with energy, but the difficulties of the undertaking grew day by day apparently more insurmountable. The army of Montcalm, strongly intrenched, barred the only approaches that appeared practicable. Secure in the strength of his position, he remained cautiously on the defensive; and after more than a month of futile effort to draw the French into a battle, Wolfe on the 31st of July made the experiment of a direct front assault, but was repulsed with terrible loss.

The English bombarded the city, harassed the surrounding country, and their ships ran boldly past the batteries of Quebec, and above

the city were allowed to drift up and down with the tides, greatly perplexing the French detachments sent to watch the upper shores. The Canadian winter being near, and Wolfe despairing of assistance from Amherst, he resolved on an effort to scale the heights above the city. The attempt made on the night of September 12 proved successful, through the concurrence of several favorable accidents; and on the morning of the 13th the flower of Wolfe's army, less than 5,000 men, stood ranged in line of battle on the high plateau called the Plains of Abraham, a mile from the city walls.

Montcalm riding to the spot saw that he must fight or be cut off from supplies. He instantly ordered all available troops from his camp below the city; but through conflict or confusion of orders was able to bring into line only a number about equal to the British. There followed a cannonade of an hour from two or three field pieces on each side. Then the French, exhorted by Montcalm, rushed forward. It was but a brief battle. The steady volleys of the English at short range quickly threw the French lines into confusion; and an impulsive bayonet charge put them to rout. Wolfe, who led the charge, fell mortally wounded, and was almost unconscious when he was roused for a moment to hear and comprehend the announcement of his victory. Montcalm shared a similar fate. In the retreat he received a shot through the body, and died the next morning. The loss was nearly equal, something over 600 on each side. On the 17th of September, 1759, Quebec was surrendered to the English.

Its fall was a death blow to the hopes of New France, but work had yet to be done to gather the full fruits of Wolfe's victory. A garrison of 7,000 English was left to hold and winter in the battered and burned city; but the climate and scurvy wrought such havoc among the troops that before spring the effective force was reduced to about 3,000. The governor had withdrawn all the French troops to Quebec, and Lévis [lā-vē] succeeded Montcalm in the command. During the siege the French ships had remained at a distance in safe stations, and after the English fleet departed some of the former ran down the St. Lawrence past the Quebec batteries and escaped to sea; some ran aground and were burned.

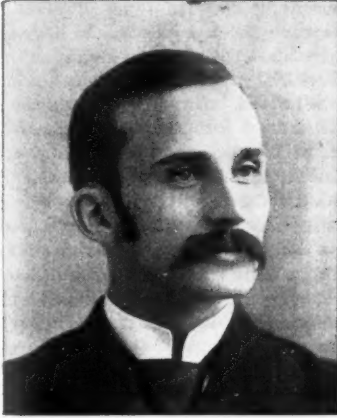
Lévis had managed to gather a force of 8,000 or 9,000 at Montreal, and in April, 1760,

embarking cannon and supplies on the few French vessels that yet remained, moved down the river to recapture Quebec. Notwithstanding Lévis' overwhelming force, Murray, who commanded the English, came out to meet him with nearly his whole effective garrison, and on the 28th of April, 1760, attacked the French at Sillery, two or three miles from Quebec. At first the English gained some advantage; but after a severe battle of two hours, and the loss of a thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing, they were forced to retreat to Quebec, and prepared to hold the walls as best they could. Lévis followed and began his siege, but his progress was so slow that he was unable to accomplish anything, until about the middle of May an English fleet arrived, and the French, abandoning cannon, ammunition, and supplies, precipitately withdrew to Montreal.

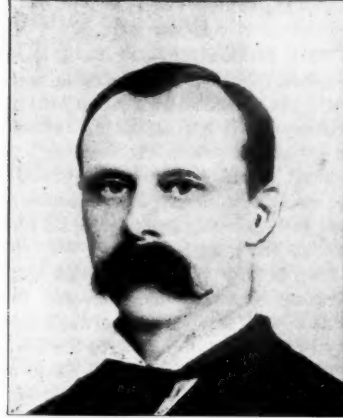
The end of the war was approaching slowly, but with inevitable certainty. Amherst planned the simultaneous concentration of three expeditions against Montreal. Murray was to come from Quebec with such forces as he could muster, about 2,500 in all; Haviland to advance northward from Crown Point at the head of 3,400 men; while Amherst led his main army of 10,000 by the long route up the Mohawk to Lake Ontario, and down the St. Lawrence through the dangerous navigation of the rapids. This movement cut off any possible retreat of the entire French army over the lakes to their posts in the great west; but on the other hand it exposed the English detachments to the danger of being met and conquered in detail.

The English had the good fortune to effect a junction. Under the impending fate of war the French forces had melted away by desertion to the merest skeleton of an army. Seeing no alternative Governor Vaudreuil [vo-dru'y'], on September 8, 1760, surrendered his army and the whole of Canada to the English. That surrender, and the Treaty of Paris three years after, extinguished the title and territory of New France, and annexed it to the American colonies. But France had her revenge twenty years later when she assisted the revolting colonies to conquer their independence. The two countries were again separated, and the final result to Great Britain was, that she had only exchanged the United States for the remainder of Canada.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.



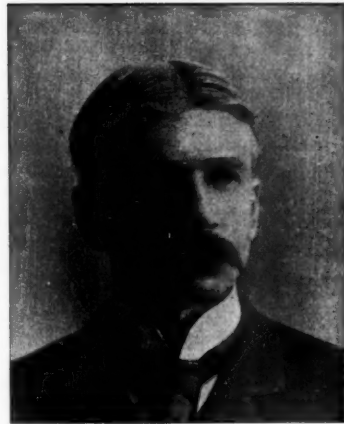
Philip Burroughs Strong.  
Author of "Character," "Divine Tracings," etc.



Ernest Ingersoll.  
Author of "Crest of the Continent," "Knocking 'Round the Rockies," etc.



Hugh T. Sudduth.  
Author of "Renunciation," "To Alfred Tennyson," "Dawn in the City," etc.



Oliver Farrar Emerson.  
Author of "Nature," "September," "Antwerp Cathedral," etc.

A GROUP OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[June 5.]

**T**HE Proposition.—Truth is that which *is*. But all that man on earth can see, is that which *seems*; the ground, therefore, of all his reasoning is that which seems. Apart from Revelation, strictly speaking, man *knows* nothing. He has more or less knowledge of nature's appearances, and, grounded on these, he has opinions, but Truth he has not.

Never in any previous age of the world were there so many men devoted to literature as now. But though always learning, many of them get no nearer to the first plane of Truth's own kingdom. Not a few, through their very knowledge, are actually getting farther and farther off from Truth. How should it be otherwise with those who proudly defend their fallacious knowledge against Truth, and resist Truth as fallacy? When the light is darkness, how great is the darkness! The soul, prepossessed with its own "light of nature," comes not to the Light of God.

The veil which hung before the Holy of Holies was very curious, covered with varied and sublime hieroglyphics, hints of things unseen; but the veil hid much more than it revealed. In like manner, varied and immense knowledge is often but a splendid veil. Those who, in ancient times, saw the Cherubic veil, knew that its express purpose was to hide from them the too bright Presence of Truth; but in this iron age, which in some respects is the most wonderful of all the ages, many admire with great admiration, and study with intense interest the universal veil, without knowing that it is a veil. They are "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the Truth." And worse, "As Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these resist the Truth." They resist the Truth of the inner and superior kingdom by the quasi truth of the outer and inferior kingdom. Their light constitutes an inveterate repugnance to the True Light.

Nothing is so blinding as light. One sun blinds our eyes to all the constellations of the firmament. Had the sun never set, it would

have been to us the sole glory of the heavens; but now we know that it is but a single speck of light, which, were it extinguished, would scarcely be missed beyond the solar system. Thanks to sunset for the withdrawal of the specious blind. But the light of man's natural intellect, of which nature is the great object, will not so quietly and easily give place to those far more glorious revelations which can only be given to the spiritual understanding. It is with light, or knowledge of facts, that the god of this world blinds the souls of men to true knowledge.

"Facts are stubborn things" and they make stubborn souls. Nothing is more common than for men, on the strength of facts, to fight against the Truth. Outer men and their outer facts! how proud and confident they are, how stiff and sturdy their opposition! What hope is there for their blindness, when they are so sure that they see? They do see indeed. What do they see? A few prison facts. The facts pertaining to the physical universe do not comprehend all facts. There are facts innumerable which do not come under any physical law. I will not say that it is pitiable that men should spend their half century in studying the objects, in reading the laws, and in gathering the facts of this outer creation; but it is pitiable that they should dream that there is no other sphere of objects and laws,—no higher order of facts. They are absorbed to stupefaction in their subject. The apology to be made for them is, that their subject is very great. But it is unhappy that it should blind them to one so much greater. They calmly settle down in their partial knowledge, as though it were all knowledge. They assume that this visible, outer creation is the kingdom of God, and luminous with absolute Truth. They are as men in some wonderful cave, who take their cave for God's high creation, their candle for the sun, and their conclusion for God's Truth. The whole web and tissue of their knowledge are but the specious means of excluding the Light of Eternal Truth from their eyes. They have sense, but not faith; knowledge, but "not the Truth."



[June 12.]

I was lately reading a volume of sermons by one of the ablest of all the Egyptians.\* He is a fine specimen of a mighty nature-spirit, whose forces are not *divided* (like those of twice born men) between nature and the kingdom of heaven, but, Egyptian-like, all united in one direction, and devoted to the wonders of nature. He cannot endure his world-wisdom to be called "foolish," nor his natural reason to be called carnal. Mizraim is really a narrow thing, a straitness, yet will it maintain, with much pertinacity, that it embodies all mysteries. But if you allow its own priests to lead you through the introductory halls and temples of gods and mysteries, to the very inmost, there you find—*an animal*. It may be a very wonder of an animal; but it is an animal and nothing more. Likewise, I find nothing in these sermons beyond the animal mind, the mind, as under bondage to the senses and sensible things; but you commit a great offense if you will not acknowledge this outer wisdom for Absolute Wisdom. He even rebukes the New Testament for making light of his world-wisdom.

These are his words: "It seems to me that the value of the intellect is a little underrated by some writers of the New Testament; and wisdom sometimes turned off rather rudely. As if the knowledge of God's world, and of its laws, could disturb the natural service of God." Here the whole question is begged. "*The natural service of God*" is that with which Nimrod and a whole army of mighty hunters seek to fascinate us; but it is precisely that from which Revelation seeks to deliver us, as from slavery to "beggarly elements." "The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and his offering He had not respect." This makes Cain very angry; and, if God will not have respect unto his beautiful, natural religion, then he will turn his back upon God, and make the world his god. God calls his child out of Egypt, but Egypt is far too wonderful to be abandoned for the desert by any Egyptian. In the spirit and purpose of their teaching, Theodore Parker and his kindred are at least 2,000 years behind their age. They are pagan philosophers of the nineteenth century, whose aim is to convince us that we need culture, but not regeneration.

\* Theodore Parker.

They know no other temple than the world-temple, and they think from the top of that Babel to reach Heaven.

You will find scholarship, prodigious reading, and colossal handiwork, but you will seek in vain for the *philosophy of the Cross of Christ* in this school. It has no aptitude for "the hidden wisdom"; its wisdom is that of the brutish world, brutish. "Thy thoughts, O God, are very deep," and not known in this school. It has no conception that a profound and universal philosophy underlies the doctrine of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." It cannot conceive that it is God's own solution of the confounding problem of temporal nature. To the sagacious members of nature's school, the only really quickening religious literature which we have, is folly and superstition. To quote their own words, they "turn away from this superstition to look on sunny nature, on the minnow in the sea, on the robin in the field, on the frog, on the snake, the spider and the toad, and smile at the sight of their gladness in the world, and wish to share it with them."

Is it not worthy of Egypt? They can see God in nature; but not above nature. Least of all can they see Him (in the death, burial, and resurrection of His Son) finding fault with temporal nature, and bringing in the first fruits of eternal nature. They cannot sympathize with the Divine Holiness, which dooms the first heaven and the first earth to pass away, in order that there may be "a new heaven and a new earth." They will not have it, that there is any antithesis between world-facts and eternal principles. They protest that man and nature are already according to God. Instead of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" being the Central Truth of the material universe, their center is the animating principle of nature.

[June 19.]

It is very instructive to observe the distinct tendency which the Cross of Christ gives to the soul, as compared with that which is given by the wisdom of the world. From the wisdom of the world, the soul derives a decided world-direction. But how can it derive a worldward bias from Christ crucified? The soul once luminous with the wisdom reflected from Calvary, finds its eye and its aim carried beyond the world. The Cross of Christ dissolves the spell which binds the soul to the visible creation. The wisdom of

the world enchants the soul with its prison, and persuades it that it is no prison. The revelation of the mystery of Christ crucified dissipates the enchantment, and liberates the soul. Thenceforward it breathes another air, it breathes in Eternity, it lives and moves and has its being in Eternity. This is the true sphere of man; and that only, which directs him thither, is true wisdom.

Goethe also, another fascinating, wayward spirit, of the giant species, accepted it as his calling to free himself from all principles which were higher or holier than his two great facts,—himself and this present world. The conditions under which man and nature are subject, instead of being subjected to a higher law, were assumed to be the Divine Law for him. He heard not the voice of God, calling him out of his own country, that is, out of himself, and away from his kindred, the progeny of thoughts and desires springing from the native ground of his own heart; but he heard the voice of his own heart as if it had been the voice of God. The law of his life, therefore, was a solemn blunder; but he entertained the blunderer so royally, and carried it out so magnificently, that all who long to be justified in following their own will and way, rather than God's will and way, regard their modern Jupiter Optimus Maximus with great admiration.

But a man has clearly no authority for jumping to the conclusion that the truth about this lower creation is absolute Truth. The facts pertaining to man and nature can be no more than the facts of their own sphere; and by no means exponential of universal Truth. Mud is a sufficiently actual thing, but who thinks of making it a criterion by which to judge of the sun's substance? No one asserts that our present findings in geology include all geological truth; nor that our present astronomical facts include all possible astronomical facts. Still less may this outer, perverted, adulterous house of nature be regarded as a specimen, or criterion, of a pure creation of God.

It pertains to the haste and rashness of a self-willed spirit to conclude, that, because nature can teach some things, she can teach all things. Man is greater and after a higher order than nature, and consequently for a higher end; how then should nature be able to instruct and educate him? Nature may easily degrade his affections and darken his intellect, and, at the same time, make him

arrogant and heady. For it is this peculiarity of naturalism that while it sets at naught the true human birthright, it fills the soul with the conceit of superior intelligence. How should he not be mighty on the earth, who makes his divine nature the slave of his five senses? He by no means gives up the idea of heaven for he thinks that he can lay his bricks in such order as to reach heaven by them. He disdains God's supernatural ladder.

[June 26.]

*How the Bible confounds mere naturalism!*

Spiritual and eternal things are the proper sphere of the Bible, and yet it will not let natural things alone. It meddles with the natural order of things. It will not let things be as nature has made them. It interferes with and suspends natural laws. This is very annoying to the natural philosopher, who likes to think that God will and must work according to his ideas of order. The poor slave of his philosophy thinks in his heart that God is the slave of it too. And for this reason he cannot subscribe to the Divine authority of the Bible. The God of the Bible does not always work in submission to natural laws. Sometimes a furious fire will not touch those who are cast into the very midst of it, but instead thereof, will perversely consume those who throw them in. Sometimes rivers do not flow in their proper course, they stop short and stand upright in a heap. Sometimes iron swims. At another time a single pot of oil in the possession of a widow becomes in the act of pouring out, not only enough to fill all the vessels which she has, but all that she can borrow. Sometimes men at midnight are brought out of prison, and through iron gates, and yet the gates are found securely locked in the morning. At another time the wind and sea, instead of obeying their own course, obey a Man. At another time "two small fishes" are divided into fish enough for some thousands of hungry people. Sometimes even a dead man, instead of remaining a dead man, has been known at the word of command, to quit his grave and live again.

Are not these things enough to bring the Bible into discredit with any really scientific mind? Every one knows that nature is uniform in her operations: what then must be the fate of a book which introduces a disturbing hand? And farther, many of the things which it affirms, are physical impossibilities. Is it likely that a student of the laws of nature can

receive that book as the Word of God, which gravely records such contradictions of the known order of things? Yes, a *student* may; but a *slave* of the laws of nature cannot, for he is *under* instead of being *above*, and looking down upon, nature and her laws. Nature and all her laws are *subject* to God; but the slave of nature can only believe in a God that is *subject* to nature.

It is obvious that learning will never come to the knowledge of the Truth, if the learner be at fault. If, as Revelation affirms, man's nature is at fault, then the very inclination of his affections will be at fault; and if his will be faulty, the first principles of his understanding will be faulty; and consequently his conclusions though naturally and justly derived from his premises, will nevertheless be false because his premises, processes, and conclusions are in agreement, not with eternal Truth, but with his own fallen nature. God asserts the degeneracy of his nature; and if he will assume its integrity, of necessity his whole process of thought must be false.

It is worse than frivolous for a man to assume that temporal nature accords with the Divine Nature, after God has testified that it does not. He is essentially one-sided: his partiality for what he is by nature, has warped his judgment and consequently his reasoning is within the circle of his own will. It is evidence enough of the partiality of his will, and of the guilt of that partiality, that he defends his natural condition, after God has found fault with it. He persists in believing that it is according to God, after God has declared that it is according to corrupt and transitional nature, but not according to His Nature.

God has concluded it under sin. Now he

will grant that he has committed sin; but the idea that his nature is under sin is repugnant to him and he therefore concludes that it is not under sin. God testifies that the law of his nature is the law of sin; he replies, "Nay; but it is the law of God." "The carnal mind is enmity against God." He answers, "The carnal mind is of God and in agreement with God." "The carnal mind is not subject to the law of God." The carnal mind contradicts, saying, "I am subject to the law of my nature, and the law of my nature is the law of God." "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Nonsense," his inward thought replies, "I am already in the kingdom of God." The blunder of Nicodemus is the universal blunder of the natural man; he thinks that by knowledge he can be initiated into the kingdom of Truth. But he no sooner applies to The Teacher, than he hears to his vast surprise, that only by regeneration can he come to see things as they are. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness to him: neither can he know them," because they are not discernible to the natural mind. He affirms that whatever is foolishness to his reason, is foolishness; and that the true things of God are those things which are obtained from the study of nature's laws. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," its affections and its mind are according to the flesh, its reasonings are according to the flesh, and its highest wisdom, when it seems farthest from the flesh, is still fleshly;—that is, within the compass of nature, but utterly without the kingdom of God.  
—John Pulsford.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY J. M. BUCKLEY, LL. D.

### EXERCISES WITHOUT APPARATUS.

#### V.

**I**N the preceding paper reference was made to its being possible to use music with the Swedish method, where large numbers of children in schools are required to act in unison. The "system" itself disapproves of the use of music, "for the very simple reason, primarily, that but few gymnastic movements are rhythmical, and cannot C-Jun.

be made to be so without sacrificing the movement. On the other hand each gymnastic movement has a rhythm of its own, which, however, distinctly differs from the rhythm of music."

Nils Posse in the Conference of Physical Training held in Boston in 1889 energetically opposed the use of music, analyzed the different exercises, showing that especially in arm extensions, when they are performed to

music their gymnastic form always has to be sacrificed; and claimed that the same result appears in all except a few movements, like walking, running, etc. He holds that when exercising to music, the pupil pays more attention to the rhythm of the music than the form of the movement; that it is "practically giving a divided attention, in which case one thing has to be sacrificed to another."

Dr. Walter Channing, however, in the same conference held that some movements can be better done to music, especially those with dumb-bells, wands, chest weights, and chest bars, which, he says, in nine cases out of ten will be more effectual and enjoyable done with music than without.

President Goucher of the Baltimore Woman's College, who has given special attention to the subject, is of the opinion that the use of music greatly diminishes the after effects of training upon the carriage of pupils; that they become dependent upon the rhythm; perform no acts of will and intention, and do not incorporate the principles of the system with their minds in such a way as to be controlled by them when they are left as individuals to act without the influences of association and musical rhythm.

I deem the subject of this paper of great importance to professional and business men, to students of both sexes, and to women who are not required to perform their own housework or engage in other forms of physical activity. Regularity is important to exercise. Where apparatus is necessary, unless persons remain constantly within easy reach of it they are quite likely to neglect all exercise when absent, which naturally leads to indifference when at home. It is desirable, therefore, even if one have apparatus, to form a habit of using some exercises which do not require it; by increasing the number of these when absent, the equivalent of regular amount can be done.

*Massage* requires but few words. The word is here used to signify nothing more than "a vicarious way of giving exercise to patients who cannot take it themselves," or who are too indolent to do so. The highest authorities are disgusted with the quack massage which is so common, and the *Lancet* expresses its opinion by saying, "It is as absurd to suppose that rubbing and shampooing are massage as it is to say that a daub of paint is a work of art." While shampooing is very useful, it is not massage and

cannot take its place. Professor Murrell uses the word *massotherapeutics* instead of massage. The old Greeks and Romans employed this after the struggles of the circus. Hippocrates dwells upon it, saying, "Rubbing can bind and loosen; can make flesh and cause parts to waste. Hard rubbing binds; soft rubbing loosens; much rubbing causes parts to waste; moderate rubbing makes them grow." This, written four centuries before Christ, seems to comprehend all that relates to the subject of this exercise apart from its medical aspects. For aged persons, those who are lame, very corpulent, or subject to chronic disease of the heart or other organs which makes active exercise impossible, the service of an intelligent and competent *masseur*, though expensive, is worth all it costs. But the ignoramus who supposes that strength is the principal quality may do great harm. Some years since, having met with an accident which made it for a time impossible to take any voluntary exercise, I submitted to massage with great benefit, and found it to contribute to an increase of appetite, to good digestion, and to sound sleep.

Persons who intend to employ massage should be very particular in the selection of the manipulator. Dr. Benjamin Lee gives these conditions: Vigorous health, muscular strength, a cheerful temperament, a soft, pliant, but strong hand, and a knowledge of the leading facts of anatomy, such as the position of the various organs, course of arteries, veins, and nerves, and a full knowledge of the different ways of producing effects, and the injury that may be inflicted by employing massage improperly or out of its proper order. Two thirds of the persons engaged in this business are incompetent, ignorant, unrefined, and often not of good character.

*Dancing* is a good exercise, but is hardly practicable alone or in the absence of music. It brings many muscles into action, quickens the flow of blood, and increases respiration. Jarvis' Physiology justly says that "the mere practicing of attitudes or the simple walking through the figures gives no exercise." In parties of several hours in duration, beginning late in the evening, in fashionable attire, accompanied by late suppers and poor ventilation and a strong tendency to excess, whatever benefit might be derived from exercise is antagonized; and many girls and young women have laid the



foundation of incurable and painful disease and malformations. To say that it is one of the best forms of exercise when not carried to excess is to utter the simple truth, but the same truth requires it to be added, that its conditions are usually unfavorable to health, and in practice it is liable to be carried to excess. It is an exercise which under no circumstances, when it passes out of simple attitudes, should be indulged in by persons with any tendency to heart disease or with any disease of the lungs.

*Breathing exercises* are of great value, most easily practiced, and give excellent results. It is not necessary to have an elaborate system. The nostrils are the proper organs of breathing. Man, unlike some other animals, is capable of breathing through the mouth if the nostrils are obstructed, and many from habit or debility continually do so,—a practice whether by day or by night attended with many evils; whereas every breath of pure air a man inhales through his nostrils is a breath of life.

One exercise, repeated fifty or a hundred times a day, requiring no more than ten minutes all together, is of the greatest advantage and can be done out of doors as well as in, at almost every season of the year. It consists of inhaling through the nostrils a deep breath, retaining it a few seconds, and then with the lips adjusted as if one intended to whistle, expelling it slowly through the contracted orifice. There is no physiological objection to exhaling through the mouth; there are no muscles whereby the course of the breath can be restrained through the nostrils; but the lips contain sufficient muscular strength for this purpose. If students would rise from their studies, bookkeepers from their desks, women from their sewing or reading two or three times a day and take from fifteen to thirty such breaths, the results would surprise them.

*Vocalization* properly performed is still more beneficial, whether in speaking, singing, or ejaculating. The elocutionists have many exercises designed to strengthen the vocal organs; nearly all these can be employed as well in the making of the tones as without.

Singing is a different exercise from speaking. Those who can employ both obtain the greatest benefits. A distinguished public speaker in this country, now deceased, gave it as his deliberate judgment that there is no

more healthful exercise than public speaking. "Consider," said he, "the body is erect and the muscles hold it there; the arms are employed in gesticulation, the abdominal, dorsal, and intercostal muscles and all the muscles used in respiration are in constant exercise, the heart is drawn upon for a sufficient supply of blood, its ordinary movements to some extent interfered with, but rhythmically. The muscles of the neck, of the jaw, of the cheek, and every organ of expression are brought into action under the most exhilarating circumstances."

The exhilaration no doubt is often confined to the orator rather than experienced by the audience, but the effect of such practice to the health, either publicly or privately, is marked.

All the movements made with light Indian clubs and dumb-bells are possible without apparatus. If the fists be doubled and tightly clinched, the muscles are contracted to an extent equivalent to the weight of light clubs or bells. Hence the person who uses these instruments can, when away from home, go through his movements as usual if he will. During the blizzard of 1888 a gentleman confined for two days in a car, kept off a feeling of chilliness, maintained good spirits, and enjoyed himself much by taking his regular exercises to the great amusement of his fellow-prisoners, who toward the last began to imitate him, and an amateur school in calisthenics was the result.

Checkley's "Natural Method of Physical Training without Apparatus," a book of which a great many copies have been sold, gives exercises to cultivate the habit of deep breathing, special exercises for joints and muscles; and is particularly valuable because it teaches its readers how to stand, walk, run, and climb. Mr. Checkley makes one point which he italicizes: "Men with fine looking chests often have treacherous lungs, a condition resulting from the cultivation of superficial strength. *The chest must be enlarged by the expansion of the lungs* and not by muscular distension."

As an exercise the inhaling tube made by the heirs of Dr. John M. Howe and others (and capable of being made by any person, as it is not a patent and simply requires a tube that allows free inhalation, but obstructs exhalation by a valve which stops the main orifice compelling the air to escape through a small hole not larger than the lead in a



common lead pencil) is, from this point of view, of great utility. It expands the lungs and they expand the chest. If combined with proper muscular exercise at other times, the latter not being carried to excess, the result is staying power, and all the benefits of free and full respiration. If it be said that the use of such a tube requires breathing through the mouth while the nostrils are the proper organs, this is admitted, and the tube is chiefly useful to invalids; but it can be used to promote lung expansion by inhaling through the nostrils and exhaling through the tube, which requires but little practice to make it easily done.

Mr. Theodore H. Mead, a gentleman of New York, wrote a brochure entitled "Health without Medicine." In it he describes the condition to which he was reduced by over-work and the neglect of exercise; and details an interview when he was at his lowest state three years before at Brighton, England, with a physician who told him plainly what would be the result if he did not take more exercise in a systematic way. Though he was already "well advanced in life," the effect of his exercises was that instead of abandoning business he was able to devote to it without fatigue as much time as necessary. "Instead of lying awake half the night or more after an hour's reading," he "can study or work until eleven o'clock, and sleep like a top, and wake refreshed in the morning; has gained thirty pounds, nearly all solid muscle, and the action of the heart which had become alarmingly weak, has gained strength, and there is a perceptible and considerable increase in the capacity of the lungs."

His exercises require no apparatus, and there are fifteen of them. I will not destroy the value of his book by publishing them. Some are a little too violent for my use, but ten of them I have employed with considerable regularity for some months with pleasure and benefit. Whatever method or exercise is adopted, regularity is all important, and an unhurried condition of the mind.

Running to catch a train is injurious chiefly because of the mental agitation. One might run twice as fast in sports with his children without any injury. So to take exercise under the impression that the time can hardly be afforded, and endeavoring to do in fifteen minutes what should require twenty-five or thirty is pernicious and dangerous. Business men, especially those who have to take

trains or keep hours from any cause, find it difficult to obtain time. Mr. Mead, while walking and riding a great deal, makes sure of two periods for indoor gymnastics. The first is in the morning before breakfast. Instead of taking a half hour for his toilet he adds fifteen or twenty minutes more; goes through part of the movements, takes his bath, then completes the exercises. Before dining in the late afternoon he repeats them.

At first, having a constitutional disinclination to doing any work before breakfast—much preferring the rule laid down by Mr. Shaw, "Young man, don't work before breakfast: if you have to work before breakfast, get your breakfast first,"—I was not impressed with this suggestion. But it being impossible to choose any other time of which I was certain, I gradually began, and find that habit has made it pleasant, with the effect of increasing appetite for the matutinal meal.

I have recently fallen in with a gentleman who ridicules the idea of systematic exercise. "Look," he says, "at wild beasts. Do they take any exercise? How is their strength kept up?" The natural habits of wild beasts keep them strong. There certainly would be no need of artificial exercise if men lived in a state of nature. But the effects of training and culture can be seen in the horse. It is a magnificent spectacle to see wild horses upon the South American plains; and even in Texas where horses run practically wild for several years, a careless observer might suppose that the animals were capable of feats of speed and endurance which a trained horse could not rival. But nature unaided by man never produces an animal of the *genus equus* capable of such feats of strength as the London or New York truck horse; and very few if any capable of such speed as Maud S. and her competitors have attained. Without doubt there are many persons who take no exercise who are well, and many who pay special attention to the subject who are ill. A proper scheme of life is not to be founded upon exceptions, but upon well established principles. Some of the exercises recommended in these articles would be very hurtful to some persons, and the same very helpful to others.

The conclusion of the whole matter is: some exercise is essential to good health; exceptions are more apparent than real. He who is well without exercise might be improved by it either in endurance or facility of mo-

tion. He who though he exercises is not in perfect health might be worse than he is, and might even have succumbed years ago. Many maladies have been alleviated and removed by exercise without change of diet, though excess in diet had caused them. There may be a mania of physical culture at the expense of mind and morals, but the danger to which most are exposed is not that.

To women, exercise is of even more importance than to men. "Unused muscles, resulting from the absurd idea of essential restrictions of a woman's position, are worse than no muscles because they are irritated under tension and retard the movement begun by the muscles that are fit to use." Mr. Checkley justly says, "One year of good exercise will do more for a woman's beauty than all the lotions and pomades that were ever invented. . . . Exercise seems to have a peculiarly immediate effect on a woman's complexion."

And the poor sickly child who is coddled to death—perhaps an only child, whose chances of life are much less than they would be if he were one of six—might by a judicious *régime* of exercise and abstinence from pastry and sweets, grow to strong manhood or beautiful womanhood.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living streams at eve;  
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
And exercise of health."—*Thomson.*

(The end.)

## THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

BY HELEN FRANCES SHEDD.

### PART II.

WHEN a person has made an invention or discovered something new, the first thoughts suggested are: "Can I obtain a patent?" "In what manner shall I proceed?" "What protection or benefit will letters patent afford?" "Can I make some money out of it?"

Usually such a person writes promptly to the Patent Office, cautiously and vaguely hinting as to what his invention is, and inquires whether anything like it has ever been patented. Disappointment accompanies the reply of the office, when he reads that the commissioner cannot in advance of receiving an application reply to his inquiry concerning the novelty of the invention. At first he feels that he is running great risk in disclosing his invention even to the commissioner by filing an application, and he oftentimes is actually uneasy lest the secret get out before he gets into his own hand the magical document granting to him, his heirs, or assigns for the term of seventeen years, "the exclusive right to make, use, and vend the said invention throughout the United

States and the territories thereof," which means that the patentee alone has the privilege of dealing in the invention without a competitor, and that he is entitled to make whatever he can out of it for the period of years named.

To obtain this right is the goal of his ambition. He must, therefore, bring himself within the requirements of the statute, and conform to the rules, though they seem to his inexperience a labyrinthian pathway. His application must include the first examination fee of fifteen dollars, a petition for the grant, a specification, with claims clearly describing the invention, an oath of inventorship, and drawings illustrating the invention, when its nature admits of illustration.

All applications are examined in the order in which they are received, excepting certain preferred cases specified in the rules (an insignificant number), so that all applicants stand on an equal footing.

When the application is reached for consideration by the examiner, then is exercised a feature distinctive of the American system—an examination begins which sifts out every

patentable feature of the invention. In this respect the American system differs from that of any other country excepting Germany, the system of that empire being modeled after our own. Other countries simply provide a system of registration: the application is deposited and a patent given, at the patentee's risk; the inventor pays a fee on filing his papers and an annual tax thereafter, but the government gives him no *prima facie* guarantee of the validity of his patent; no examination is made to determine whether his invention is as old as Noah's ark, or whether it has been patented to applicants of successive generations.

Our statutes provide for an exhaustive search, and no patent is permitted to issue for an invention which has been previously patented or published, or unless the applicant has created something useful as well as new.

This vast field of research can be appreciated when it is remembered that at the close of the year 1891 this country had granted 476,271 patents; France 229,000; Germany 59,000; and 290,000 applications had been filed in England. Examination must be made of publications in the Scientific Library of the Patent Office, a library containing over 60,000 volumes of technical works. A knowledge of the progress of the particular science in all foreign countries must be possessed, for publication of the invention abroad will defeat a patent here. The search is more or less arduous according to the antiquity of the art and its development, great consideration being also given to the complexity and intricacy of the mechanism involved.

Letters Patent No. 444,852, granted January 20, 1891, for an envelope machine, includes forty-five sheets of drawings, of the most complicated machinery, and one hundred and thirty-one claims. This patent contains the largest number of sheets of drawings ever issued under one grant. Still another application was presented embracing two hundred and sixty-five sheets of drawings.

Search of the secret archives must also be made to ascertain if any pending application or caveat covers an invention which conflicts with that under examination, for it not infrequently happens that two or more persons living in remote parts of the country hit upon substantially the same invention. Cause and effect stand closely allied; a public ca-

lamity will set to work the inventive faculty to devise means for future safety; some marked success in a certain class of invention will excite interest all along the line, for improvements have become a passion.

If this carefully conducted examination discloses an anticipatory reference, the application is rejected, the applicant informed, and furnished with information for his guidance as to the further prosecution of the application. The applicant has the right to amend so as to avoid the reference, and in such case further consideration is given by the examiner. From an adverse decision of the examiner the applicant is entitled to an appeal to the board of examiners-in-chief, upon payment of ten dollars; from this tribunal, upon further payment of twenty dollars to the commissioner, and lastly to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, the final legal resort. If the court reverses the decision of the commissioner the applicant is entitled to his patent.

In the early history of the office the secret archives were "kept in a vaulted room, fire-proof, connected only with one of the examiners' rooms by means of a strong iron door"; and access given to none but examiners. The doors were ticketed "No admittance," "Secret Archives." The office has now outgrown this method of preserving the records. The inventor is now welcomed as a friend and patron, and the examiners are always accessible to confer with him upon the subject of his invention.

By this system of appeals wrongful or unwarranted action is checked. If any doubt exists as to the equity of the examiner's judgment the chances are largely in favor of his decision being overruled when the case is considered on appeal.

It is this feature—this examination as to novelty—which has enabled so many patents to survive the ordeal of judicial investigation. In the rush of work the office has erred rather in granting patents of a trifling and useless nature than in refusing them. The office should not be allowed to deteriorate into merely a bureau of registration, in the extreme an autocratic system, because examination into novelty must accompany registry to give the registry any value. An American patentee able to pay the government fee of \$35 stands on the same footing as his rich competitor. If his invention be valuable it must be paid for before appropriated. Mo-

nopolists cannot wrest from him his right to the invention which had no tangibility before he gave it existence. The government enters into a contract with him and guarantees exclusive enjoyment for a limited period. The title conferred by a patent is a property right, it is the foundation upon which a patentee goes into court to bring suit for damages. The issue of the patent may be delayed by reason thereof, but in the end inventors are saved large expense and vexatious litigation. It is this assured value of novelty that gives the American patent system its strength. The examination which the Patent Office gives an applicant for \$15 would cost him \$100 if made by a competent attorney. The advantages of this feature are so well recognized that it has become a common practice with English solicitors to advise their clients to file first an application in this country and see what the decision of our examiner will be if they want to be sure of the validity of their British patents.

While the office permits every applicant to make out his own papers and attend to the prosecution of his case, the fact must not be overlooked that expert knowledge is required to conduct such business, and, unless an inventor is experienced in preparing legal papers as well as ingenious in contriving new expedients, the most valuable features of his invention may be lost because not properly claimed. It must also be remembered that if mistake is made, the right to correct by reissue is closely scrutinized by the courts. That right is altogether lost by neglect to apply for more than two years after the date of the original patent. A delay of less than two years may be fatal if intervening interests have attached and third parties have begun to occupy the field. Prior to the strict rule adopted by the Supreme Court with reference to reissues the services of attorneys were not so frequently sought, but now the papers of the most valuable and important inventions are skillfully drawn by expert patent lawyers. But because Daniel Webster received \$10,000 for his services in the Good-year rubber litigation, and notwithstanding the Bell Telephone Company could afford to pay the late E. N. Dickerson \$50,000 for an argument before Judge Wallace of New York, inventors need not feel that unless they pay excessive charges their interests are endangered. Competition in the patent profession is healthy and active, and trained experts are

within the reach of every person who has had the persistency to develop and perfect an invention. When, however, success is achieved and the true value of the invention secured, if the product meet the public demand, the inventor then begins to reap the rewards, and instances are not rare where these have been ample.

It is impossible to foretell whether an invention will prove remunerative, as that depends upon the zeal and business sagacity of those who introduce it. The popular "return-ball" yielded the patentee an income of \$50,000 a year. The "dancing Jim Crow" toy was worth \$75,000 a year to its inventor; the spring window shade, the stylographic pen, the marking pen, and rubber stamps, each \$100,000 a year. The common needle threader was worth \$10,000 a year to the man who first thought of it. The rubber tip on lead pencils, the gummed newspaper wrapper, the machine for making type, made rich men of their originators. Silvertown sold his patent for copper tips to children's shoes for \$67,000. Waterman's process for tempering wire netted him \$83,000. Plimpton, the inventor of roller skates, made over \$1,000,000. Burden realized a profit of \$90,000 from his invention in horseshoes. Hoe's printing press made for him in fourteen years \$248,000. Singer, living in a loft over a stable on the Bowery, in New York, with no money and little to eat, was next met in Paris luxuriously enjoying an income of \$1,400 a day. Arkwright, the inventor of the cotton spinning machine, whose father shaved men for a penny in London, acquired a fortune which yielded an income of £450,000 a year, and left at his death nearly \$50,000,000. And while this list may not go on *ad infinitum*, it can be greatly extended, showing large returns to inventors when they happen to meet a public want. The inventors of America would never have worked as they have in the past half century, suffering privation and poverty, unless encouraged by the belief that the fruits of their toil belonged to them by statutory right, and without the hope of "ultimate reward," pregnant words to every struggling man.

Formerly the Patent Office accepted the first fee of \$15 from the ingenious and persistent class of inventors trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion, but now the applicant is required to submit a working model to demonstrate the operativeness of his device



before the fee is accepted. Frequently, however, they insist that the office shall take this money, and they adroitly hide the chimera under the name of "mechanical movements."

Congress in its patent legislation has guarded the public. Visionary and theoretical projects, injurious schemes, and frivolous results are not recognized as being entitled to protection. An idea does not attain to the dignity of an invention until it is developed into practical form, ready successfully to aid man in his labor, and is capable of producing work satisfactory for the purpose intended. When a machine performs good work, then, and not till then, it becomes a labor-saving machine. Benefits must be bestowed, and after the expiration of the patent these benefits belong freely to the public. An inventor has no natural right to a patent. The same thing is invented over and over again by different persons. The right to a patent is founded upon statutes only.

Interferences were provided for by the act of 1836. These controversies arise not only when two or more applications for the same invention are presented, but when a patent has been granted and a later applicant claims to be the first inventor.

The act of July, 1870, provided for an examiner who should have jurisdiction over all such contests. From his decisions appeal may be taken to the superior tribunals, but from the decision of the commissioner of patents no appeal lies. The defeated party, however, has a remedy by bill in equity.

There are thirty-two examining divisions in the office, each division being presided over by a primary examiner, aided by four or five assistants. The duties of these officers are varied; they must judge impartially and readily; they must meet the ablest and shrewdest lawyers in the country; the most abstruse problems in law and science must be solved. The examining corps generally is a body of experts alert and careful in discharging their duties. To this fact is due the very few duplicate patents in the large number annually granted. The peculiar character of the work requires men of special learning, possessing mechanical and technical skill and scientific attainments. None the less important is the requirement for absolute honesty. The incorruptibility of these public officers has been a matter so generally acknowledged as to have given rise to widespread comment. A few years ago an

attempt was made to bribe an assistant examiner, which had the fitting *finale* of the party offering the bribe being prosecuted and convicted. The record of the office in this regard is one of which it may justly be proud.

To secure an appointment in the lowest grade of examining corps, the salary of which is \$1,200, a man must pass a rigid competitive examination before the Civil Service Commission, on technics, physics, chemistry, higher mathematics, and mechanical drawings. To secure promotion he must also pass successfully in a competitive examination upon abstruse points of patent law and practice and scientific subjects. Graduates of polytechnic and scientific institutions are eagerly seeking these positions. But the compensation is too meager to retain them long in the service. The salary of the primary examiner is the same as it was fifty years ago. It is no wonder that the Patent Office is familiarly termed a training school for men who eventually find lucrative positions in manufacturing concerns or with legal firms.

Year after year Congress has been petitioned to exercise greater liberality, in order that the government may retain in its employ as able experts as are engaged in outside enterprises. The first commissioner of patents in 1836 referred to the "constant desire to change situations" of these officials, stating that the salaries "were from 33 to 50 per cent less" than those provided in other bureaus, and he urged that the surplus, then over \$300,000, should be available. But during all these years Congress has gone on voting millions of dollars for every other purpose than to afford the relief so much needed, not only in the matter of salaries but in obviating the wretched confusion and embarrassments arising from the unhealthful and inadequate accommodations. That part of the building vacated in 1841 by the National Institute, because the rooms were "too damp" for its collection of curiosities, is now occupied by examiners and clerks. These officers breathe the foul air, loaded with moldy documents and polluted with sewer gases arising from a drainage system adopted when the building was first constructed. The storage of records in the galleries has reached a limit far beyond safety, and far in excess of the weight guaranteed by the manufacturers who furnished the girders sustaining the load.

Apparently our legislators do not contem-



plate the stagnation in the industries of countries where inventions are not protected by laws, nor do they appreciate what the inventors have done for our people. If every spindle ceased to whirl, if every wheel ceased to turn, if every forge ceased to glow, if the hissing of steam, the beating of sledges, the ringing of anvils were silenced, would the masses be better fed, clothed, or educated? Would a population of 62,000,000 be more comfortable without the modern steamship uniting the continents, or the 166,525 miles of railroad, spanning 208,749 bridges, binding together the Atlantic and Pacific? But figures prove inadequate to tell the story of this golden age of American enterprise.

Distinguished men have been at the head of the Patent Office. The name of Dr. Thornton, the first superintendent, has become a part of the annals of history for his heroic defense of the office in 1814, when the British entered Washington. Thornton threw himself before the cannon, denouncing the wantonness of the proposed destruction of the building: "Are you Englishmen, or only Goths and Vandals? This is the Patent Office, the depository of the inventive genius of America, in which the whole civilized world is concerned. Would you destroy it? If so, fire away, and let the charge pass through my body." His courage saved the office.

Dr. Thornton had absolute authority in the issue of patents. He was proverbially reluctant to admit the originality of an invention. On one occasion a Yankee applied to him for a patent for making boards of sawdust. "This," said he, "is no discovery of yours; I conceived it a long time ago." "Oh," replied the applicant, "but my invention goes to manufacturing oak boards out of pine sawdust!" "That, indeed," exclaimed the doctor, "alters the affair; I am not quite certain my cogitations went so far."

Henry L. Ellsworth, the first commissioner, filled the position from July 4, 1836, to May 5, 1845. Thomas Ewbank, the third commissioner, was a man of profound scientific and mechanical knowledge and the author of many scientific works.

The lamented Samuel S. Fisher, appointed May 1, 1869, was conspicuously one of the ablest men who ever filled the position. Judge Blatchford remarked of him in open court that he was "the best patent lawyer in the United States." The laws were revised under him. Mr. Fisher had reached an en-

viable and honored position in his profession when he was invited to accept the office of commissioner. The office sought the man, and the man made the office. Relinquishing a large income he entered with vigor upon the work of reorganizing the office and systematizing the work. With indefatigable zeal and earnestness he devoted himself to procuring long-needed legislation. Mr. Fisher introduced the competitive examination system to test fitness for promotion.

Coming down to later years may be mentioned the Hon. Edgar M. Marble, who previously was Carl Schurz' assistant attorney general, and whose administration of the Patent Office was so strongly indorsed by President Arthur as to lead to his reappointment after his resignation had been voluntarily tendered and accepted.

The distinguished Benjamin Butterworth, now promoting the interests of the World's Fair, was inimitable in the position of commissioner of patents as he is in all positions of honor and trust; politician though he be, he never inquired the politics of applicant for appointment or aspirant for promotion but gave first consideration to personal worth and official integrity.

No commissioner ever succeeded in bringing himself into kindlier relations with the employees and in making them feel that he was not only their trusted chief but their friend, than the Hon. Benton J. Hall, a man of rare legal attainments.

The Hon. Charles E. Mitchell, the immediate predecessor of the present incumbent, brought to the office a mind possessing a peculiar aptitude for mechanics, combined with eminent ability as a patent lawyer. To analyze a machine to its ultimate elements and functions involved no serious labor for his well-trained mind.

The present commissioner, the Hon. William Edgar Simonds, long since achieved a reputation in his profession, and is also well known as the author of text-books on patent law. As a member of the Fifty-first Congress this reputation became national for his brilliant parliamentary work in behalf of the International Copyright Act. France conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of these services. He has filled the lectureship on patent law in the Yale Law School since 1884, and during his residence in Washington a similar chair in the law department of the Columbian University. He is

well acquainted with the needs of the office, and has entered with perseverance and force upon the work of securing legislation.

The office of commissioner of patents can hold no man for any reasonable period. Excepting the long term of the first commissioner, the average tenure has not been more

than two years. The work is too arduous and the compensation too inadequate to long retain a trained and well-equipped man. And this suggestion furnishes a well-grounded argument for making that important bureau a separate and distinct department under the government.

(The end.)

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF PLANTS.

BY GERALD MCCARTHY, B.SC.

Botanist North Carolina Experiment Station.

### III. THE CRYPTOGRAM.

**I**N the first of these papers it was shown that botanists have divided the vegetable kingdom into two series: I. The phænogams, or flowering plants; II. The cryptogams, or flowerless plants. The latter series includes the ferns, horsetails, mushrooms, lichens, seaweeds, and microscopic fungi generally.

Ferns on account of their graceful foliage have always been of special interest to lovers of plants. The fern family, or *Filices*, range from one polar circle to the other, but they are most abundant and attain their greatest size in the tropics. There are known to botanists about 3,000 species of ferns of which only about 200 are indigenous to the temperate and frigid zones. All the ferns of the temperate zone are herblike, or low growing, semi-shrubby plants. In the tropics are found tree ferns forty or more feet high. In former geological ages, more especially during the carboniferous age, when the greater part of our coal deposits were formed, gigantic tree ferns were common in all the regions where we now find coal. Over 200 species of fossil ferns have been found in the coal measures.

Nearly all ferns are perennials, and, though all are moisture-loving plants, only a very few species are aquatics. The above-ground portion of our common species of ferns is not the stem but only the branches called fronds. The real stem is underground, usually lying just beneath the surface. Such an underground stem is called a rhizome. The fronds arise from scaly buds on the rhizome and in the bud are usually rolled into a spiral with the tip in the center. In unfolding, the partly unfolded frond resembles a bishop's

crosier. The fronds of ferns are usually well supplied with stomata, or breathing pores, whose functions were described in the preceding article.

In their mode of reproduction ferns appear to differ widely from phænogams. The difference is however more apparent than real. Every one has noticed the brown or blackish powdery dots on the under side of fern fronds.



Under surface of fern frond, showing sori.  
B, sori.

These powdery masses are called *sporangia*, or spore cases, and are filled with smaller bodies called spores. The dots or colonies of *sporangia* as they appear on the fronds are called *sori*, and these are sometimes so abundant as to absorb the green part of the frond.

When the spores are fully matured the spore cases burst, scattering the spores for some distance around. If a strong wind is blowing, the spores may be blown for a mile or more. If the plant stands on the brink of a running stream many of the spores will fall into the water and be carried many miles before becoming entangled in the bank and finding anchorage. Some of the spores, too, are carried great distances on the feet and plumage of birds and fur of animals. The spores, if kept dry, will retain their vitality for a very long time.

Once anchored in a moist place, the spore soon begins to grow. It bursts its covering and sends out a thin, heart-shaped, leaflike organ called a *prothallus*. The *prothallus* has small root-hairs by which it absorbs nu-

triment from the soil. This in turn gives birth to two kinds of organs, one kind of which is called *antheridium* and contains the male or fertilizing germs called antherozoids, analogous to the pollen, which in phænogams are produced by the anthers of the flower. The other kind of organ is called *archegonium*, and contains smaller bodies called *oospheres*. These last are analogous to the ovules of phænogams. When these organs are mature they drop off the *prothallus*; the *antheridia* burst, and the antherozoids, which have small tail-like projections, move

about until they find their way through openings in the *archegonia*, and finally into the inclosed oospheres, which are thereby fertilized and become true seeds capable of sprouting and producing plants like the parent. Self-fertilization is the general rule in the cryptogam series where reproduction by the sexual



AA, Prothallus of a fern.  
PP, Young fernlet.  
RR, Root hairs of prothallus.

process occurs. The *prothallus* withers and disappears soon after the sexual organs have been matured.

As we have seen, in former geological ages ferns were largely concerned in forming the deposits of coal so valuable to us, and they still enter more or less into the formation of peat, which is the first stage in the production of coal from green plants. The rhizomes of some ferns are also used in medicine.

Next in interest to the ferns we may place the mushroom, or toadstool, family. This is a very large family, including many edible plants and many virulent poisons. In common speech it is usual to call the edible species mushrooms and the poisonous species toadstools, but this classification has no scientific basis. Some genera include both edible and poisonous species. The common edible mushroom is called *Agaricus campestris*. There are about 200 edible species of mushrooms in the United States, of which 111 species occur in considerable quantities in North Carolina and adjacent states. During the Civil War these fungi proved a very important source of food in many sections of the South.

It is impracticable to give within the compass of a paper like this descriptions sufficient to enable one to distinguish edible from poisonous mushrooms. A pamphlet on this

subject illustrated by colored plates of edible and poisonous mushrooms can be obtained gratis by applying to the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C.

The reproduction of mushrooms is sexual, but somewhat different from that of ferns. There is no *prothallus*; the spores are produced on the thin scales, or gills, on the under surface of the cap, or in some genera on the inner surface of tubes which these mushrooms produce instead of gills. All genera of mushrooms lack chlorophyll and are therefore unable to feed upon inorganic matter. All are therefore parasites or saprophytes.

A parasitic fungus is one that lives upon a living host; a saprophytic plant is one that lives upon dead organic matter. If a common field mushroom is carefully lifted with a ball of earth and the earth is afterward washed away, the *mycelium*, or root portion, will be found to be wound around bits of rotten wood or some such substance. Parasitic fungi are always injurious to humanity, except when they attack other noxious plants or animals. It is estimated that the annual damage to useful plants and crops of the United States by parasitic fungi amounts to over \$200,000,000. The diseases popularly known as potato blight, grape rot, mildew, wheat rust, etc., are all caused by parasitic fungi. Fortunately for us, botanists have recently discovered that the salts of copper, especially copper sulphate, or blue-stone, will when properly applied prevent the spread of these disease-producing fungi. These copper salts are not poisonous to human beings except when taken in much larger doses than would be possible by eating fruit that has been sprayed as spraying is now conducted.



Transverse section of a mushroom.

It has been often remarked that disease-producing fungi are more abundant and malignant now than in former years. Within the memory of middle-aged men the loss of a crop of fruit, grain, or vegetables by "blight"—as all such diseases were formerly called—was a matter of rarity. Now it is in many cases impossible to raise a crop with-

out the use of fungicides [fun-ji-sides]. The explanation of this fact is that because of the perfection of modern methods of transportation the living plants and fresh fruits and vegetables peculiar to different climes are distributed among all civilized nations. These bring with them the pests by which they were preyed upon in their native countries, and these pests become naturalized and attack indigenous crops in the countries where they find themselves. Formerly, too, the country was less thickly settled and cultivated fields were much smaller and more diverse crops were grown. Now we have vast orchards and vineyards and whole countries are largely given over to one or two crops. All this affords fungus pests peculiar opportunities for multiplying.

On the other hand the natural checks which helped to keep down the numbers of these pests in their native countries are not so easily imported, and therefore, until the aid of science is invoked, these naturalized pests have an almost free field. In recognition of this fact the government of the United States has recently established an experiment station in each state and territory, part of whose duty consists in devising methods

for repressing the activity of noxious fungi and insects.

Saprophytic fungi are generally beneficial to humanity since they are unceasingly occupied in breaking down dead organic matter and reducing it to its inorganic elements, which can then be used over again. Without their work

the earth would soon become so incumbered by the remains of animals and vegetables that there would scarcely be room for the living.

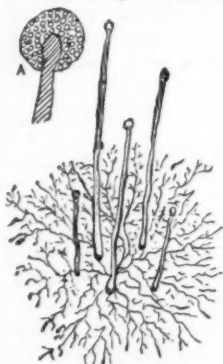
Those which attack organic matter meant for food are injurious. Such are the *Mucors*, or mold fungi, which produce the greenish mold upon stale bread, meat, etc. There is a group of unicellular fungi popularly called fission fungi, or bacteria, and by botanists *Schizomyceles*, which are so small as to be

entirely invisible not only to the naked eye, but even to powerful magnifiers. Only with microscopes magnifying 1,000 diameters or above are we able to distinguish the individual forms of this group. Yet so wonderful is their power of increase that they are probably, next to the light and heat of the sun, the principal motive force—for good and evil—in the world.

It is to the action of these micro-organisms that we owe the "raising" of our yeast-made bread; the "ripening" of our cheese and butter; the souring of milk; the fermentation of beer, wine, cider, and other alcoholic liquids, and probably also the digestion of food in our stomachs. On the other hand it is to certain genera of bacteria that we owe our most malignant diseases. Among bacteria-caused diseases may be mentioned, erysipelas, smallpox, consumption, la grippe, leprosy, anthrax, glanders, swine plague, and many other diseases of man and beast.

Bacteria are useful servants but dangerous masters. How to control their activity in order to increase their beneficial powers and repress their power for evil is one of the gravest problems of modern science. Happily the problem has received the consideration it merits and has engaged the attention of some of the best minds of the century. Already the results attained by such men as Pasteur, Koch, and others have had an important and ever-increasing influence upon human happiness. Uncontrolled in their activity these microbes would speedily sweep civilization from the earth. They may well be likened to the personified winds described by Virgil, which confined in dark mountain caves are awed into surly submission by the frown and scepter of the god Æolus.

It is the popular impression that plants exist only on the land and that the sea is the home solely of fishes, "serpents," and the spirits of men who go down in ships. Yet the sea, too, has its flora even more gorgeous and scarcely less varied in species than the land. In the sea we may find in countless abundance bright red, green, and olive colored seaweeds, whose forms are often of marvelously delicate beauty. Each "climatic basin" of the ocean has its own characteristic flora. Though in storms the lines where



The mold of bread.  
A, sporangia cut through showing  
inclosed spores.



The consumption microbe  
Magnified 1,500 diameters.



different basins come into contact are obliterated, yet as a whole the floras of different basins are remarkably constant. About two hundred distinct species of seaweeds are found along the coasts of the United States. The floras of the Mediterranean and Indian and tropical oceans are still more extensive. Every one has heard of the Sargasso Sea which so affrighted the sailors of Columbus. This is a vast basin into which seaweed is forced by the Gulf Stream in glancing off from the American coast.

Seaweeds are botanically *algæ*. The *algæ*

form a very distinct group of the thallophyte division of cryptogams. They occur in both fresh and salt water and appear under the very diverse forms of colorless, mucilaginous, single cells, string-like colonies of cells, and broad, frond-



Sargassum seaweed.  
AA, floating air sacks.

like, brightly colored seaweeds. These latter though often found attached to rocks by rootlike organs do not really absorb any nutriment from the rocks. Their so-called roots serve merely to anchor them. Seaweeds absorb their nutriment through every part of their fronds. All of the species possess chlorophyl but no *stomata*. The physiological process by which they elaborate their food is not as yet well understood. The reproduction of the higher species of seaweeds is sexual; of the lower it is asexual by division of cells. For a more detailed account of these interesting plants with directions for collecting and preserving them the reader is referred to a little work by the Rev. A. B. Hervy, entitled "Sea Mosses."

We have now taken a brief glance over the whole of the vegetable kingdom. The author regrets that the space allotted to him has been too small to do full justice to the subject. He hopes that some at least of the readers of these papers will be encouraged to take up the study in a systematic and thorough manner. The study is not so difficult as many

suppose, and difficulties however great are merely things to be overcome. They will not debar any earnest and persevering seeker after knowledge from the portals which admit to the "fairylane of science." We should all endeavor to profit by the often dear-bought experience of others older than ourselves. The great and renowned philosopher Thomas Carlyle, when reviewing his life near the end of his career, made the following confession:

"It has been for many years one of my most constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural science so far at least as to have taught me the names of the flowers and grasses that grow by the wayside and of the winged and wingless neighbors who in my walks are constantly greeting me with salutations that, as things are, I cannot return."

No one who reads these words and heeds their moral need be compelled to make a similar confession. The door to knowledge of nature is open to every honest and persevering seeker after truth, and all are welcome to enter and enjoy. To those readers who wish to continue the study of plant life in a systematic manner the author cannot do better than advise them to procure a copy of Gray's "School and Field-book of Botany," and study it with diligence.

#### DEFINITIONS OF TECHNICAL WORDS.

- Fil'i-ces (singular filix), Latin for fern.
- Carboniferous, carbon-bearing; applied to the geological age in which most of the coal (carbon) deposits were formed.
- Fossil, vegetable or animal remains of former geological ages preserved in rocks.
- Frond, the leaf of a fern and sea moss.
- Rhi-zome', an underground stem.
- Spo-ran'gia, spore case of ferns and other cryptogams.
- Sō'ri (singular sorus), a group or colony of sporangia as seen on ferns.
- Pro-thal'lus, the reproductive organ of ferns intermediate between the sporanges and fertile spores.
- An-ther-id'ia (singular antheridium), the cases containing the male organs of sexual cryptogams, analogous to the anthers of phenogamic flowers.
- Archegonia [ar-kē-gō'nī-a], the cases containing the female organs of sexual cryptogams.
- Oōsphere [ō'o-sphere], the unfertilized spore or germ of cryptogams.
- Par-a-sit'ic, living upon the body and at the expense of another.
- Sap-ro-phyt'ic, living upon dead bodies.
- My-cē'li-um, the combined root and stem part of fungi.
- Micro-organism, organisms too small to be seen by the naked eye.
- Algæ, a large group of aquatic cryptogams including seaweeds.
- Asexual, without sex. In botany it means reproduction by dividing the parent cell or body to form two or more new ones.—G. McC.

(The end.)

## SOMETHING ABOUT OUR SUGAR.\*

BY DR. HARVEY W. WILEY.

Chief Chemist, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

THERE is a popular impression that a "sweet tooth" is an expensive luxury and this idea is doubtless partly correct. But it is incorrect in so far as it regards our demands for sweets solely as a luxury.

In earlier times honey was almost exclusively the source of all the sweets consumed. It was a luxury to be enjoyed only by the sick or the fortunate finder of a colony of wild bees. In the middle ages sugar made from the juices of plants was a rare luxury enjoyed only by the rich and occasionally by the sick.

Within the memory of many reading these lines sugar was not a common article of diet with people even in easy circumstances. It is only within one or two decades that it can be said with truth that sugar has ceased to be a luxury. It has become a food article of common use, not as indispensable as flour, but in this country at least as generally consumed. Not only does it play a prominent part in the banquets of the rich, but it is rarely absent from the frugal tables of the poor.

I sometimes think that the consumption of sugar in its varied forms may be taken as a measure of the prosperity and progress of a people. Beginning with savage tribes who use none at all we find its consumption gradually increasing as we pass to the most prosperous and civilized nations. We should not deny the general truth of this statement even if it should ascribe to England the highest rank among civilized countries—for while it is true that England uses more sugar than we do in proportion to her population—the actual individual consumption in this country is quite as great as in Great Britain. This apparent anomaly is explained by the fact that much of the sugar consumed in England is used in the manufacture of preserves, jams, and marmalades which are exported.

The consumption of sugar in the United States at the present time is, in round num-

bers, sixty pounds per annum for each inhabitant, or in all three billion eight hundred and forty million pounds. This does not include molasses, honey, and syrups except in so far as they are made from sugar, and this is not done to any great extent. There is no other one item of food that costs so much, with the exception of bread and meat.

In regard to bread about four and a half, possibly five, bushels of wheat are required annually for each person. At eighty cents per bushel this would amount to four dollars. Sixty pounds of sugar at five cents a pound cost three dollars. So, after all, our bread does not cost much more than our sugar.

I have said that sugar is no longer a luxury; neither is it solely a condiment. It has the same food value as an equal weight of starch. Chemically it is identical in structure with starch, containing the same atoms in the same proportions, but arranged somewhat differently in molecular masses. In speaking of sugar I mean the common everyday sugar we buy in the shops—known as cane or beet sugar, and to the chemist as sucrose or saccharose.

The number of different sugars known is large, nearly a hundred, but few of them are of economic importance. The sugar made artificially from starch is, after sucrose, of most commercial importance. It is called glucose or grape sugar in trade and is a mixture of various saccharine substances, the chief of which are dextrose, maltose, and dextrine.

Honey is a mixture of various substances, the most important of which are dextrose, invert sugar,\* and sucrose. Pure honey is the nectar of flowers, stored by bees in cells. Much of the liquid or strained honey of commerce is made from glucose or invert sugar—with just enough honey added to give it flavor. Artificial comb foundation is often supplied to the bees and this is sometimes so perfect that the bees have little to do in completing the cell except to cover it. Honey-

\*A variety of sugar consisting of a mixture of dextrose and levulose, found naturally in fruits.

\*Special Course for C. I. S. C. Graduates.

comb is sometimes placed in jars and these filled with glucose.

Sugar is composed of the three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. The two latter exist in proportions to form water. A simple experiment to show this can be made as follows: Dissolve in water as much powdered sugar as will pass into solution. Place the syrup in a tall glass vessel (beaker) and add slowly, continually stirring with a glass rod, strong oil of vitriol (concentrated sulphuric acid). After a proper amount of acid has been added the whole mass will become very hot and swell to many times its original bulk. Care must be taken to make this experiment in such conditions as not to injure anything should the contents of the flask run over. The residue should be repeatedly washed with hot water until all undecomposed sugar, caramel, acid, and other soluble materials are removed. What is left is almost pure charcoal (carbon) formed from the sugar by abstracting the water with the acid.

In solution sugar has the property of distorting the plane in which polarized light vibrates. Polarization is a term applied to light which has had the character of its vibration changed by reflection or passage through certain crystalline bodies such as that form of crystallized carbonate of lime known as Iceland spar. Many substances, notably the alkaloids, share with sugar this power of twisting the plane of polarized light. This property can be used quantitatively in determining the percentage of sugar in a solution. The instrument used in measuring the degree of deflection of the plane of polarization is called a polariscope or optical saccharimeter.

The property which sugar and other bodies have of reacting thus with polarized light is supposed to be due to skew\* symmetry in the positions of the carbon atoms in the molecule. In bodies containing carbon whose atoms are regularly placed about the axes of the molecule there is no phenomenon of polarization. Those in which the carbon atoms are irregularly placed act as above indicated.

Chemically, sugars of all kinds belong to the more complex alcohols (hexatomic) and their derivatives. They are sometimes

\*A technical term which means having a disturbed symmetry by certain parts being reversed on opposite sides.

classed as aldehydes or ketones, which are direct derivatives of alcohols. Subjected to fermentation sugar yields chiefly common alcohol and carbon dioxide (carbonic acid). Common alcohol is one of the lower series of alcohols and in chemistry is usually regarded as a hydrate of ethyl ( $C_2H_5HO$ ). Sugar is represented by the chemical formula  $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ . It contains therefore in each molecule twelve atoms of carbon and eleven molecules of water ( $H_2O$ =water).\*

Our commercial supplies of sugar come from two chief sources,—sugar cane and the sugar beet. The sugar made from maple trees is to be considered rather as a delicacy than as an article of general consumption. The sugar made from sorghum is so small in amount as to escape enumeration for commercial purposes.

Sugar cane is the oldest and still the most esteemed source of sugar. It is grown in great abundance in Cuba and other West India islands, and in less quantities in Central and South America, in Mexico, in the Sandwich Islands, in Java, in Spain, and in this country in Louisiana, Texas, and Florida.

Botanically the sugar cane belongs to the family of grasses. It is jointed and when quite ripe bears a tassel containing minute seeds. These seeds are not very abundant, and although they produce other canes, this method of propagation is never used except for experimental purposes. Tassels on sugar cane are rarely seen in Louisiana or Texas, but are quite frequently produced in southern Florida on canes left standing through the winter and far into the spring.

Sugar cane grows to a height of from six to twenty feet—the latter height being reached only in favorable tropical regions. It would be better to say length than height, for the canes rarely stand up straight but are found bent over and even lying almost flat on the ground.

The canes are planted lengthwise in rows usually about eight feet apart. In this country the season of planting may extend from October to April, but the planting is chiefly done from October to November and from

\*This symbol for water shows that each molecule of water is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen.—A molecule is the smallest mass of any substance which can exist in a separate form; any farther division would destroy the chemical form.—An atom is the smallest mass of an element that may exist in a molecule. The two elements hydrogen and oxygen compose the substance water.

February to March. At the joints are found germs called eyes and these germinate and produce the new canes. It requires from four to five tons of canes to plant one acre. The matter of seed therefore is one of considerable expense to the planter, especially in Louisiana and Texas where the planting must be repeated once in three years and often once in two years.

The crop from the first planting is called "plant cane" and the succeeding crops are called "first year stubble," "second year stubble," etc. In Florida the planting is made only once in from five to ten years, according to circumstances. In Cuba even longer periods elapse between plantings.

Plant canes are the softest and juiciest. The stubble crops grow more and more woody with each succeeding season, but the juices while diminished in amount contain larger percentages of sugar.

A field of sugar cane properly cultivated and approaching the period of harvest is one of the most charming views agriculture can present to the eye. The deep but subdued green of the foliage appears as an impenetrable mass of verdure, while the falling canes have obliterated all signs of rows and present the aspect of a dense saccharine jungle.

The "laying by" of the crop is a period of rejoicing to the laborers, and a few weeks of comparative rest intervene between the exacting labors required by scientific agriculture and the equally exacting activities of the harvest. The evenings of the hot, lazy days of late summer are gladdened with song and dance, and there is probably no other class of laborers who enjoy their *dolce far niente*\* as thoroughly as the growers of the cane.

We must pass from tropical suns to the north temperate zone to find the fields of sugar beets, the second important source of our sweets. The sugar beet is pre-eminently the product of the continent of Europe.

Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago Achard† discovered that sugar could be extracted from the common garden beet, *Beta vulgaris*. But little more than this was done until the first Napoleon a few years before his fall encouraged the production of beet sugar by generous bounties and prizes.

\* An Italian expression meaning the sweetness of doing nothing.

† [A-sar], Franz Karl. (1753-1821). A German chemist who devoted himself to the development of beet sugar manufacture.

It was not until about forty years ago however that the sugar beet began to be considered as a serious rival of the sugar cane in the sugar supply of the world. Since that time the sugar beet has gradually but surely forged its way to the front. Considerably more than half of the six million five hundred thousand tons of sugar annually produced in the world is made from sugar beets.

The beet is a biennial plant producing seed the second year. Much of the success of the beet in its competition with sugar cane has been due to the scientific method of producing its seed. One hundred years ago the beet contained only five or six per cent of sugar, while sugar cane had from twelve to fifteen per cent. At the present time the sugar beet contains from twelve to fifteen per cent of sugar while the amount in the cane remains practically unchanged.

This remarkable result has been achieved by applying to the culture of the beet the principles of scientific agriculture. Beets which presented favorable characteristics in respect to shape, size, and amount of sugar were selected as "mothers," i. e., for the production of seed. Fortunately for the sugar beet industry a sufficient quantity of the mother beet can be taken for analysis without impairing its vitality. Such mothers then as showed remarkable sugar content combined with other proper qualities were used for the production of seed, which on the principle of heredity would tend to produce beets which in turn would reproduce the original characters.

By continuing this method of selection there was established in a few years a distinct type or variety of beet possessing in an increased degree the favorable characteristics of the original mother. By patient practice of this method of selection and propagation the *Beta vulgaris* has been changed into the sugar beet with a content of sugar which has enabled it to compete with success with the sugar cane in the markets of the world.

Beets for sugar-making purposes are planted in rows about eighteen inches apart. From twelve to twenty pounds of seed are required to plant one acre. After a few weeks the plants are thinned and left from six to nine inches apart in the row, making from thirty to forty thousand beets per acre. A fair yield is fifteen tons of roots per acre.

The harvest takes place in September and October, and the roots if not used at once at



the factory are preserved in appropriate silos\* until they are worked.

The manufacture of sugar from sugar cane and beets has much in common. There are however many important points of difference.

In the manufacture of sugar from cane the use of heavy rollers for expressing the juice is almost universal. These mills are often double, the cane being subjected to a second crushing after it leaves the first set of rollers. They are of a capacity great enough to crush from two to five hundred tons of cane a day. The residue coming from the mills is called *bagasse* in this country and is generally carried directly to a specially constructed furnace where it is burned, furnishing in some cases nearly all the fuel used at the factory. Sugar cane contains about 90 per cent of juice, having in this country  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent sugar. Of this the mills extract from 65 to 78 per cent. The rest goes with the *bagasse* into the furnace and is burned.

The juices from the mills are carried to clarifying tanks, where they are treated with lime to neutralize the free acids they contain and then heated to the boiling point and the scum removed. For the purpose of making certain grades of sugar to be placed on the market without refining, the juices are treated sometimes with sulphur fumes before being subjected to the purifying treatment mentioned above.

After clarification the juices are concentrated in multiple effect vacuum evaporating pans to the consistence of a syrup. These pans are so arranged that the thin juice enters the pan boiling under the lowest vacuum and at the highest temperature while the finished syrup is found in the pan with the highest vacuum and boiling at the lowest temperature. The steam produced from the contents of the first pan is used to boil the contents of the second, and so on. Two, three, or four of these pans may be in the circuit. The object of the multiple effect apparatus is to save fuel and secure evaporation at a lower temperature than would result from condensing the juice under full atmospheric pressure.

The syrup prepared as above is now ready for the "strike pan." This piece of apparatus is designed for the final evaporation of the syrup and to secure the crystallization of the sugar. The boiling takes place under a

high vacuum ranging from that measured by a column of mercury varying from twenty-four to twenty-eight inches in height, according to the quality of sugar desired. With a high vacuum of twenty-eight inches, a soft, moist sugar is obtained like the low grade coffee sugars of commerce; while with a low vacuum a firm, hard product is obtained of which "granulated" sugar may be regarded as a type.

The size of the strike pan varies with the capacity of the factory. Where two hundred tons of the raw material are used a day the pan will have a capacity of from twenty to thirty thousand pounds of dry sugar for each strike.

The pan is furnished with several series of copper coils, one above the other, through which the steam required in boiling is introduced. A certain amount of syrup is first taken into the pan sufficient to cover the lower coil when reduced to "proof." To reduce to proof is to concentrate the syrup until it has reached the point when crystallization is possible. At this time an additional quantity of syrup is quickly drawn in and the contact between the proof syrup and the added syrup produces crystals which are at first so small as to look like flour.

The boiling now goes on, fresh quantities of syrup being added to supply the growth of the crystals. One by one as the mass in the pan increases the other steam coils are brought into play until, some time before the pan is full, they are all in use. When the syrup is of proper quality and the boiling has been carefully done, at the end the pan is full of beautifully crystallized sugar, and these crystals are large or small, hard or soft, as the boiler may have desired. This mass of mingled molasses and sugar crystals in sugar house language is called a strike. It requires from four to twelve hours to boil a strike.

The sugar boiler is an important personage in a factory and a few years ago was indeed an autocrat. The boilers maintained great secrecy in their operations and endeavored to convey the impression that sugar boiling was an art akin to magic. That has all passed away. Any young man possessing skill, intelligence, and good judgment can soon learn to "boil sugar."

As soon as the strike comes from the pan the product is called *massecuite* [mass-kweit] a word borrowed from French sugar

\*[Silos.] Underground granaries or cavities in rocks.  
D-Jun.

technology. The *massecuite* runs from the pan into a mixer where revolving arms keep it thoroughly stirred.

As soon as the mixer is full, or rather when it has received all the contents of the pan, the operation of drying the crystals begins. This is done by means of centrifugal machines, running at a high rate of speed. The sides of the revolving baskets are perforated and over these perforations a fine wire gauze cloth is placed. A charge of *massecuite* is

drawn into the centrifugal from the mixer. The machine is then placed in motion and the *massecuite* is quickly distributed evenly over the surface of the gauze. As the speed increases the molasses runs through the gauze, the meshes of which retain the crystals of sugar. In a few minutes with good *massecuites* the separation is complete. Good *massecuites* will yield from seventy to eighty per cent of sugar and from thirty to twenty per cent of molasses.

## MAPS AND MAP MAKERS.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

**I**F we carefully study the finest specimens of cartography we shall see that they must cost an enormous amount of labor. Take for instance the best map of Africa yet produced. It is in ten large sheets. It is an epitome of our geographic knowledge of Africa. All the valuable results of a century of exploratory work are here depicted. We may follow on this map the routes of every important traveler. We may study all the zones of vegetation, all the variety of lowland, plateau, and mountain, or trace the limits of jungle, forest, and desert as they merge one into the other. To the student who has some skill in map reading this work is a vivid panorama, disclosing all that is best worth remembering of the geographic aspects of a great continent so far as they have yet been revealed.

It is evident that first-class maps can be produced only by those cartographers who are thoroughly familiar with the geographic literature of the regions they map. The best map maker holds a high rank as a geographer. He cannot produce work that will stand critical inspection by "cramming" for the occasion. An amusing illustration of this impossibility was afforded by a publishing house in this country a few years ago. The publishers issued an atlas whose preface announced that the cartographers had ransacked the field of geographic literature for material, in order to include all important information on their maps. Unfortunately they collected, during the cramming process, more information than they could assimilate. One explorer discovered a certain lake which was duly presented in the map. A later

traveler visited the same lake and the diligent compiler put this in his map also, giving us two lakes where only one exists. This magazine could be filled with the amusing blunders committed by map makers who have not specially and thoroughly qualified themselves for their work. It naturally follows that many of the best cartographers limit their products to particular regions. The whole field is too broad for them to master. No first-rate atlas can be produced save by the collaboration of a number of specialists.

Our very best maps of some parts of the world are comparatively poor because the information required by the cartographer is meager. When he has to depend upon the hurried route surveys of a single explorer or upon the hearsay reports of natives, accurate map making is of course impossible. An honest map maker, in such cases, will indicate the incomplete and unreliable nature of his data. The best maps in the world are those which are based upon detailed topographic surveys such as are in progress or have been completed in most civilized countries. The reason more accurate maps can be made of Europe and India than of most other regions is because their trigonometrical surveys, for the most part, have been completed. Maps should always be based upon these surveys where they have been made; and it is an astonishing fact that many maps are still produced in this country whose makers apparently have not yet heard that detailed topographic surveys of a part of our country have been completed. This is one among many things showing that in most of our

map-making we are still behind the best standards. A part of Alabama has been covered by our government surveys. Is it not ridiculous for a publishing house, issuing a large wall map of that state, to represent the rugged northern part of it as though it were as level as a kitchen floor; map makers who base their reputation upon such products must hold very narrow views of the possibilities of their art and of the real utility of maps.

The ideal way to study geography would be to travel all over the world. Very few of us, however, can enjoy this privilege. But we can select wall maps and atlases which, through skillful use of cartographic symbols, will give us an accurate, panoramic view of the world. Some people have the mistaken idea that the chief use of maps is to show the location of towns. This may do for a railroad map, though these maps in Germany give a great deal of topographic detail; but the progress of the cartographic art in the past twenty years has made it possible to depict surface features even to the steepness of hill slopes, and that too on comparatively small scale maps. In these days any wall map or library atlas which does not convey to intelligent people, after they have had a little experience in map reading, a vivid and accurate impression of topographic relief, is a poor and an unworthy product. It is not enough to show by a few hachures\* that mountains exist here and there.

It is said of two or three Alpine maps in a certain German atlas that one needs no other guide to the Alps. On these finely engraved maps that wonderful region is shown, by the skillful use of hachures, with the effect of a topographic model. The great tangle of mountains with their transverse ranges, their big and little valleys, their streams and glaciers appears with panoramic effect. It is a bird's-eye view of the Alps. Now all this detail is worse than useless unless it is accurate; and it is the chief glory of the best maps that they do not contain a single meaningless bit of color, a single hachure or other device or symbol that is not the result of an intelligent purpose, the medium through which definite information and the most accurate information attainable is conveyed.

What does hill shading mean on many of our own maps? Simply that there or there-

abouts mountains may be found. There is little or no attempt to show them as they really are, to give us some correct notions as to their diversities and general aspect. Such a delineation of mountains bears about the same relation to the Alpine maps mentioned above that a boy's rude sketch of the human face does to the finished and artistic portrait. To the advanced student of geography such map making is nearly meaningless. That cartographer is not equal to his opportunities who, when the desired information is available, does not or cannot express it fully and clearly through the symbolism invented for that purpose.

If you have a chance to study the finest collection of maps in this country—the collection of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences—you will be impressed with the fact that in a purely artistic sense a map may possess a high order of merit; that it may be so skillfully drawn, its colors so happily chosen and so delicately handled as to make the product a thing of beauty, an object pleasing to the esthetic sense. This is the sort of map-making we should encourage. We still see too many specimens of a style whose age entitles it to no respect whatever; a style in which great blotches of glaring color are crowded thickly on the map, giving it the aspect of a "crazy patchwork" quilt; and for no earthly purpose save to distinguish one county, state, or country from another. It is pure waste of good coloring matter, execrable in taste, and almost meaningless.

The best cartographers of to-day are sparing in their use of color. They apply it, in conveying political facts, only to boundary lines. They find that they can most effectively use color as a medium through which to express the facts of topographic relief. This is invariably the case in the best school maps. Many of them have shades of dark green for various sea depths, lighter greens for elevations from the sea level to 1,000 or 1,500 feet above the sea, and shades of brown for mountains, with white for glaciers. Other cartographers prefer to use shades of only one color to indicate different elevations. Some of the finest German maps show only buff and browns and the deepening shades in the mountain regions give an impressive effect of height. Used in this way color has a great variety of meaning and charms the student with its vivid presentment of interesting

\*[Hach'ures.] The short lines which are used in representing surfaces, especially mountains, in map making.

facts. In the higher class wall maps and atlases, however, colors are mostly used only to show political boundaries, while topographic features are indicated by hachures or contour lines; and cartographers who are worthy of their art do not dream of covering their maps with gaudy colors which serve no good purpose and make it simply impossible to give a clear expression to physical phenomena.

Great cartographers thoroughly love their art or they could not bestow upon their maps such infinite pains to make them at the same time objects of beauty and truthful records of geographic facts. Some of them, of worldwide repute, are hardly ever seen outside their workshops. The late Hermann Berghaus, who did so much to perfect the art of accurately showing mountain topography upon a map, was almost a recluse. He was fifty-three years old before he set foot in the Alps, though for many years his maps of the Alpine regions had been recognized as the best. With the habits of a thorough student and a rare geographic instinct he knew the regions he mapped far better than most tourists who visited them. Dr. Wagner, himself a celebrated geographer, tells of visiting Berghaus' little den, fresh from a visit to the Alps, and of being astonished by the cartographer's familiarity, even with the minute aspects of the region Wagner had just seen. "I could almost believe he had been my comrade there," wrote Wagner, "but Berghaus had never seen the Alps."

Such men as Berghaus and Ravenstein, the leading English authority on Africa, are omniverous students in the line of their geographic specialties. They treasure any scrap of information, however trivial it may seem, if thereby they may enhance the accuracy or usefulness of their maps. A while ago a young American on his way to Africa called on Ravenstein. "If you wish to add something to our knowledge of African geography," the distinguished cartographer said to him, "do not imagine that anything is too insignificant for your notice. Geographers can soon tell whether you have a faculty for accurately describing what you see. If you can do this, bring home all the facts, big and little, coming to your notice."

First-rate cartographers have no patience with slovenly, superficial habits of observation. They would, for instance, like to see all explorers make route surveys similar to

those of Pogge and Wissmann when they laid down on their route maps the minutest topographic aspects for two miles on both sides of their line of march to Central Africa.

A map is worth little unless it is honest and an honest map should always be dated. It is poor policy to palm off worn-out goods as fresh and up to date. A certain atlas having the imprint of 1891 contains a map of Africa the plate for which was made at least a dozen years ago. It shows the lake region as it was known in Livingstone's day, and as the sheet is not dated many people may imagine that it represents our present knowledge of Africa. Many of the leading publishers in Europe now follow the commendable practice of dating every wall map and atlas sheet, and some of them issue fresh sheets as often as there is new information of importance to be recorded.

The best atlas sheets are engraved on copper plate. This soft metal is adapted for the most delicate workmanship and its great merit is that the plates can be readily corrected, an important essential, for instance in the plates of Africa, from which continent nearly every returning steamer brings fresh facts for the maps. Copper plate maps can be easily and cheaply corrected and the sheets are thus kept abreast of the times.

It takes a little effort to learn to read the best maps. Their accuracy, fullness of information, and artistic merit cannot adequately be appreciated by a novice any more than the beauties of a fine painting fully appeal to him who has not cultivated a love for the beautiful in art. The hieroglyphics of the stenographer are living speech to him who understands them. The student will have mastered the art of map reading when he sees before him, not the manifold symbols of the cartographer, but the things they represent. The novice studying hachures indicating mountains, on a first-class map, may derive no other idea than that mountains are there. The map reader on the other hand can tell by the number and arrangement of the hachures what sides of the mountains are steep and precipitous and what slopes are long and gentle. He will recognize at a glance the long, gentle rise of ground between Omaha and Denver. The stretch between Cairo and the Nile cataracts will not simply represent to him so many inches on his map. He is familiar with the various scales and instinctively turns the map distance into miles.



If he proposes to make a long pedestrian journey in a well-mapped country his map will give him a vivid impression of the work before him, for he has learned the art of recognizing the manifold aspects of a region from the symbols and coloring used by the cartographer to convey this varied information.

Of course this information cannot be derived from a map which is not executed with scientific precision. A cheap chromo of "The Angelus" does not stand critical inspection and gives neither pleasure nor profit to the art lover. A map reader can get very little from a wretched map because there is very little to get. It is certain that no one who understands how great is the mass and variety of information to be found in a good atlas will ever be content with a poor one; and it is gratifying that first-rate cartographic products are not necessarily expensive. It is a fact that some cheap school atlases in the hands, for instance, of German and Swedish students are better specimens of cartography than a number of pretentious atlases.

In some European countries students have instruction in map reading from their earliest school days. They are thoroughly taught the significance of all the symbols used to represent graphical features and are carefully trained in the use of contour lines, hachures, graduated mountain shading, scales, and so on. Pupils are encouraged to elicit all the information a map is intended to convey, and with the map of a district before them they are required to build up its topographic features in sand or cardboard. Such discipline is sure to make not only readers of maps but also lovers of them; and a student thus drilled is not likely to rush into a bookstore for an atlas, as a man did in New York the other day, with the remark that any maps as good as those in a railroad time table were good enough for him.

Another effective method of teaching pupils to interpret maps is to display side by side a good topographic relief model and a map of the same district. Our citizens living in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are particularly favored, for the detailed topographic surveys of their states have been completed and they can easily master the art of reading these map sheets by comparing them with nature herself.

The maps issued by our government and

state surveys are of the first order of excellence though not so minutely detailed as similar productions in Europe. They will in the end help greatly to achieve the purpose which Mr. Gannett and our other leading geographers earnestly desire to promote—an improvement in our general map making. Our school and general atlases, and a large number of maps issued by our private publishers are far below the best European standards. Many of our school maps are not made in this country but are British products, and these, too, fall below the desired standard of excellence. Every geographer in this country is anxious to witness the introduction of a better quality of map products. A short time ago Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, one of the leading cartographers of Great Britain, published a long list of the best maps of North America and its political subdivisions. It is not to our credit that this authority, in a list covering twenty-three pages, does not include a single map of our own country published by one of our private geographical establishments. With the exception of Mr. Gannett's fine contoured map of the United States, published by our Geological Survey, we are compelled, as a matter of fact, to go to Germany for the best map of this country. It is worth while to know how we stand in this matter for when the people demand better maps our enterprising publishers will doubtless see that they are supplied. The criticism which that great geographical magazine *Petermann's Mitteilungen* recently passed upon a map of Mexico published here is worth producing as a fair expression of the views of European geographers on a good deal of our map making:

"This map is one of the many route maps issued in America which, in point of workmanship and scientific value, have little merit. It may serve very well as a railroad guide for travelers; but in spite of its numerous hachures showing mountain ranges, it is impossible from the map to get any definite ideas about the topography of the country. Where attempts are made to show topography the lettering is more or less illegible. The colors, as on most of these maps, are neither expressive nor in good taste."

We have all the cartographic talent we need and there is good reason to believe that our map publishers are already striving to enhance the merit of their products. A few years ago the Royal Geographical Society of London collected and exhibited many of the

## IN THE SNAKE RIVER VALLEY.

finest maps and other geographic appliances. That exhibition had an improving influence upon British map making and one of its most notable results was a school atlas that compares favorably with the best German work. A similar collection has been made by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and 60,000 people have already seen and studied this collection in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston. Free exhibitions of this collection are to be given in other cities. Geographic publishers have studied it with interest and the enterprise will have considerable influence

in advancing our standard of geographical education and map making.

Many an explorer to-day is mapping the earth's surface with the utmost patience and faithfulness, tracing streams to their sources, working out the problems of mountain ranges, sometimes taking scores of observations to fix the geographical position of a single place; and a great incentive to these labors is the fact that by the present methods of cartography their results may be recorded so plainly and truthfully that whoever wishes may read them.

*End of Required Reading for June.*

## ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

BY OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

HERE as I enter with uncovered head,  
And gaze in awe upon the stately pile  
That loving hands and cunning skill erewhile  
Slow builded as the ages quickly sped,  
I see a mighty throng, whose silent tread  
No longer echoes through the vaulted aisle,  
As from the twilight of the past they file,  
By the sweet influence of the mild Christ led.

Here is the savage strength of warriors bold:  
Here priests and prelates proud from victories won;  
Here march with pomp the hosts of chivalry;  
And then that nameless multitude I see,  
Who, full of care, here prayed at set of sun,  
With loving faith more rich than proffered gold.

## IN THE SNAKE RIVER VALLEY.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

MY knowledge of the Snake River Valley was gained during what some of my newspaper associates call a mission as a resurrectionist.

In the year 1890 New York City society was greatly stirred by certain revelations regarding the marriage and subsequent life of the Hon. Robert Ray Hamilton, a grandson of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton. So great, indeed, became the turmoil that young Hamilton left home and friends and going to one of the wildest and most secluded spots in the United States, the bank of Jackson's Lake,

near the head of Snake River, in the north-west corner of Wyoming, he built a cabin and settled down to make a home there. For several months the public lost sight of him; and then in September of the same year came the startling announcement that he had been accidentally drowned in the south fork of Snake River. Although the truth of the story was vouched for by the friends of the young man, there were certain circumstances which cast a very serious doubt over it, and then, after a while, it was alleged by two men that they had seen Mr. Hamilton alive and by one that

a letter had been received from him since the date of his alleged death.

The sensation these stories created died down eventually but within a year from the time of the alleged drowning came a still more startling story to the effect that Ray Hamilton was not only alive but that he had never been near Jackson's Lake. Instead of going there, the story said, another man resembling him had been sent there and then murdered in order that Ray, under an assumed name, might begin life anew in a foreign country. This story was fortified with details which created a strong impression in its favor in the mind of any one familiar with the doings of rich young men involved in serious scandal.

The story reached the newspaper on which I am employed, and it was placed in my hands for investigation. The verification of such details as might be tested in New York, in every instance tended to substantiate the story, and I was thereupon sent to the settlement nearest to Jackson's Lake, a Mormon town called Rexburg, to see what could be learned there. I found the people, including Gentiles as well as Mormons, firm in their belief that a grave crime had been committed and able to justify their belief by several statements of facts not necessary to relate here.

There was but one thing for me to do and that was to call the attention of the lawful authorities of Uinta County, Wyoming, to the matter, and have the coroner hold a legal inquest over the remains buried on the bank of Jackson's Lake. This inquest set at rest a cruel story, for the investigation showed that Mr. Hamilton had been accidentally drowned.

Because some people believe that reputable newspapers are guilty of deliberately publishing sensational falsehoods, I want to add two statements of fact: First, By writing without exaggeration the facts I gleaned up to the time the coroner put the spade into the grave I could have convinced every reader that Ray Hamilton was alive as I then believed him to be; second, my paper cheerfully spent a large sum of money to get *all* the facts in the case rather than spend a smaller sum for such a portion as would have made a tremendous sensation. The life of a reporter employed by a reputable newspaper is passed in a persistent and usually successful search for truth.

Although the story of Robert Ray Hamilton forms a unique chapter in the history of the Snake River Valley I willingly turn from it to tell of what seems to me to be more interesting,—its physical and ethnological features.

As seen from the two railways that cross this valley in Idaho, it is exceedingly dreary and monotonous,—a yellowish sandy sagebrush desert. But let the tourist leave the railway train at some station, say Idaho Falls, on the road leading from Pocatello to Butte, and look around. He will begin to grow interested immediately. The town itself, a ragged collection of rough board shanties mingled with substantial lava rock and brick buildings, has had an interesting history from the day when it was a depot for supplies for trappers and Indians. It became a cowboy town called Eagle Rock when cattle took the place of antelope on the plain, and it was the wildest kind of a cowboy town until Dick Chamberlin, a peace-loving citizen, killed, for the sake of peace, two of the boys who were "shooting up the town." Finally it caught the eye of some conscienceless speculators, who inaugurated a boom, laid off government land into town lots, changed the name of the place to Idaho Falls, printed illustrated circulars about the great furniture and other factories to be established there, actually built a barnlike opera house and a church, sold no end of lots, and then let the boom drop. There were plenty of people who thought the circulars truthful—that the furniture factory, for instance, would be built there on the treeless plain, surrounded by an uninhabited mountain desert, and that it would be a paying institution.

Snake River itself is interesting. It flows through a narrow split of unmeasured depth in the vast bed of lava of which the valley is composed. It has at all times an eddying, treacherous current. Even the mountaineer, who enjoys the fun of a fight with a grizzly bear, looks long and anxiously at the water of even well-known fords before venturing in, unless indeed the water is at its lowest. Scant as is the population throughout that region no less than eight men were drowned in Snake River during the year Ray Hamilton met his death there.

Not only does Snake River find its way between walls of lava rock; it tumbles and dances and sparkles over sands of gold. Gold is found everywhere throughout the valley.

Wash a shovelful of soil skillfully away ; the color of gold will be found in the last spoonful. One walks on gold in the village streets. The angry gust of wind blows gold dust into the eyes of the wayfarer. But the gold is delusive ; it is there, but the cost of getting it from the sand is more than the value of the metal saved.

The whole valley was once a vast lake of lava out of which rose those ancient peaks, the Three Buttes and Crater Butte, marked on ordinary good maps of Idaho. The lake crusted over and decomposing lava and the wash from the mountains to the east formed a soil over the crust that is in places 40 or 50 feet deep. This done there came a mighty convulsion. The molten lava beneath would be restrained no longer and splitting great rents in the covering crust burst up in fiery floods that rolled away over the sandy plain. These floods cooled rapidly as they spread so that the molten liquid forms remain to this day. One sees huge bubbles that the imprisoned gases created ; vats that crusted over and were then drained leaving the crust suspended ; pools where the lava hardened as it boiled and now shows the frozen scum that was floating off in all directions from the boiling center ; towering waves that rolled and leaped and splashed as do those of an angry sea, and hardened so. On a hot day the surging air seems to bring that tossing sea once more to life in a way to terrify the spectator.

The lava of these beds is of such recent formation that it is as crisp and hard as broken slag, and yet it is dotted over with picturesque cedars. The roots of these trees curl and twist about the sharp edges of crevices. The trunks rise and are grasped by the west wind, that forever blows. It is a rugged conflict that follows, and the trees become twisted, seamed, and gnarled.

Should one after looking at the lava beds wish to see an old volcano he can find it in Crater Butte at the forks of the river. It rises a thousand feet above the plain. About the crest is a wall that from the wagon trail looks like a New England stone fence black with age, but it is nevertheless from thirty to sixty feet high. This wall is the broken rim of a great saucer, a crater perhaps half a mile across and four hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which sagebrush grows as on the adjoining plain.

Then there are the traveling sand waves. To the casual observer they are a range of

sand hills thirty miles long, more than a mile wide and from thirty to three hundred feet high. A little study shows them to be a series of waves rolling at a speed of from fifty to two hundred feet per year along the foot of the Juniper Range at the northeast corner of the valley. In their tumbling crests, their swashes up the gullies of the Juniper Range, their flying spray on a windy day, and in the quality of the sand of which they are composed they are most interesting. The sand is almost white, it is seashore sand. There is none like it, the citizens say, elsewhere in the valley. Where did it come from ?

The houses in the valley are built of substantial logs, which are hauled from thirty to one hundred miles from the canyons of the mountains. The house roofs are made of clay piled on a sheeting of poles. Flowers grow here profusely in springtime. This clay turns the rain and melting snow, but it sifts down on the floor when it is dry and the house is jarred. The sand storms of the region in summer are something to bring tears (literally) to the eyes of every one.

After the houses one naturally thinks of the farms. It is an irrigated land. Ditches that hold in the aggregate a rapid stream more than three hundred feet wide and a foot deep have been taken from the Snake River and its tributaries and yet only a fraction of the valley has been irrigated. To the tender-foot these ditches, built on top of the ground, crossing each other by viaducts, skirting hills, apparently flowing up hill in places, form a novel spectacle. They are dug by companies chartered by the state. The company charges the landowner \$10 initiation fee, so to speak, for each 160-acre claim and \$1 per acre per year thereafter—each claim is annually taxed \$160. One ditch which I saw carried enough water to irrigate 40,000 acres. It cost \$98,000.

It is said that irrigation insures a crop from year to year, and that these crops amount to from 40 to 60 bushels of wheat and 60 to 90 of oats to the acre, crops which bring from \$16 to \$24 per acre gross income. Claims of 160 acres with the water on them were selling for \$500 where no buildings had been erected.

There is one feature of these irrigated lands that people who think of living on them should understand. The real estate dealer who has such land for sale will never tell of it. Zymotic diseases prevail to a serious extent. Well water is used for household pur-



poses and the water from the ditches sweeps the filth from about the houses and stables into the wells.

Last of all I must tell what I saw of the Mormons, who form a large percent of the people of the valley—in some districts they far outnumber the Gentiles. Because I must say much in praise of this people let it not be understood that I wish to palliate the crimes of which they admit they have been guilty.

For ten days I lived in the Mormon settlement at Rexburg. It was founded by a small body of Mormons sent there eight years ago from Utah. They drove up there while snow was on the ground. They camped in tents and wagon beds, laid out a town with a big field adjoining for cultivation in common, put in a crop, dug ditches for irrigation, patrolled their field constantly to keep off the range cattle, built houses and a church, sent regularly 200 miles to Cache Valley for supplies, and, at last, harvested enough grain to supply them all until another crop could be secured. It was a marvelous exhibit of pioneer industry and endurance.

They have now a village in which every street is a hundred feet or more wide and every lot contains two and a half acres. Their houses are the best in the region; their steam grist and sawmill turns out 75 barrels of flour and 4,000 feet of lumber in a day. Their material prosperity is manifest and it was produced by honest labor.

I saw when unseen a Mormon boy meet President Ricks, the chief dignitary of the church there.

"Good morning, Brother Henry," said the president with a smile.

"Good morning, Brother Ricks," said the child. The Mormons, old and young, always address each other as brother and sister.

There were several children in the family where I lived, and they were lively youngsters, but I did not hear a cross word in that house or in the village save among a group of drunken men in front of the one saloon.

A Jack Mormon—an apostate—owned the saloon. No Mormon sells liquor but nearly all drink it and some are drunkards.

The Mormons there have had no lawsuits with each other. A committee, called "the teachers," goes from house to house at regular intervals asking about neighborhood bickerings, settling troubles by arbitration, and in case of sickness or other misfortune, doing the work if need be of the unfortunate one.

No Mormon loses his crop through sickness. The widows of the community have their land irrigated from the Mormon ditch and their stoves and fireplaces supplied with fuel, free of cost.

They have a church and a schoolhouse. Both are frequently used for dances and festivals. They invoke the Divine blessing before and after each dance. Old and young join in the merrymaking and all enjoy it immensely.

No one began a religious argument with me but every one was ready to defend his faith and the whole community were well posted in the King James' version of the Bible. They openly avow that polygamy does not exist but they say it is not wrong to deceive Gentile enemies. From circumstances not necessary to detail I was led to believe that polygamy is practiced secretly. The women are the most ardent advocates of the peculiar institution and one often hears young women say they would rather be second or third wives than first.

With few exceptions the Gentiles and Mormons there hate each other cordially, but the Gentiles though few in number have had the best of the fight, especially in politics. By chicanery that would excite the unbounded admiration of Tammany Hall, they have disfranchised the Mormons.

"But that is contrary to the National Constitution," said I to the Gentile who explained the situation in detail.

"Certainly," he replied, "but it will be two years before they can get a decision from the Supreme Court and we will have that much of a respite. We will do anything rather than be ruled by them."

In consequence the Gentiles, who are in most cases poverty-stricken pioneers, run the machinery of government, and the Mormons put up the funds which they have no voice in spending. The country is deep in debt. Taxes are ruinously high. The public money is wasted shamefully. These statements were made to me by well-known Gentile citizens, whose names could be quoted were it necessary.

Nevertheless Gentile influences have been of some benefit to Mormons. There is a tithing barn in Rexburg. It is well filled by the faithful but in these days the lukewarm saint who does not wish to give the church a tenth of his crops does not have to. In the old days he had his irrigating ditch dammed, and was

lucky if he were not killed by the "destroying angels."

I had an excellent opportunity for studying some of the church periodicals and especially one printed for the young. If that magazine could have a still wider circulation among Mormon families orthodox Christians would

not need to do missionary work to increase the number of apostates. A more arid periodical for young folks would be hard to imagine. The quality of this stuff is the more astonishing when one considers that in practical matters the Mormon leaders are among the brightest men in the Rocky Mountain region.

(To be concluded.)

## SOME OF THE ESSENTIALS TO BUSINESS SUCCESS.

BY EDWARD GRAY.

THE young man just entering on a business career is an object of much solicitude to his family, friends, and employers, and he is deserving of this care, for in his well-being and well-doing are bound up many interests. Happy the one who appreciates to the full all the responsibilities which fall upon him, and conducts himself so as to merit praise.

The writer has had to deal with many young men, has noted the causes to which failures are attributable, and is hopeful that the advice and counsel now given will prove of value to some who have but recently launched their ship on life's troubled sea, and that others who have been sorely tried by the tempest will take fresh heart of grace.

It is essential to success that you be punctual in getting to your place of business and in meeting every engagement. Do not treat this matter of punctuality lightly; men respect and encourage those upon whose presence at the proper time they can rely. Get to work early; the history of men who have risen in the world shows that they were always at business before the morning was far advanced. The power to perform labor, mental or physical, is more marked from 7 to 11 a. m. The experience of prominent writers and workers in various fields of labor confirms this.

Be willing to undertake whatever task is assigned you, pleasant or not. If it comes in the regular course of duty, has been done by others or would have to be done, don't hesitate, step right up and go through with it.

When doubtful how to do anything, ask as to the right way, but first exercise the faculty of thinking, for otherwise you may create a bad impression.

Don't work hastily; take sufficient time

and care; speed will come after long practice and familiarity with the duties assigned.

Keep eyes and ears open; gain all the information you can and use it to the best advantage.

Don't "know it all." Don't parade your learning. Many questions will arise, the settlement of which requires the knowledge gained by years of experience, and on which "snap judgment" will be at fault. All can learn something new about the commonest occurrences of everyday life if minds are in a receptive condition, and the man who declines to be taught because he imagines he can learn nothing fresh, will in a few short years be a long way behind his associates. A great step forward is taken if we admit ignorance on even trivial matters, and we are then the more likely to obtain a clear insight into weightier affairs. Time will enable you to let your employers see what the character of your education has been and opportunity is afforded in every business for applying to good purpose the ability derived from particular lines of study.

Make it a point to grasp the details of the business in which you are engaged; if there are any technical terms, terms which by their brevity supplant a number of words otherwise necessary in explaining matters, commit these to memory, but don't rest until you know their true meanings.

Spare no effort to get acquainted with the entire business, bearing in mind the important but often overlooked fact that men who can enlarge their employer's interests, who can suggest and carry into effect reforms or changes by which income is gained or outgo lessened, are always more valuable than those who simply care for the business after it is obtained, or who follow the same

dull routine year after year without progressing as the world moves forward.

Clerical assistants are in less demand than men of affairs, men who have the power to build up a connection.

The salesman or drummer who may be looked down on by those in the office, is, if he be efficient, regarded as a strong factor to the welfare of the firm, and it is easier to get fifty good clerks than one satisfactory, all-round, outside man or one who can look after matters in the office, and if necessary go on the road with success.

If the house employing you has foreign correspondents and languages other than English are used, study these languages. A little time each day spent in acquiring fluency in French, German, or Spanish, will amply repay for the loss of any temporary pleasure.

Be civil and polite to all with whom you come in contact. Civility buys a great deal and costs nothing except an effort to keep down rudeness, which is probably due to a choleric disposition. Don't quarrel, it takes two to do this, and if you will not, the other person cannot. The expression of a righteous indignation is not to be construed as quarreling, but this should be put in calm, clear language so as not to give occasion for bitterness of heart.

Be faithful to your employers. Whatever you can make your labor worth in the market of the world, you will get, and more likely right where you are than if you tried place after place, staying a little while here and a little while there.

Be temperate in eating and drinking. You can eat too much and develop into a glutton and so dull the finer sensibilities and warp your judgment. As to drinking alcoholic liquors—Don't! The arguments in favor of this counsel are multitudinous. Everywhere you can see reasons why total abstinence is best. A man's power to think is dwarfed by the use of stimulants, and to a business man this should prove a powerful reason why he ought to confine himself to non-alcoholic beverages.

Don't gamble. The desire to get something for nothing has burned its way into the hearts and brains of too many men already, as the prison-houses of this land can testify. Let faro, poker, dice, and "playing the horses" severely alone, if you seek permanent peace of mind and an easy conscience. Fellow-employees may endeavor to dissuade

you from carrying out your plans of action; may intimate that no one can get along with the firm or gain promotion.

They may point out when and where and how work can be shirked and your employers robbed of the labor for which they pay, but it is best to stop any movement in this direction at the very beginning. Make your position understood; let the stand you take be known, and the road you intend to travel be made clear beyond the possibility of misunderstanding and it will be the means of relief from much temptation.

Encourage others who seem desirous of following your example; in "union there is strength" and you can gain in help and determination by being looked up to by others.

A decided stand for the right once taken will mean freedom from annoyance, you will not be molested, and those in authority cannot fail to notice your habits, conversation, and the manner in which your time is spent during and after business hours.

If your conduct be creditable, it will not be long before the wisdom of following the course indicated is apparent, for when others are "weighed in the balance and found wanting," the chance for your advancement will be much enhanced.

Read regularly for mental improvement. Choose good books only and think over what you read. Do not be afraid or unwilling to study the Bible, it will be "a guide, counselor, and friend" in all times and seasons. No better book for mental or moral discipline can be found and you will do well to heed the maxims for the conduct of everyday life and business, found in "Proverbs." With regard to the here and the hereafter the Bible is the one book which should be your mainstay.

Don't scoff at those in the same office or store who are striving to lead Christian lives, and don't for a moment belittle the importance of their competition in the struggle for supremacy. The quiet, easy, smooth-spoken man who is looked upon as a milk-sop, may have in him all the elements of business success.

Be truthful on all occasions. Treat customers and all with whom you are associated so that you will not have to cross the street when you see persons coming with whom you have had business transactions. It is a cheerful thing to be able to meet every one with the conviction that as far as you are concerned there is nothing to be ashamed of.

Sometimes you may make an error: want of thought as well as want of heart is responsible for some indiscretion. If you are at fault own up: the making known your shortcomings is a wonderful help; it will serve to prevent any other trouble on the same line for you can guard against it in future. Remember, a "fault confessed is half redressed."

Be honest. Should occasion be such that you are in possession of an employer's money put it in a different pocket from that in which your own funds are kept. Start in this way and the habit will so grow upon you that the terrible temptation to mistake other people's money for your own will be avoided. Carry out this plan, no matter how small the sum, and it will prevent question, will save you from being pressed to loan money, which might be the case, if by some inadvertence you displayed a roll of bills the largest part of which did not belong to you.

If you have to keep money from day to day or week to week, have affairs in such shape that if death came suddenly, it would come without any chance of your name being dishonored. Have matters so arranged that if you were asked to leave the office while your cash was balanced and the books looked over, you could do so without a shadow of a doubt as to the result of any investigation being unfavorable. Court inquiry; it is only the man who has cause to be afraid who objects to investigation of his accounts.

Don't swear. The greatest and the farthest-reaching effect can be produced by simple language. It is often surprising to those accustomed to use profane language to find how forcibly and clearly others can express themselves in words absolutely free from any taint

of profanity. If you swear at a fellow-employee, particularly if he occupies a subordinate position, not only do you heap insult on him but degrade yourself and give an opportunity for retaliation in kind which cannot be resented and yet humiliates you. Therefore, set a good example by being cleanly in language as in habit.

Wear good clothes; just as good as can be afforded, having regard to the nature of the wear and tear they are to undergo; use judgment in buying, and when bought, take care of your clothes. Clothes don't make the man but they help him out wonderfully after he is made; appearances count for much in this world and a young man neatly appareled in garments which are paid for, with the bright clear eyes and complexion which publish his abstinence from intoxicants, with the open countenance given by frank, fair dealing and truthful utterance is a joyous sight to look upon, and if in dealing with you people find their first impressions confirmed; if, when they come to know you, they find you possessed of sterling worth; it will insure an advantage which otherwise would not be gained.

The road to success lies open to every young man and many more would travel it than now, if they could realize that after a few short days' journey, when the road is fairly entered upon, the way is clear. The great difficulty is to get started right, then it is as easy to do the right as the wrong thing. May some who read this learn the great truth that in the overcoming of difficulties and removal of obstacles are gained the strength, power, and experience which enable one to combat successfully still greater perils.

## THE ENGLISH IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

BY JOHN RANKEN TOWSE.

**N**O series of articles upon the different nationalities in the United States would be complete without some account of the part played by Englishmen in the social, civil, and industrial organ-

ization of the country, but any attempt to deal with them as a body, one of the units in the sum total of the population, is attended with many and peculiar difficulties.

It was not until after the War of Independence that the subjects of Great Britain in the United States became Englishmen as distinct from Americans, and since that time, in spite of occasional bitternesses and jealousies, the two nationalities have been

\* This article belongs to a series on the various nationalities in the United States, begun in Volume VIII. of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Papers have already been published on the Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Welsh, Scotch, Swiss, Italians, Jews, French, Hollanders, and Bohemians.



connected so closely by the ties of a common tongue, a common descent, and a common law, and a similarity of interests, habits, and instincts, that it is difficult to dissociate the one from the other.

Although it is undoubtedly true, for reasons to be touched upon hereafter, that Englishmen (this article has nothing to do with the Irish, Scotch, or Welsh) are more slow to become naturalized Americans than other emigrants from the Old World, they are, as a rule, quicker in adapting themselves to the new circumstances in which they are placed and in merging their own nationality in that of the great mass of the population. The immigrants from other countries move for the most part in broad and well-known channels, and often have a permanent effect in modifying the social, political, religious, or industrial conditions of the city or district in which they may settle. This result is the effect not only of their numbers, but of their maintenance of the old national relationship. In the cities the newcomers betake themselves at once to the quarter inhabited by their countrymen, thus perpetuating their natural language and manners from one generation to another, and a similar process goes on, although in a less marked degree, in the smaller towns, and even in the country settlements.

In almost all the great centers of population this gregarious habit is illustrated in striking fashion. There are wards in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago in which the visitor might imagine himself in Dublin or Cork. In others he might dream himself in Germany. The Italians, many of whom are birds of passage, going from point to point in obedience to the demands of the labor market, congregate within narrow and well-defined limits, and the same thing is true, although not in so wide a sense, of the French, Spanish, and other nationalities of less numerical importance. The tendency of the Hebrews, of whatever race, to form compact colonies is too well known to need more than a line of reference. In a similar way throughout the country special industries, such as mining, building, particular forms of agriculture or manufacture, are more or less closely associated with certain nationalities.

To avoid the possibility of misapprehension it may be as well to say that these remarks are intended to apply only to the great bulk of immigrants, to laborers, wage-

earners, mechanics, small tradesmen, the various classes of operatives, craftsmen, and so forth, not to the more prosperous and better educated minority, having some special acquirement, object, or connection, whose individual nationality is soon lost in the artistic, mercantile, professional, or financial world.

English immigration, although considerable in bulk, and steadily maintained, does not reach these shores in great waves, follows no regular channels, and, although a large proportion of it, in obedience to the universal law, is directed toward the large cities, seeks no particular localities.

The elements of which it is composed are as varied as the motives which bring it about. Primarily, of course, the object of every man who leaves his own country is to better his condition, but the English emigrant is actuated by no such dominant motive as is apparent in the case of many others, of the Irish for instance, or the Germans, Italians, Poles, or Russian Jews. He may be driven from home by the force of competition, by the depression of certain industries, by agricultural distress, by congested population, or any one of a hundred other causes, but he is not the victim of natural discontent, of military or religious despotism, or of national insolvency. Coming as he does from one of the busiest and most practical communities in the world, in which almost every variety of human industry is cultivated, he is likely, unless he belongs to the class of shiftless adventurers, to be in search of some particular form of employment for which he has been qualified by previous occupation.

For the sake of convenience the English who come to this country nowadays with the intent of remaining here permanently, or at all events for a long term of years, may be divided roughly into three groups: first, those belonging to the upper middle class, with or without capital, of special or fairly good general education, with places found for them or expecting to find places in the financial, mercantile, professional, or artistic world; second, those belonging to the lower middle class, which would include all kinds of tradesmen, artificers, and mechanics; and third, those belonging to the great army of skilled or unskilled labor, farm and factory hands, miners, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, domestics, etc. The lower order of

"sporting men," the whole tribe of publicans, touts, stablemen, dog-fanciers, prize-fighters, jockeys, must also be enumerated under this last head, although they have little claim to the honest title of workmen.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article, even if the necessary statistics were procurable, to tell exactly in what proportions these different classes are distributed through the states, territories, and cities of the Union, but there are enough official figures at hand to show that they are scattered pretty nearly all over the country, and that only a comparatively small minority of them is to be found in the large cities.

The first class, which is of course the smallest numerically, although far the most important in the interests which it affects, is attracted naturally to the chief centers of trade. Its representatives are to be found in all the great banks with European connections, in the great insurance corporations, in the various stock and produce exchanges whose quotations are affected by every variation in the pulse of the markets in Liverpool, Manchester, or London, in the offices of the companies whose splendid fleets of steamships have a practical monopoly of the carrying trade between the United States and English ports in all parts of the world, in the directory of railroads whose stock is held in vast blocks by British capitalists, and in the headquarters of innumerable enterprises, agricultural, manufacturing, mining, stock-raising, etc., in which English and American investments are commingled so intimately as to confer upon them a thoroughly international character. It is this bond of mutual interests which is growing wider, deeper, and stronger every day and every hour, that, reinforcing the ties of race and religious faith, affords the surest pledge of a lasting friendship between the two nations.

As would naturally be expected there are more people of British birth to be found in the state of New York than in any other state in the Union. Their number to-day is somewhere in the neighborhood of 130,000. Of this total about 40,000 live in New York City and 25,000 in Brooklyn, a great majority of the latter earning their living in New York. The remainder are scattered through the state, the greatest number to be found in any one town being 7,000 in Buffalo.

In New Jersey there are nearly 35,000, of

whom one third are to be found in the manufacturing cities of Newark and Paterson. In Jersey City there are about 7,000, of whom a large proportion, chiefly clerks, book-keepers, and salesmen, find their daily employment in New York City.

In the state of Connecticut there are nearly 20,000 more, 7,000 of whom are settled in New Haven, and the rest for the most part in Hartford, Bridgeport, and other manufacturing cities.

Next to New York State the greatest body of English is to be found in Pennsylvania, where the number is rapidly approaching the 100,000 limit. Philadelphia contains about 30,000 and Pittsburg about 8,000.

Next in order comes Illinois where there are between 60,000 and 70,000, of whom less than 20,000 are congregated in Chicago. The remainder are scattered pretty evenly all over the state, a large proportion of them being employed in agricultural pursuits or in stock-raising.

In Massachusetts there are about 50,000, of whom one half are settled in Boston, Fall River, and Lawrence.

In Michigan there are 45,000, of whom only about 7,000 are to be found in Detroit, while the remainder are distributed all over the state.

Ohio contains about the same number, of whom 12,000 live in Cleveland, which offers larger opportunities of employment than Detroit.

After this the figures are much smaller, approaching 25,000 in only three states, California, Iowa, and Wisconsin. San Francisco contains about 10,000, but with this exception the distribution is general. There was a time when the gold fields attracted thousands of Englishmen to California, but of these early adventurers few survive.

The territory of Utah contains more than 20,000 persons of English birth, a comparatively large number, which is accounted for by the fact that the British Isles afforded one of the most fruitful recruiting grounds to the Mormon emissaries.

In Missouri there are about 18,000, of whom more than one third are to be found in St. Louis, and next in order come Kansas and little Rhode Island with about 15,000 each. In Rhode Island the bulk of them are to be found in the factories of Providence.

In Indiana there are 12,000, in Texas 8,000, of whom one half are in Galveston and Dal-

las, and in Colorado nearly 10,000. In Nebraska and Minnesota there are almost as many. In Kentucky, Maryland, Nevada, Maine, and New Hampshire the number varies from 3,000 to 5,000, while in Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oregon, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Delaware, West Virginia, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Wyoming the number varies between 1,000 and 3,000, and in Alabama, the Carolinas, Florida, Arizona, and New Mexico from 1,000 to 2,000.

In this enumeration no regard has been paid to geographical arrangement, the object having been to mention the different states and territories in something like the order of their English population, and to show the proportion of it existing in the cities and in the country at large. The general deduction to be drawn from the figures quoted appears to be that, leaving out of consideration the largest cities, which have a specially attractive force for wandering populations of all kinds, the English immigration does not flow in regular channels or affect particular districts, but distributes itself in all directions, like water seeking its own level.

There are three causes which contribute to this result: (1) The English immigrants are free from all the restrictions arising out of the use of a foreign tongue; (2) they represent a much greater variety of occupations, and are apt to have more definite objects in view than the poorer class of immigrants from other countries; and (3) they enter this country at widely distant points from widely distant localities, in small groups or as individuals, and are less frequently accompanied in the first place by wives and children. As before, these general remarks apply chiefly to laborers and mechanics, not to immigrants with capital, influence, or more liberal education.

Of the whole body of English in the country, about 250,000 are employed in different kinds of manufacture, and more than one half of these are to be found in Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, and Rhode Island. In Pennsylvania there are nearly 45,000 of them; in New York and Massachusetts about 40,000 and 30,000 respectively; in Illinois and Ohio about 20,000 each; in New Jersey, 15,000 and in Rhode Island 10,000.

In the other states and territories of the Union the numbers are smaller. In these

figures are included superintendents, skilled operatives, and ordinary factory hands of all kinds. About 110,000 are engaged in agriculture, and of these between 20,000 and 25,000 only are classed as laborers. The others are farming or planting or raising stock upon their own responsibility. They are distributed pretty evenly over an immense area. Between 13,000 and 15,000 are to be found in Illinois, about 13,000 in New York and the same number in Michigan, 11,000 in Wisconsin, 11,000 in Iowa, 7,000 in Ohio and a like amount in Kansas, 5,000 in Utah, 4,000 in Minnesota and Nebraska (each), 3,500 in California and Pennsylvania (each), 3,000 in Missouri, and 1,500 in Dakota.

Under the general head of trade and transportation there is a total of about 60,000, of whom between 15,000 and 20,000 find employment in New York, 6,000 in Pennsylvania, 5,500 in Illinois, 4,000 in California, 4,000 in Massachusetts, and 3,500 in Michigan.

Under the head of professional and personal, the most comprehensive of all, the biggest group is that of the miners who number 50,000. Next to these come the ordinary laborers, about 35,000, and domestic servants, about 25,000. As might be expected, the distillers form a strong body, nearly 20,000 in all. To these may be added about 3,000 bartenders. The carpenters number about 15,000, iron and steel workers 14,000, machinists 10,000, engineers and firemen 8,000, painters and varnishers 8,000, and masons 8,000. These last are often birds of passage who work here during the building season and return to England for the winter. Of clerks in stores there are about 10,000, and of bookkeepers 5,000. The shoemakers number about 8,000, the grocers 5,000, and the tailors 6,000. There are about the same number of draymen and coachmen.

Going a little higher in the scale we find 2,500 physicians, 1,500 lawyers, 1,500 musicians, 700 or 800 artists, 400 architects, and between 500 and 1,000 actors, these last figures being particularly uncertain because of the transitory nature of the occupation. The teachers and scientists form a body of about 3,000, and there are about 1,000 clerks in the employment of the government. It may also be noted that 1,500 men of British nationality are enlisted in the Army and Navy of the United States.

Until all the figures of the recent census have been fully analyzed it will be impossible

to tell the exact number of persons of British nationality in the United States at the present day. But the total is probably somewhere in the neighborhood of 750,000 or 800,000. That it is not far larger, considering the excess of population in many of the English cities, the depression of the agricultural districts, and the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, is accounted for by the fact that a great proportion of the emigration from Great Britain is directed to the English colonies, notably to Canada, Australia, and Africa, and, in a lesser degree, South America.

Without entering into the discussion of vexed practical questions it may be pointed out that the English emigrant is free from that pressure of a national condition that impels the Irishman for instance to seek the United States as the one country where his ignorance of a foreign tongue carries with it no disadvantage. It is also a fact that the average Englishman, instructed from the first in monarchical traditions and with all the insular prejudices of his race strong upon him, does not come to these shores in the first place with the intention of remaining here permanently. His idea is to make money and return to his old home, and although he often fails to fulfill this purpose, either through failure to make enough money or contentment with his new lot, he often dies in his adopted country without having become a naturalized citizen of it.

The influence exerted by the English upon the general affairs of the country must be considerable, but it is indirect and extremely difficult to trace. As a voting force it is scarcely taken into consideration at all by the practical politicians. The naturalized Englishman votes, but he is not identified with either of the great parties, is not a frequenter of the caucus, and is apt to be guided by local and personal rather than state or national interests. Should he be a property holder he would naturally take a lively interest in questions of taxation, but in practical politics, at all events in the great cities, he is to all intents and purposes a nonentity. He is rarely found in Congress, in legislatures, or in the lists of municipal officers. This fact is explained sufficiently by his numerical inferiority to the Irish and Germans, not to speak of native Americans, in a land of universal suffrage.

He has his societies, the St. George's for example, and the Sons of St. George, but they are of the social and mutual benefit order and

have not been employed hitherto for political purposes. Within the last year or two some effort at political organization among citizens of English birth, or near English descent, has been made in Boston and elsewhere, chiefly with the view of securing a presentation of the English Tory side of the Home Rule question, but so far it has not made much apparent headway.

The British interest in American legislation is chiefly financial and any attempt to influence the latter in favor of the former would be made through hidden channels. That such influence is occasionally exerted in behalf of English capitalists who have invested largely in land, in railroads, or any other speculative enterprise is scarcely to be doubted, but that there is anything like an organized scheme of subsidy, as has been alleged, is an assertion wholly unsupported by evidence.

To sum up it may be said that the only practical influence of the English population must be sought in the commercial and financial, and to a certain extent the social development of the community. Day by day the common interests between the two nations are growing more intricate, and even supposing that those interests have their roots in the purely selfish motive of mutual profit, which is to take the lowest view, it is none the less certain that they must result in the strengthening of the bonds of friendship and union.

It is difficult to-day to believe that Americans and Englishmen were engaged in actual hostilities within the memory of men still living and that there was talk of war between them less than thirty years ago. The financial and commercial hearts of the two countries have long been beating with a common pulse and distance has been so annihilated by electricity that the merchants of Liverpool and London, New York and San Francisco may be said to meet daily in one common Exchange. The old saying that blood is thicker than water is acquiring a new significance almost hourly. Every year the social intercourse between the two peoples is becoming more intimate. Americans flock in ever increasing numbers to the mother country and the English tourist is a common object in every corner of the United States. Representatives of the art, the literature, and the science of the Old World and the New give an international color to the best society on both



sides of the Atlantic, while in the greater worlds of leisure and fashion the communion is constantly growing closer. Intermarriages are becoming more and more frequent, each country is quick to adopt the fashions, the habits, the entertainments, the heroes of the other, and every indication points to

the final establishment of the brotherhood that ought to prevail among men of the same race, religion, characteristics, and instincts.

The English in the United States and the Americans in England are mutual pledges of reconciliation and hostages for the preservation of peace and friendship.

## WALT WHITMAN.

BY C. D. LANIER.

WHETHER Walt Whitman be, as his English admirers believe, the only American poet and the apostle of democracy, or whether he be but the "awkward inventor of literary formlessness," it is certainly true that to-day he is, and for the past forty years has been, the most striking and picturesque figure in New World literature.

The old man whose light flickered quietly out last month at Camden, was born on Long Island in the year 1819. His father, Walter Whitman, came of good old English yeoman stock, and his mother was of Dutch extraction. At thirteen the boy Walter entered a local printing office, and soon began to indulge in desultory newspaper writing. When twenty years of age he was editing a paper in his native village of Huntingdon, and later gained some small success as a contributor of short sketches to the *Democratic Review* and other periodicals. Nor was it long before he essayed his strength in verse-making; it is a charitable criticism to say that these early efforts were mediocre.

Dissatisfied with the result, young Whitman began to suspect that the ordinary forms of poesy were not a desirable medium for the expression of his inspiration, and his thought gradually grew into a steadfast purpose, the working out of which has made him a bone of contention in two continents.

This notable resolution was no less than to discard all conventional forms of verse; to sing with perfect freedom as the words and thoughts spontaneously arose, without accent, without meter, with no stanzaic division. Rhyme was to be abhorred as a thing unclean.

About this time, too, Whitman became eccentric in his dress and habits, affecting a slouched hat and workman's shirt. In E-Jun.

this garb, which was emphasized by his stalwart figure and flowing beard, he was for many years a familiar apparition in the public places of New York. He took pleasure in associating with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and attempted to talk with them sympathetically—to make *comaradoes* of them, as he puts it.

He frequented the lowest purlieus of the great city in search of these *comaradoes*. Nothing delighted him more than to go up Broadway on the driver's seat of an omnibus, in earnest conversation with Jehu. He made closest confidants of the Park policemen and of the Brooklyn ferryboat deck hands; these favored personages—unromantic enough, it would seem to the uninspired—figured prominently in his subsequent poetical work.

The conviction was gradually shaping itself in the mind of "Old Walt," as his *comaradoes* dubbed him, that he was to become the poet of America, that it was he who should sing the songs peculiarly adapted to the especial needs, to the unique greatness, of the new country. His theme was to be the "average man" of "these States." He boldly asserted in a later prose passage that no other poet gave fit expression for the American, the democrat of the prairies. He found admirable things in Shakspeare—he was so good as to admit this!—but they were not the right things for us, because the great dramatist's work was based on a system essentially undemocratic. Velvet and fine laces, Old-World mannerisms, did even the best of preceding poetry seem to this quondam Long Island farmer boy.

A long journey in his thirtieth year, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he worked for some time on the *Orient*, and extensive pedestrian tours through the West and in Canada, generally along the courses

of the great rivers, gave Whitman some practical training for the mission he dreamed was his own.

Some six years later, in 1855, appeared the first small quarto edition of "Leaves of Grass," which has received more exaggerated praise and more unjust censure than any other volume of poems in the English language. It should be added, at the risk of becoming vague, that the volume has received a vast amount of censure entirely deserved. That which was undeserved came from the fact that nine out of ten of Whitman's critics have never honestly read him, but have simply formed their opinions after the penny-a-liner newspaper slurs and sarcastic witticisms which have been rife for nearly half a century. He offers fair game for these gentry. There was never another man so easily put to ridicule.

So bold and so varied are the eccentricities displayed in "Leaves of Grass" that one scarcely knows where to begin. What first strikes the superficial reader—and few readers have the courage to be anything more!—is the strange dithyrambic style of the so-called poems. A short line, or series of short lines, with no suspicion of meter, is suddenly followed by a long jumble of rough, jagged words, thrown higgledy-piggledy together, utterly without rhyme and often without reason. One of these enormities of verse will sometimes stretch, with its prolix enumerations and repetitions, to the length of a good-sized paragraph.

The portentous appearance sadly puzzled the reviewers, and, at first reading, one is surely apt to conclude that the author was mad as a March hare. At best it reminds one of the English translation of the Hindu epics, or an awkwardly rendered passage from the song of the Hebrew prophets. For these broken, passionate utterances, like the war poetry of Brihtnoth and the old Anglo-Saxon battle-ax swingers, did have strength and fire, whatever be their limitations considered as literature.

But the strange property of these wordy outpourings is that they actually begin to have a charm when one has fallen into some sympathy with Whitman. The very ruggedness and candid disclaiming of all title to esthetic beauty contain a certain fascination.

As to rhythm, it is not to be found at all until one has read conscientiously and painfully; then, with the composite effect of

several pages in the mind, a sort of deep, weird rhythm does shape itself, how or whence one cannot tell. Mr. Stedman avers that these dithyrambs were carefully evolved according to some regular plan—which we take the liberty of doubting—and that Whitman's idea was to catch the deep underlying melodies of nature,—the break of the sea-surges, the rush of the winds, the cries of animals.

Most of the people who came across "Leaves of Grass" laughed at it. But not all; Emerson wrote in hearty praise, going so far as to admit that he found in the new poetry "incomparable things, incomparably well said." Thoreau was enthusiastic over it. Indeed, it was the atmosphere created by the New England school of transcendentalists that made any recognition of the work possible in America. It is noteworthy, however, that Whitman soon got into places where even the Sage of Concord and the Hermit of Walden feared to tread. They were forced reluctantly to turn their backs on him. He, nothing daunted by this or other discouragement, pushed aggressively on, affirming his creed but the bolder with every new opposition. It is this persistent courage of the man—dangerously like obstinacy—which is his sole attraction for many people. We all like a man who "aint afeared."

In England the reception of this strident voice was far different. Britain had been listening during a century for the true American poet. Englishmen had their own vague preconceived opinion that the voice they waited for was not destined to sound a note of culture, grace, and beauty. If anything of the sort had come out of the West, they would have had none of it. It would have seemed like an impertinent attempt to vie with their own choir of singers.

All this prepared the way for Whitman. Something extraordinary was expected, and he *was* extraordinary. Moreover, he trumpeted aloud his intent to be what they looked for, the Genius of Columbia. He came near to filling the Englishman's idea of the typical American; he was uncouth, he was a big strong braggart, entirely original in his exaggerations. He talks in every other line of the tremendousness of "these States"; he rejoices that the Mississippi and the Missouri combined make the longest river system in the world; he goes into ecstasies over the exact number of millions which the

United States census shows, and his chief idol is the workingman of brawn and might, wielding the ax in the forests of the unconquered West.

This is one side of the European's reverence for Whitman. Another and no insignificant cause of his transatlantic popularity is the fact that the English editions of his poems were carefully expurgated by Rossetti and Dowden. For the author of "Leaves of Grass" sometimes drops to a coarse naturalism which has largely deprived him of an American audience.

Thus we have the strange spectacle of Whitman posing as the greatest, the only, American poet, as the lover of his countrymen, and as the type and living expression of them—and yet being appreciated only by foreigners, and not able to gain a hearing at all in his own country. That this fact has had a reflex influence to his disadvantage, there can be no doubt. Countries do not care to be accused of leaving their prophets without honor, and when England, France, and Germany declare that this is the case with Whitman, we naturally feel as if we must prove he is *not* a prophet. It is not always a pleasure to have angels pointed out of whom we are unaware.

The 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass" was rapidly followed by new and enlarged volumes in 1857 and 1861. Soon after the war broke out Whitman went south to take care of a wounded brother. After two weeks in camp he came to Washington and spent over two years there nursing the sick and wounded in the fever hospitals, supporting himself meanwhile by writing for the daily papers. This war experience is described in "Drum Taps," published in 1865. Two years later appeared "Memoranda of the War," and in '70, '71, and '72 other poems which, with "Drum Taps," were included under "Leaves of Grass." This title Whitman clung to with characteristic tenacity and defiance.

The next decade brought "Specimen Days and Collect," a prose chronicle of his hospital days, and "November Boughs," still another addition to the "Leaves." We all know the last poems, "Sands at Seventy," and the sad valedictory, "Good-bye, My Fancy," both published in 1891.

So much for the literary life and fortunes of the man. What is he? What is his class? Is he the Homer of America? What will he be to posterity? If answers to these ques-

tions were obtained from the knowing ones in the world of letters, the result would show some interesting contrasts. Only a few people deny that there are some good and strong things in Whitman. But most people agree that these grains of wheat are hidden under a wilderness of—chaff, our figure requires; but it is a heavier rubbish than that. Even judging him through his devoted little band of adherents, the result of his great theory of "formlessness" is notably against him, for the poem which they admire most and point to before all others is the fine one, "O Captain, my Captain"; and—it is most significant—this comes nearer to conventional form than anything else in Whitman's whole collection. The suggestiveness of this fact is strengthened by the gradual softening of his erratic methods in later years, when his wisdom was riper and broader.

That this renunciation of all convention and authority is an integral part of his literary being, Whitman leaves no doubt. He affirms it on every occasion, crying:

"Away with old romance,  
Away with novels, plots, and plays of foreign courts,  
Away with love-verses sugared in rhyme, the intrigues and *amours* of idlers,  
I raise a voice for far superber themes for poets and for art.  
To exalt the present and the real,  
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade."

And the following couplet has caused the writer to forgive Whitman much:

"I am not a bit tamed, I am untranslatable,  
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

The picture so unconsciously given here of himself as an irrepressible savage, a Red Indian, drunk with himself, sounding his unwelcome "yawp" over people's heads whether they would or no, is very funny, and also brings strongly into prominence a point of great importance. Whitman had absolutely no sense of humor. His entire collection of writings gives not a trace of it. Its presence would have saved him much. Perhaps he had some dim perception of his limitations in this and other directions when he cries, in a passage not devoid of beauty:

"O for the voices of animals—O for the swiftness and balance of fishes!

O for the droppings of raindrops in a song !  
O for the sunshine and motion of waves in a  
song !"

It was probably owing to Whitman's perfect blankness to the humor of life, as well as to his rather deficient education, that we find certain minor eccentricities of verbiage in his work. The most prominent and ridiculous case in point is his use of French words, or what were French words before he tortured them into his Anglo-Gallic slang. *Trottoirs* is his favorite expression for a pair of fine horses ; he uses *résumé* on some justifiable and many more unjustifiable occasions. *En masse* and *delicatesse* have some peculiar charm for him ; he discerns repartee in a butcher-boy, and he can speak of the "ostent evanescent" and the "Square Deific," whatever they be. He calls the tree toad a *chef d'œuvre*,—but it is too easy to make fun of Whitman ; there is no glory in it.

If Whitman reminds us, in his use of the rag ends of foreign tongues, of a cosmopolitan hotel waiter, it is also true that in the midst of this queer phraseology he sometimes stumbles on a felicity of expression that is Homeric in its simplicity, its strength, and its grandeur. This is the most unexplainable thing about the man : he can be grand and grandiose in the same line. Genius and fatuity go hand in hand throughout his writings. The titles of some of his "poems" could not well have been inspired by anything lower than genius. How majestic are "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun," "Proud Music of the Storm," "O Star of France" ! While others have their fascination in a certain large simplicity, as "The Wound-Dresser," and "The Ox-Tamer."

*En passant*, this last is, to our mind, one of the finest things Whitman ever wrote, and we dwell on this because the reviewers have been strangely silent concerning it. Though it does not possess, any more than the rest of his work, the melody and word beauty which are surely a necessary part of poetry, still it is without his more salient and repulsing oddities, and the full-hearted thought and sincere appreciation of nature are in the man's best vein. What a deep true note he sounds in his description of the ox-tamer's wonderful power over the burly, vicious beasts, and how delightful is his word picture of them !

"See you ! Some are such beautiful animals so lofty looking,  
Some are buff-colored, some mottled, one has

a white line running along his back, some are brindled.

Some have wide flaring horns (a good sign).—  
See you the bright hides.

See the two with stars on their foreheads, see the round bodies and broad backs.

How straight and square they stand on their legs—what fine sagacious eyes,

How they watch their tamer—they wish him near them—how they turn to look after him !

What yearning expression ! how uneasy they are when he moves away from them !"

And then at the close of the poem, is there not an infinite sadness underlying his outburst over the happiness the tamer must feel in being loved by a hundred great-eyed oxen, knowing only him and him perfectly ? The seer had devoted his life in vain to the task of making his oxen love him—the millions of American toilers whose idol he would fain have been. For it is a noteworthy fact that Whitman, who aspired to be the prophet of the lowest people rather than the highest, of the workingman rather than the scholar, of the fallen rather than the virtuous, is appreciated only by a few of the most cultured intellects. To the people he is naught, and ever will be. They could not understand him if they would.

This brings us to Whitman's philosophy, his elemental purpose. We have seen the superficial expression of it in his disregard for form. This principle is carried out in the thought of his work. His ambition was to be the poet of humanity, and he believed the time had come when he could best serve humanity, and express it, by hooting at convention. He saw his mission in breaking down the barriers of what he deemed artificiality.

The distinctive feature of his doctrine was that he saw all humanity through himself. So far from making any pretense to the contrary he affirms it in line after line, on page after page, with accents bolder and more uncompromising than the world had ever before listened to. He cries :

"I celebrate myself and sing myself."

again :

"In all people I see myself, none more, and not one a barleycorn less."

and :

"One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is myself."

The immensity of this egotism is almost



sublime. But he overreaches himself. In his attempt to be all things to all men, in his conscious effort to be the broadest man who ever lived, he achieves something which is very like narrowness. Whitman, with his coat off and shirt bosom thrown open, bidding us hear him revile scholars and poets, culture and grace, is an intolerant man. A hod-carrier is not necessarily nobler than an architect or a painter, but Whitman's logic will prove the brawny Irishman a hero and the artist a "little manikin." If a beggar's rags do not exclude him from humanity, why neither does a clergyman's black coat, Whitman's "yawp" to the contrary notwithstanding. In his extreme condemnation of form and flaunting assumption of what he deemed its opposite—Whitman has not been better described than when a critical poet called him a dandy. For a long time Whitman would not admit that there was any American poet save himself; later on he softened somewhat, and decided to recognize four others: Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier.

When one considers this wholesale denial of worth in his contemporaries, it is hard to see the justice of the oft-repeated complaint that the author of "Leaves of Grass" was neglected and ill-treated by his literary countrymen. One rather wonders at the devotion of the circle which did admire him. Whitman personally seems to have been an exceedingly attractive man; at any rate many men were loyal to him through thick and thin, men like John Burroughs, who would not have thrown the pearls of their love before swine.

As Whitman sees all things through himself, so he sees them in a hopeful, admiring light. He is imbued with what a recent writer has called "the rank corn-and-cotton optimism of the West." It can almost be said of his philosophy that it argues: Whatever is, is good. He predicts in clarion tones a splendid future for America and for democracy. His writings are redolent of this intense optimistic spirit.

"I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and ideal,  
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand,  
To build a grander future."

In one of his prose essays he avers that his purpose in life was to stamp a great hope on his generation.

Perhaps it was something of this, lived out in his own personality, that enabled Whitman to assume such a majestic, happy old age, in spite of the fierce battles that were being waged around him, and the Parthian arrows which not seldom came his way. He seems to have borne all attacks—even such bitter ones as Swinburne's—with a singular indifference.

The beautiful dignity and calm grandeur of old age is a favorite theme with him.

"O the old manhood of me, the noblest joy of all!"

he cries in his "Song of Joys." He was proud of his gray beard and of his years; when he sings the glories of life's sunset, they are, as usual, no abstract glories, they are Walt Whitman's.

Until he suffered a stroke of paralysis, Whitman possessed as splendid a physique as was ever accorded to man. It was phenomenal. Even after the paralysis he enjoyed excellent health. The beauty of his head and face was much heightened with advancing years. It was said no artist could see him without being seized with an irresistible desire to sketch his features. His brother-poet and devoted friend, John Burroughs, describes him thus: "High, arching brows, straight, clear-cut nose, heavy-lidded, blue-gray eyes, forehead not thrust out and emphasized, but a vital part of a symmetrical, dome-shaped head; ear large, and the most delicately curved I ever saw, the mouth and chin hidden by a soft, long, white beard."

Fifty years hence, "Leaves of Grass" will probably be but a literary curio. One cannot tell. If Whitman does go down to posterity, however, this much is certain: it will be as a seer, not as a poet. His utterances may be prophetic, but they are not poetry. Many things that the man said have never been understood; it is doubtful whether he understood them himself. Future generations may find pure gold under their rough exterior. But the unbiased critic will scarcely expect such a radical change in a most conservative element of human nature.

## A STUDY OF MOBS.

BY DR. CÉSARE LOMBROSO.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from "La Nouvelle Revue."

**A**MONG the occasional factors in political crimes, there is not one more powerful than the epidemic mob impulse, which often has its birth in the simple fact of there being a great assemblage of individuals. It is well known that riots often have no other occasion than that of a large and, perhaps, accidental gathering of persons at the same place, especially in the summer, and if the crowd is influenced by a common political motive. Then the word of a leader, being repeated among the excitable multitudes, rich in faith, ignorance, and heroism, and desirous of novelty, irresistibly impresses itself upon their ardent imagination with the power of a suggestion from on high. There is produced what has been called a moral intoxication, in which there comes echoing back from all sides the sentiments of the chief or chiefs. The fierce courage which association with others gives, overpowers the individual conscience and urges the person in a crowd to commit acts which alone he would never have the audacity nor even a wish to commit.

Manzoni has admirably depicted for us this passionate current which is so easily put in motion in crowds and which has strength to draw the calmest persons into the most opposite excesses.

"In popular uprisings," he says, "there is always a certain number of men who, led by the violence of their passion, or a fanatic belief, a criminal design, or an infernal love of destruction, do all in their power to push things to the worst possible issue. But, as a counterweight, there is always also a certain number of other men who with the same ardor and the same determination apply themselves to bring about a contrary effect; some being led by friendship or partiality for the persons threatened with danger; some by no other impulse than a pious and sudden fear of blood and of crime. In each of these opposing parties, without there being any preconcerted plan, conformity of will gives rise to an instantaneous harmony in operation. *That which finally com-*

*poses the mass and, so to speak, the material of this tumultuous throng, is an accidental mingling of men who attach themselves for the time being, more or less closely, to one or the other of these extreme parties, actuated by varying and infinitely graded motives, such as the impulse of the moment, some personal interest, an inclination for a certain kind of justice exercised in a manner to suit their fancy, or perhaps even by a desire to see some outright villainy. These men, ready either for ferocity or for clemency, for execration or adoration, according as occasion may require, constantly eager to learn, to believe something extraordinary, experience a positive need of shrieking either complaints or plaudits. 'Long life!' and 'To the death!' are expressions they delight to use. If any one can succeed in persuading them that a victim does not deserve to be quartered alive, he need not add many words to transform the same victim into a hero worthy of receiving triumphal honors."*

"It is," writes Sighele, "in such moments when passions the most brutal and ferocious spring into action that we suddenly see the savage reappear in civilized man, and then, in order to explain this strange phenomenon, we have recourse to the hypothesis of a sudden atavistic resurrection of that primordial homicidal instinct which smoulders as fire under the ashes and which awaits only a breath to rekindle it."

"Sudden power and license to kill," wrote Taine, "are liberties too strong for human nature; vertigo seizes the individual, he sees everything turn blood red, and his delirium ends in ferocity."

It is not with impunity, however, that a man of the people who have grown sympathetic by long ages of civilization, can become at once a sovereign and a headman. He can indeed be incited to crime by his savage instinct, which is suddenly awakened; he can indeed become so incited against his victims as to cover them with outrages and injuries; but for all this he sometimes feels that he is committing enormous acts and

his soul, like that of Macbeth, is full of scorpions.

But then, by a terrible contradiction, he revolts against this chiding spirit of hereditary humanity, which is the slow growth of time and which affrighted rises up warningly within him. Its resistance irritates him, and, in order to stifle it, he resorts to the only effective means, that of overwhelming it with horror by an accumulation of crime on crime. For crime introduces into his physical and moral organism two extraordinary and disproportionate emotions: one a sensation arising from a sense of despotic power which may be exercised without obstacle and without danger upon quivering flesh and human life; and the other, the sensation produced by witnessing bloody and horrible death with its eternally new forms of contortions and cries.

Sighele in a new work, "The Criminal Mob," explains very clearly the causes of such phenomena.

"A mob is a soil in which the microbe of evil develops very rapidly, and where the microbe of good almost always dies, not finding there the conditions necessary to its life."

This is because the elements which constitute a mob are diverse; by the side of men accessible to pity there are the indifferent and the cruel, by the side of the honest there are often vagabonds and criminals. And in a crowd the good faculties of individuals, instead of becoming strengthened, always grow weaker. This is brought about, in the first place, by a natural, I might say an arithmetical, necessity. Just as the average of a large number of figures cannot be equal to the high numbers on the list, so a collection of men cannot reflect the higher faculties possessed by many of the individuals, but only the average of the faculties of all.

This same thing is to be observed in numerous associations. It frequently happens that the decisions rendered by committees, or conventions of artists, scientists, or artisans are surprising to the public on account of their mediocrity. How can ten or twenty artists, ten or twenty scholars, when together, pass a verdict which does not conform to the principles of art or of science?

And not only juries and committees, but also political assemblies sometimes do what is in manifest and absolute opposition to the opinions and tendencies of the individuals composing the greater portion of the body.

The reasons for these occurrences are numerous, but in the case which we are considering they can be substantially reduced to two: that this class of assemblages is not homogeneous, and that it is unorganized.

It is evident that an analogy between characters taken in the aggregate and those considered singly is possible only when the units are of the same class, or very similar. A collection of units of a diverse nature not only would be unable to give an aggregate which would represent the separate characters of the units, but it could not give any aggregate whatever. A man, a horse, a fish, and an insect cannot form an aggregate. In arithmetic in order to obtain a sum, it is necessary that the different numbers to be added should be of the same denomination.

Neither is it sufficient in order to establish an analogy between characters in the aggregate and those of single persons, that the latter should be of the same general character; they should be bound together in a permanent and organic relation.

Let us transport this observation into the sociological field, and we shall be able to draw from it the conclusion that the accidental and unorganized groups of men, such as those to be found on a jury, in a theater, or a mob, cannot reproduce in their manifestations the separate character of their individuals any more than a pile of bricks thrown together in a confused manner can reproduce the rectangular form of a single brick. In this last case in order to make a wall there must be a stable union and a regular disposition of all the bricks. Still more necessary is it in forming an aggregate of persons that the individuals should be bound together in a permanent and organized relation, like that existing in families or in certain fixed social classes.

The good traits of individuals sink out of sight in a mob for another reason. The person who is good, gentle, compassionate, dare not always appear in an excited crowd in his own true character for fear of being called a coward. How many in a street demonstration cry "Life!" or "Death!" because they are afraid if they do not so shout, that those who surround them will accuse them of weakness or of acting as spies! And how many there are who, for the same reason, pass from cries to acts! It requires a rare force of character to react against excesses which the whole crowd, in which one forms only a unit, commit. The greater part of the

participators in violence feel that they are doing wrong, but they know if they do not move with the current they will not only be called cowardly, but will themselves be apt to become the victims of the anger of the others. Thus the physical fear of being maltreated or wounded is added to the moral fear of being taunted. Hence it is readily seen how under such conditions evil passions gain the upper hand in a time of excitement.

But there is still another consideration which will even better explain the victory of brutal instincts.

According to Sergi, "Every idea, every emotion of an individual, is only the reflection of some sudden exterior impulsion. Consequently no one acts, no one thinks, unless by virtue of a suggestion which can be produced by the sight of an object, the hearing of a word or a sound, or by some movement produced outside of his organism. And the suggestion may take effect on one person, on several, or on a great crowd; and it can propagate itself at a distance as a veritable epidemic, leaving some untouched, affecting others lightly, and still others with extreme violence. In the case of the last the phenomena which it produces, strange and terrible as they may be, are only the extreme degree, the sharpest expression of this simple phenomenon of suggestion, which, although unperceived, is the cause of every manifestation of the human soul. The intensity alone varies, the nature of the phenomenon is always the same."

This happy intuition of Sergi's we see confirmed by all forms of human activity. Who will wish to deny to the relation existing between master and disciple, and to the imita-

tion of the one by the other—an imitation made from sympathy and from unconscious and instructive admiration—the character of a veritable suggestion?

And who does not understand that this epidemic suggestion can increase in extension and in intensity where it is favored by special conditions or by the peculiar characteristics of the person or persons who propagate and nourish it?

But the study of the "criminal crowd" leads us to still another conclusion, perhaps the most important of all. We have seen that it is not in the assemblage of a great number of men that the greatest wisdom and the highest advancement is to be found. This ought to destroy the false notion born of a parliamentary atmosphere, which tends always to increase the number of those who shall deliberate upon the interests of the state. It is a mistake to lessen responsibility by dividing it up among undue numbers.

It is for this reason that there results the necessity that the most important trusts shall be individualized. An observation of Von Moltke's bears directly upon this point. He said that a very numerous parliamentary assembly allowed itself more readily to plunge a nation into war than would a sovereign or a single minister or a small assembly on whom would rest all the responsibility; the deputy who considered that upon himself rested only one share of responsibility out of five hundred or eight hundred, would very lightly accept that small fraction and easily lend his influence to decisions of the weightiest import. It is simply the working out of the same principle which shows its extreme type in mob violence.

## PEASANT LIFE IN SICILY.

BY SIGNORA VEDOVA MARIO.

WHILE Italy is chiefly an agricultural country Sicily is almost exclusively so. The island, which covers a surface of 29,241 square kilometers, produces more than one third of the wine of Italy, one seventh of the wheat, nearly half of the barley, nine tenths of the green fruit, oranges, lemons, etc. After cereals, wine, and green fruit, sumach takes its place. The prickly pear grows in such abundance that

the fruit forms the staple food of the poor and the leaves eke out the scanty fodder of the cattle, sheep, and goats. The bushes of the plant serving as hedges form a special feature in the landscape, especially along the seacoast from Capo Milazzo to the mountain of Taormina. Hence about two thirds of the population, which has increased since 1881 from 2,933,154 to 3,226,000, is employed in agricultural pursuits.



In the fertile valleys, undefiled by sulphur fumes, a few wigwags or stone huts without windows or chimneys, denote the temporary abodes of the husbandman, or herdsman, or the day laborer, who being engaged too far from his home in the city to walk to and fro every day, brings here provisions for the week. Here he eats his dry bread and olives and sleeps in his wigwag, going home only from Saturday to Monday to take his scanty wages to his family and to get a fresh supply of food for the coming week. A harder, drearier life than that of the Sicilian peasant, taken as a whole, it is difficult to conceive, especially in the districts where wheat is the chief product and no vineyards or orange gardens exist. The peasant's home is in the nearest city or town, if one may dignify with the name of home one room with mud for floor, a bed made of branches, and mattress stuffed with straw.

As in the feudal times, the owners of the immense estates live in palatial residences in the city; they rarely visit their plantations which, now that the feudal system is abolished, are divided into halves, one of which is further divided among all the children, male and female, while the father can dispose of the other half as he chooses. It is rare that a landowner lives on his estate or has even a decent house in which to pass the months of vintage and fruit plucking.

Between the years 1849 and 1860 some of the more enlightened proprietors did set themselves to better the condition of their land and of the tillers thereof, but from 1861 to 1875 such was the insecurity of the country, so rife were brigandage, black-mailing, and crime of every species that the owners of the soil grew weary of the strife and let out their already improved farms to large farmers, who in their turn sublet the land in smaller portions to men having a family of boys sufficient for the culture, or who employed extra hands for the few months of heavy work. Even when proprietors do cultivate their own land they rarely visit it but keep overseers who engage the peasants, see that they perform their duty, and pay them weekly, rendering to the master an account of their stewardship every Sunday.

Since 1876 when public security has been as perfect as on the continent, and far more so than in Sardinia, the owners do not seem inclined to return to their lands. The Sicilian, rich or poor, noble or pleb, loves his

native city and his belfry tower, and so rigid is the distinction between classes that in this particular very little progress has been made. It was hoped that the wide distribution of property owing directly to the abolition of the feudal system and the subsequent compulsory division of property, together with the sale of ecclesiastical property would have produced swift and widespread progress among the peasant classes.

To a certain extent progress has been made. In the province of Trapani in the wine district are vast numbers of peasants who own their huts, wine presses, and a few vineyards, and in other parts of the country are small peasant properties known at once by the careful culture of the entire holding, the abundance of almond, olive, or such trees as the soil permits, the presence of pigs, cattle sheds, or sheep pens, as the case may be. But even here the peasants do not live on the spot with their families save in rare instances; hence the thrift, the cleanliness, the general comfort which a housewife insures is absent. The abandoned hovels, which do not deserve the name of farmhouses, bear witness to the division of the families with consequences not consolatory from a moral point of view.

Enormous taxes burden the peasant proprietor; and they become annually heavier on every product, on its growth, on its sale, on its importation into the cities; and the fact of the peasant's living in the city subjects him to the municipal dues levied at the town or village gates. Thus while the land tax varies from 30 to 50 per cent, the house tax from 25 to 40 per cent, this municipal tax amounts on the average to 50 per cent on the original cost of food. Thus the peasant day laborer, even as the peasant proprietor, by his persistence in living in the city comes in for all the taxes imagined by a government that has shown its chief talent in inventing every form and shade of taxation, whereas by living on the soil and eating his own produce he might avoid at least one half of the burdens.

One explanation of this obstinacy is found in the fact that many of the country districts are without drinking water, another in the loneliness of the districts; but I think the chief obstacle lies in the detestation of the peasant women for the country save at the vintage and olive gathering time. In some cases the laudable excuse is quoted that in

the country there are no schools, no doctors, no churches.

Another reason why the peasant proprietorship, from which so much was hoped, fails to flourish is, that they begin without capital, hence have to borrow. The usury rate varies according to the poverty of the borrower and his consequent inability to give due security. No banks are open to him; he is compelled to seek the usurers, who lend at 30 and even 50 per cent, and as they often call in the capital in less than a year, sometimes it amounts even to 100 and 150 per cent. The result is that when the property becomes mortgaged to its utmost capacity, and the tax gatherer duns in vain for his dues, the land is seized by the creditors or by the state and the peasant proprietor falls to the condition of the countless day laborers who compete with each other for bare existence.

In the point of food I consider that the Sicilian peasant is better off than the peasants of northern Italy, for his diet is chiefly wheaten bread, well salted, and he always has with it either dried olives, green fruit, or sour cheese. If, as is usual, the pay is part in money, part in kind, he gets a soup in the evening and a drink of wine. The blessed fact that the government has not been able to make salt a monopoly or even to put a tax on salt, owing to the large number of salt mines and salt distilleries, explains how it is that with such hard labor and bad water, filthy habitations and general misery, the Sicilian peasant is as healthy as he is.

There are terrible exceptions to this rule; where malaria exists the state of the day laborer is sad indeed. Take the low plain of Girgenti, for instance, lying between a city on a hill, the old ruins, and the sea. This plain, owing to mingling of the fresh and salt waters with the drainage of the city is at certain seasons as pestilential a place as the plains of Ostia. But such is the poverty of the peasants that go they must, and they often come home fever stricken. The women and girls who go to "skin the almonds" suffer the most, and in December whole families are ill with malaria, with the bread bin empty, and no hospital open to them save in rare instances.

Here again the fault is chiefly their own. Such is the diffidence of the Sicilian nature that even among the workingmen mutual aid societies are rare and not always successful,

while the formation of a provident society among the peasants is an exception to the rule; first because it is next to impossible for them to save any money after the family bread is bought and the rent paid, but chiefly from their distrust of each other and their repugnance to see one of their own order "set in authority over them," as they would consider the president, treasurer, and secretary of the provident society. Efforts are being made in this direction by a few young men in the chief cities, and if a co-operative society could be formed to rent some of the large estates directly from the proprietor, the state of the peasantry would be materially changed for the better.

Much has been said and written about the primitive agricultural instruments used in Sicily and there is no doubt but that in the vast plains and in some of the widest valleys sowing, reaping, threshing, and mowing machines might be used with advantage while English and American plows would be a useful substitute for the primitive plow now everywhere in use. It consists of roughly hewn branches of trees fitted together for the plowshare; the sheath is of iron. But owing to the vast area of mountainous and hilly land under culture, and the shallow *humus* of many of the valleys and seaboard lands the English plow is useless and has been laid aside in agricultural districts where with more haste than prudence money has been expended in the purchase of modern implements without considering their adaptability to the special soil.

One of the great wants of Sicily is a fertilizer. Artificial manures are unknown save to a few foreign and enterprising proprietors. If the Sicilians would utilize all the offal which for want of proper drainage and "dumping" defiles their large cities the whole country might be fertilized and healthy cities and rich lands result.

A Scotchman, who has been fifty years in Sicily and has had the charge of some of the model estates belonging to Sicilians and to foreigners and has directed the penal agricultural colony of San Martino, bears witness to the great progress made in Sicilian agriculture since he first came to the island. He thinks that if the taxation could be lightened and the division of property retained agriculture in Sicily would be made profitable in a short space of time. When one thinks of the rapidity with which the

landholders transformed their lands into vineyards as soon as there was an increasing demand for their wine it must be admitted that energy is not wanting. Unfortunately now, many are regretting the haste with which they sacrificed the fruitful olives and carobs for vines whose produce is menaced by the *philoxera* and whose prices fluctuate. But the same spirit of enterprise if applied to cultivating all the valued products of the island cannot fail, in the long run to insure success and prosperity.

One of the elements of progress among the peasantry is the conscription, whose very name they once abhorred. The Sicilian peasant, a very different being from the poor miner, goes to the continent and comes back amazed at the difference between the style of life and culture at home and abroad. He is looked upon as an authority, insists on the children's being sent to school, knows all about provident societies, and yet has lost none of his love for his native island. So strong is this love that Sicily figures last on the list of Italian emigration, and though the figures have slightly increased of late years they do not amount to six thousand for the entire island.

When Italy shall embrace the American or Swiss system of national defense and abolish standing armies, which are her ruin financially, Sicily will probably take her place first on the list of "high farming" countries in Europe, for her sun and soil remain her own, her children are among the hardest toilers and most frugal livers on the face of the earth; drunkenness is unknown among peasants, even when they have wine at will; and so far as crime goes, though great, it is on the decrease,—excluding always and everywhere the mining populations.

I spent several interesting days on two English estates in Sicily to investigate what capital and personal intelligence can do. During a fortnight's residence in Catania, I made several excursions round the foot of Etna, observing the manners and customs of the peasant population in the vicinity of their beloved volcano, whose eruptions so far from terrifying them are their pride and glory. When an eruption is feared or actually in progress it requires the force of the police and of the military to induce them to leave their homes.

Here the property is subdivided and the people cultivate every available spot, the

produce varying with the northern and southern aspects and slopes. Here are every species of nature's produce,—forest oaks of enormous size, the most exquisite apples, pears, figs, and almonds, lemons and oranges, and two species of the prickly pear, one bloodhearted as a pomegranate, another white as milk.

Availing myself of an invitation from the Honorable Alexander Nelson Hood, I visited the famous Duchy of Bronte given to Lord Nelson by Ferdinand the Bourbon for services which we would fain forget. I was thankful to find that his descendants are repairing the bitter wrongs he wrought to the people. They are introducing a system of farming, which if imitated by other proprietors would make the owners and tillers of the soil healthy and prosperous. When the present Lord Bridgport inherited the estate from his mother the property which had been left in the hands of executors was in a wretched state; there were no carriageable roads, and the nearest town, Bronte, was ten miles distant. Intrusting the land to his son, the then small produce of the wheat lands was expended in roadbuilding, in repairing the old castle, in building farmhouses, stores for grain, stables, and embankments and bastions for keeping the Torrent Simeto in its proper place. Hitherto the property had to be reached on mule or horseback. In 1873 Mr. Hood drove for the first time from Bronte to the castle. Since then he has completed fifteen miles of excellent roads so that one may enter from the Bronte side and drive off through the towns of Randazzo and Linguaglossa, to the railway station at Piedimonte, which is on a line between Messina and Catania.

The estate comprises lands suitable for vineyards, cereals, almonds, orange and lemon groves, while the lava lands produce the pistachio nut and the mountains are clad with splendid oak and beech trees. Since 1882 one million vines have been planted and the produce repays the toil and money laid out. The vineyards occupy two hundred and fifty acres of ground, from which all the stones have been removed, and special vines suited to the soil planted. It was just fifteen years ago that the first vine was set out and now red and white wine of Bronte figures among the best wines of Sicily; the wheat produced bears the highest price; the lands which are not tilled by the proprietor let for the highest prices; and the peasantry are certainly the most thriving, prosperous, and, relatively

speaking, the cleanest that it has been my lot to see. On the farms let to tenants the wigwams abound, but on the home farm the peasants who work all the year round are well housed, have each a bed and mattress with woolen coverings, and a large fire burning day and night.

The efforts of Mr. Hood to induce the peasants to leave the wretched town of Bronte where they live in filthy hovels have all proved failures. They will not come to live there. So he allows them to have as much good wheaten bread as they can eat, wine twice a day, a porridge soup of beans and macaroni every evening, and sixty or seventy centimes per day, and a meat dinner on Sunday if they choose to remain at the place.

All his agricultural instruments are of English origin. The vineyards are plowed between the vines with wonderful care and accuracy. Five hundred men and women are employed at the vintage. Despite the enormous outlay and the heavy taxes the place pays; the people are content. Here are no strikes, no difficulty in finding hands, and if Mr. Hood succeeds in bringing water to the town of Bronte he will be a benefactor of humanity indeed.

I have no space for an account of two other places whose results are equally satisfactory. But certain it is that capital expended in Sicilian agriculture is a paying speculation and when people begin to realize this fact the battle is half won.

## POETRY SINCE POPE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

*"Les plus beaux [vers] sont ceux qui ont de l'âme; ils appartiennent aux trois règnes, mais à la muse encore plus.—Joubert.*

**S**TUDENTS who busy themselves with the history of poetry seldom enough discriminate with sufficient accuracy between the great man who has written poetry and the great poet, and yet there is a difference between the two as wide as that which separates science from art. A great man is not necessarily a great poet or at all a poet; a great poet is not always by any means great in other regards. Even critics sometimes stumble over this difficulty and fail to separate the influence of the man from the influence of his art.

Since Sainte-Beuve wrote his admirable essays criticism has come to be too much a matter of biography and sympathy, too little a disinterested judicial opinion. Light, discursive commentary and fascinating glimpses of personal charm when set in brilliant diction and suffused with an electrical style make delicious reading; but criticism is more than these; it is not a dish to tickle the palate of the literary gastronome, it is a tonic and corrective as well as an excellent article of diet.

Perhaps the least satisfactory, and in fact the least valuable criticism to be found in the history of literature is that which deals with poets and poetry, although in volume

and brilliancy it certainly takes no second place. Poetry is indefinable in terms of the concrete, and since the tendency of criticism has been more and more toward scientific analysis, we have been drifting farther and farther from a broad and free comprehension of the poet's function. The intolerant materialism of science as promulgated by the specialists has been removing us farther and farther from the point of view necessary to a sound understanding of the ideal in art. Poetry and science have been made to accept a forced coincidence; but the violence has affected science very little, poetry almost to its ruin.

The theory of the physical basis of life and the all-permeating doctrine of the evolutionists have set the world so exclusively to studying the process of "development from the simple to the complex" that it has forgotten how strong simplicity is and how complexity is but another word for weakness. We imagine ourselves conscious of evolution and at once seek to force the process. In poetry this hothouse effort to pass into the last refinement of the complex is painfully obtrusive at present throughout the enlightened world. Societies for the interpretation of Browning's often unmeaning caricature of poetry are not the only indubitable evidences of a low state of critical taste and of the distance to which we have been



recently whirled away from a healthy appreciation of what is normal, invigorating, and enduring in poetry. What we may call "fads" have been controlling public taste through hysterical appeals from sources which have been looked upon as of highest authority, and this makes it hard for the earnest and conscientious critic to see back with a perfectly clear vision and grasp the real conditions under which poetry has existed from its new birth in the last half of the eighteenth century to the present time.

When Dryden and Pope had died, one in 1700 and the other forty-four years later, and when Dr. Samuel Johnson had ceased to scold, a plowboy by the name of Robert Burns began to sing a new sort of song. His voice was like a thrush's and his words bore to the ears of the world an appeal at once irresistible and universal. The normal and enduring cords of human sympathy and human passion were thrilled. This voice was the announcement of a new springtime in the domain of English poetry. Burns was not an epoch-maker; he had no school to found, no literary mission to perform; but he sang in the dewy twilight of a morning and sang because he felt its freshness rise from the soil under his plow.

Burns lived from 1759 to 1796 and wrote a great deal of rhymed passion and tenderness that will be acceptable to the healthy human heart as long as love and friendship, humor and pathos and cordial sympathy retain their power to engage and charm. One swallow does not make spring, but its presence suggests a change in the air. A waft from the undiscoverable groves of inspiration was once more blowing across the world.

When Burns died Walter Scott was about twenty-five and Wordsworth but one year older. Byron was a boy of eight, Shelley was four years old, and Keats one. Coleridge was one year younger than Scott. A glance at these facts shows that when Burns flung into the hollow world his full-toned, careless melodies, a whole nestful of songsters was swinging ready for the flight and the grand songburst. The lifting of the half-fledged wings made a prophetic rustle. Soon the eyes and the ears of all the world were turned to England.

It is true that meantime in Germany Goethe had shown the greatness of his genius as a poet by some of the finest work of modern times; but it can scarcely be said that Goethe

was of the bevy that fixed the key to the song of the nineteenth century, song which has found the full measure of its weakness and its strength in the poetry of Alfred Tennyson. The great German stands alone, a lesser Shakspeare in the universality of his genius, falling short of our English master at the point of dramatic vision and lacking something that would have made him a perfect lyricist. He was a great man and a great poet; but critics may hunt in vain for any lasting influence that he has had in shaping the central current of modern poetry. He overtopped all of his countrymen—he was a genius at once colossal and lonely—we look to him as to a mountain peak that is inaccessible. He was a master poet who influenced prose writers.

In France the eighteenth century gave nothing really fresh and new to poetry. A century that can show no greater poet than André de Chénier is not a very notable one in the development of original song. We must turn to England to find the founders of the epoch in poetry beginning toward the close of the eighteenth century and ending about 1830. I do not mean to say that De Chénier was not a notable poet; but his poetry reflected backward instead of forward and must be referred to ancient rather than to modern associations.

Wordsworth and Coleridge, working side by side but not in parallel lines, were the real generators of the new movement in poetry. The influence of Wordsworth is more apparent than that of Coleridge; nevertheless the latter was the better poet. Wordsworth had the advantage; he in a measure anticipated the scientific movement, doubtless more by accident than through any prophetic vision, and set himself in line with the later apostles of analytical realism. Coleridge while holding fast to the enduring principles of romance and making the most of the heroic and the picturesque, brought imagination and expression down to date, so to speak. He had absolute dramatic vision, which Wordsworth lacked, and his command of expression was masterly in the extreme. It was he who brought over into the nineteenth century the unmistakable fragrance of Helicon and the flavor of Hybla to perfume and sweeten the latest dreams withal. He was a descendant of pure blood from the original Adam of song. If any reader of mine has neglected to peruse

that incomparable story in rhyme, "The Ancient Mariner," let him go to it at once and learn the difference between polished and powdered realism diluted with analysis and overloaded with petty details, and that older sort of work which projects life as boldly as it thrusts forward the ever fascinating salients of romance.

Read Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" after you have done with "The Ancient Mariner" and you will grasp at once the gap between the theory of poetry as accepted by Coleridge and that followed by Wordsworth. The latter poet in a letter to Southey prefacing "Peter Bell," said that the faculty of imagination might "be called forth as imperiously and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life," as it can when the extraordinary, the supernatural, or the heroic is chosen for subject. Burns had already shown how true this was in one sense, and when the appeal was to a universal and perennial passion or sentiment; but Wordsworth was taking the realistic view and we have but to compare "Peter Bell" with "The Ancient Mariner" to feel at once how immeasurably inferior the former is to the latter at every poetic point of opposition. The comparison goes far deeper than mere measurement, it reaches the two methods, the two theories of poetry, and brings up the whole question of realism so called and idealism.

Perhaps no lyric, written since Theocritus made his Idyls, displays more forcibly the absolute dramatic vision of genius than does "The Ancient Mariner." The necessary limitations of the lyrical method of presenting action considered, what could be finer or truer or more immediately effective than

"With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the specter bark.  
We listened and looked sidewise up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!"

It is wholly descriptive, as purely lyrical expression must needs be, but it sets before the imagination something as human and real as anything in Shakspeare and yet as weird and suggestive of the supernatural as Poe's most uncanny conceit. In this poem and, indeed, in many of Coleridge's best lyrics we discover the beginning of the transition of the ideal from the old formula to the new.

Romance as expressed through the art of verse was no longer the romance which had been sung by the medieval poets. The movement of civilization had modified taste and broadened conditions. Genius felt the change in the air.

Wordsworth, deeply in love with nature and grasping at the means of transcribing the fleeting effects of visible phenomena, gradually passed from word-sketching to a serene philosophical analysis of conditions and influences. He had no unfortunate habits like those of Coleridge to mar his happiness and destroy his mind, and as is the way with realists (I mean realists in manner), he plodded laboriously on, experimenting, tasting, smelling, analyzing everything in search of poetry. His was a great mind aware that the time had come for a new strain of song; but he was not in the best sense of the term a great poet. His immediate and accurate sense of his own favorable situation for becoming a great poet interfered with the breadth and freedom of his work. He was suggestive and indicative rather than creative, in so far as the substance and form of his poetry affected his successors; moreover a great deal of his influence was in abeyance until specialism in science had imbued later art with its worship of fact-details and minute analysis of meanings. When the microscope, the spectroscope, and the deductions of paleontology invaded poesy Wordsworth was rediscovered and found to be the prophet of realism, although before that he had been looked upon by a chosen few as the high priest of idealism. The truth is, his was a great mind set in the eddy preceding a flood, feeling the importance of its situation and groping (but groping grandly) after the clue to the future.

Meantime Scott had written those wonderful jingling romances, those thrilling rhyme-pictures of love, chivalry, goblins, and villainy which filled the world with his fame, and Byron had burst forth with a mighty voice singing the songs of despair and defiance. Then Shelley, then Keats followed, and the new age of poesy was in full springtime and flower. Now for the first time since the golden days when Sappho handled plectrum and lyre the influence of refined art suffused itself through song blending the mood of extreme culture with the bold and vigorous ecstasy of creation.

In Keats the student must recognize the most wonderful poet that ever lived, consid-

ering the shortness of his life. He was but twenty-five when he died. How he could have mastered the vocabulary, the amazing felicity of expression, the purity of coloring, the insight and the knowledge of nature, and the delicate discrimination that etherealized his art is beyond comprehension. If he could have lived and worked and grown, as Wordsworth did, to a ripe old age what would have been the result?

It was left for Shelley to urge revolt to the extreme, and he too, although he lived five years longer than Keats, was a prodigy of precocious genius. His poetry is the voice of ultraradicalism, so to speak, in the art of verse, it is the farthest swing of the pendulum in the arc of rebellion. Byron raged and swore; but Shelley simply exhausted art in the sublime frenzy of refined expression.

Keats suggested the blending of the romance of Coleridge and the philosophical realism of Wordsworth, and it is in his best lyrics that we may discover the true prophecy of the new poetry, poetry which was to express the last subtle refinement of conscious, laborious, hair-splitting art. Passion was to be subdued to the square and compass of the phrase-maker and romance was to be smoothed down to fit the niceties of scientific details.

The French Revolution and the purification that followed it made way for poetry in France. Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo soon opened a grand season of song. Lamartine was not a poet of the first order; but his influence was great and he filled a "spacious void," as some one has well said, in the temple of French literature. Alfred de Musset, although appreciation of him came later, struck the full chord of

genius. He possessed the lyrical fervor and the dramatic insight of the true poet.

Victor Hugo in France and Alfred Tennyson in England have embodied the highest meanings of the new order in poetry; they have also demonstrated its limitations. The weakness of the French language as a vehicle for poetry sets Hugo's verse below Tennyson's; but in the broader sense Hugo was, perhaps, the greater poet, as he was certainly the greater man.

At present criticism in general is at a low ebb, and the demand seems to be for the exactitude of science in poetry. The verse appearing in our magazines shows a high order of technical skill accompanied by a low order of imaginative choice. This is true of England, France, and America, the three countries whose poetry is at all tolerable. Emerson is the one striking and original poet of America, barring the strange and unprofitable Poe, and even Emerson is but half a poet in the largest meaning of the word.

Of course in making this reckoning of American verse writers I do not take the living ones into account. We have poets of fine promise besides Whittier, Holmes, Aldrich, and Stedman; but this is no time or place to speak of them. Bryant was a poet to be compared with Wordsworth, and Longfellow's and Lowell's strains will long be dear to Americans.

Upon the whole it is safe to say that the new order of poetry has passed its meridian and is well down its decline. Poetry, like every other form of fiction (fiction is but another name for art), cannot endure when robbed of romance. It is, like religion, a matter of faith.

## CHICAGO OF TO-DAY.

BY NOBLE CANBY.

**B**ETWEEN the pride of Caesardom and the Pride of the West there are contrasts. We are told by those who would account for her splendors, that "Rome was not built in a day." Chicago, a greater wonder in a way, has been. Rome sat on seven hills; Chicago had not even a soil bottom to sit on. The man has only recently died who could remember when through the trackless morass surrounding

the two houses and fort constituting the whole of "Chicauga," boards were occasionally set up announcing "no bottom here."

After having been the scenes of visits from Marquette, La Salle, and other early French missionaries, Chicago was nothing until the early part of the present century when, with its excellent landing place for Canadian bateaux, it was decided upon as a trading station for the John Jacob Astor American

Fur Company, whose lake headquarters were at Mackinaw. To protect the interests of this company against the Indians, with whom they traded, Fort Dearborn was built and supplied with troops. During the War of 1812 when the Americans evacuated the lake posts, Fort Dearborn was abandoned, the event being followed by the "Dearborn massacre," whose exact location is now marked by "Massacre Elm," still standing in the lawn surrounding Mr. George M. Pullman's residence.

Not for four years did the whites attempt to gain a foothold; in 1816 a strip of land including Chicago was obtained from the Indians by a treaty, the purpose being the contemplation by the government of a canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. In the same year troops returned to the fort and Mr. John Kinzie, one of the two residents outside the fort, whose hospitality is now a story, returned to his home. A straggling settlement, about which it is impossible to discover a complimentary mention, collected about the fort, trading with the trapper Indians and selling them "fire water" and other civilized commodities. In 1827 not a white man was to be found between Chicago and Mackinaw; as late as 1832 the country between Chicago and the Mississippi was an unbroken wilderness.

In the next year, 1833, Chicago was organized as a village by the decision of eleven out of the twelve eligible voters of the place. Four years later in 1837, it was incorporated as a city, having at that time a population of 4,179, and, according to the records of the Historical Society, one unemployed man who was condemned as a "loafer." The city has not improved in this respect.

Built upon a flat, marshy soil, but about four feet above the lake, indeed named from the Indian word meaning a "wild onion" or "skunk," in allusion to the malodor of its stagnant pools and back waters, its future was certainly "all before it." With such prospects wild indeed would the prophet have been pronounced to have predicted its transformation in the lapse of a half century to one of the healthiest cities of the world, second in size in America, with a fame that reaches the obscurest European hamlet, and a trade which connects supply and demand not only between the remotest states of our country but between vast sections of this country and the foreign world.

To write of the Chicago of to-day in a single article means but to catalogue a few major facts indicating her wonderful prosperity; any one of her hundreds of gigantic enterprises would fill the entire space if adequately described. Whatever she has done has been remarkable. She kills hogs, but redeems the ungraceful deed by killing the most of any place in the world; she invites the wide-reaching prairies to send her their grain and repays the compliment by becoming the greatest grain market on the globe; the thick pineries of the lake states whisper together, then bend to her will and float down to her wharves on the lake breezes; she descends to homely work, even makes soap, but her boiling caldrons are worthy of Titans. Many of her factories are the largest of their kind in the world; her buildings are the highest, her streets the widest, her system of waterworks unique; she has the most perfect theater, most elegantly appointed hotels, the most extensive boulevards and park system of any city in the country. She is accused of bragging. She certainly is self-confident but her word is as good as her bond.

Even her sufferings are likewise remarkable. In 1871 she held a most promising place, having accumulated in her short career a population of 350,000 and a trade of about a half billion. A \$4,000,000 fire one October night taxed city editors to their full stock of superlatives. Two days later one kicking cow and one lantern meeting through the agency of Mrs. O'Leary combined to accomplish a deed which spared the editors' wrestling by putting the editors to their heels. Terrible as that three days' havoc of fire was, sweeping over three and one half square miles, burning 17,450 buildings, making homeless 98,500 people, and entailing a loss, not including the depreciation in real estate and damage to business, of \$190,000,000, with not more than a fifth covered by insurance, the fire fiend may now be looked upon much as a severe attack of sickness of an individual which eliminates from the system some previous chronic disorder. Never did humanity spring to the assistance of the unfortunate more promptly and graciously than to lift up the stricken metropolis. Six millions were freely poured into her lap, donated from every quarter of the globe. Even the narrow-eyed Celestial, against whom we are now drawing bar and bolt, contributed. Inside of



a year \$41,000,000 had been expended in rebuilding; the fire modernized and enlarged the business portion of the city, which was made uniformly level, with the advantage of streets whose width no eastern city can match. The "little fire" in '74, costing \$4,000,000, is forgotten in the calamities of '71—calamities which would have been far greater had not a pistol, in the hands of a city official, aimed at the head of an affrighted truckman, been the means of preserving the titles to a great part of city real estate.

Having risen in splendor from her ashes, the young phoenix looked about and decided that her foundation was too near the water's edge, being in fact only about four feet above the lake level. This fact ascertained, she lifted herself, foundation and all, ten feet above the water, where she now stands, a triumph of engineering as unique as it is successful.

Lake Michigan being one of the head sources of the lake system, Chicago though not elevated compared with her own coast is on a high plane compared with that of the sea.

Her climate has ever been a butt of ridicule. Umbrellas are supposed to be made in Chicago with a back action so that when turned wrong side out they may be used from the reverse side. It remains to apply the same test to this abused subject that is applied to others—to judge it by results. The average citizen does not suffer from lassitude. Chicago's mean annual temperature is 48.5°, being .3° lower than that of Boston and 3.5° below that of New York. For twenty years past the summer heat has averaged 70°, that of the hottest days of each year averaging 77°, while the hottest weather ever reached ranges from 85° to 96°. The coolest summer weather ranges from 45° to 60°. Winter easily depresses the mercury to 20° below zero. Winds, it must be acknowledged, prevail at all seasons and from all directions, with ever youthful friskiness. Yet over this pristine swamp there exists a climate whose healthfulness may be indicated by the following statement of the annual mortality of Chicago per 1,000 inhabitants as compared with that of other cities:

Chicago . . . . .	18.22	Brooklyn . . . . .	22.05
New York . . . . .	26.27	London . . . . .	21.92
Boston . . . . .	25.18	Paris . . . . .	27.02
Philadelphia . . . . .	21.19	Vienna . . . . .	27.29

Filling, drainage, and other sanitary improvement

have doubtless had much to do with this result, but nature has done more by providing an exhaustless reservoir of tonic ozone within reach, and currents giving Chicago an unusually pure atmosphere for a city of its size.

Another fact influencing public health is the comparative freedom of the city from overcrowded tenements. The board of health has kept close watch upon this phase of life, recently closing several crowded cheap lodgings. That "sweating" shops exist, and, to that extent, harm the health of the laboring classes, is ascertained. A general roominess, and the possession, by the great majority, of homes with some kind of lawn has given the city the sobriquet, the Garden City. There is little need of this advantage decreasing. The wide area over which factories and industries are scattered prevent the poorer classes from herding or forming dense sections, while the efforts of that civilizer, the real estate agent, at the same time present every incentive to a day wage earner to secure a home for himself, an effort easy to observe in Chicago while hard to verify by statistics.

The health department in Chicago is burdened by heavy duties, some of which, as the collection of garbage and refuse, are in New York delegated to a separate bureau. It is further hampered by stringency of funds, the chief sanitary inspector stating that Chicago is now trying to clean over 5,000 miles of streets and alleys three times per week, an area six times that of New York, for one third the appropriation of the latter city for the same purpose.

The supply of water furnished Chicago suggests a feat of engineering unequaled, at the time of its execution, in the world. A sample of the system is the handsome "works" on the North Side, connecting by a tunnel with the "crib" two miles out in the lake, from which water is supplied which at the works is pumped by gigantic engines into a "stand pipe," to be distributed by its own weight over the city. By means of this system, including twenty-two engines, Chicago is furnished daily an average of about 155,000,000 gallons, being over 60 per cent of its engine capacity of 260,000,000 gallons. This water comes from two and two and one half miles out in the lake; its purity is for the most part assured by the city's drainage being carried away from the lake through

canals, finally reaching the Mississippi. In time of freshets the current sets in from the river and canal; the lake at such times receiving the sewage, sufficient concern has been felt to inaugurate the building of the four-mile tunnel now in construction. The same danger is incurred by the fluctuating level of the lake. There are now about 1,400 miles of water pipe laid in the city, water costing the people \$2,149,596 in 1890.

Chicago, sanitary, drained, and supplied with pure air and water is not however the visible Chicago which impresses the visitor. A step into an elevator, a holding of the breath, and one finds himself fifteen or twenty stories above *terra firma*, prepared to take a Chinese perspective of the city. Compacting himself against the wind he discovers he is not on top of all creation; there are "skyscrapers" bristling everywhere, terrifying in their dizzy height, were there not assurance of proportionate strength in their being built upon what is known as the "Chicago construction," an almost impregnable framework of iron girders and underground piles. The eye fails before the limits are reached, north, south, and west. East is a clean frontage of lake twelve miles, whose smooth green lawn from Washington to Twelfth Street is a smiling relic of the fire, being made upon its *débris*. Steamers, tugs, winged schooners, freight barges, and every kind of craft are dotting the lake, focusing at the river entrance; a line of schooners passing up the river, necessitates the opening of the bridges to the North Side, then as the river curves, those to the West Side. The muddy line of the river is outlined by crowded masts and puffing tugs. Farther up, the eye falls upon solid blocks of lumber covering mile after mile. Canals intersect, and one begins to realize how the city has forty-one miles of dock frontage aside from the lake harbor. One looks upon squares upon squares of stone- and iron-built cubes, any one of which represents a business of from twenty to one hundred million dollars per annum.

But belching chimneys, spires, mastheads, towers, elevators, domes, mills, and "skyscrapers" are but indicators. One goes below. Clark Street cable car takes one through the river tunnel to the North Side to Lincoln Park, a mile and a half north of the river. This beautiful tract is best reached by the unrivaled Lake Shore driveway, now

completed to Fort Sheridan, twenty-two miles north, and ultimately to reach Milwaukee. Lincoln Park, once sand hills and pines, then a burial ground, now includes miles of driveways among hills, dells, fountains, lakes, streams, statues, and greenery, and the chorus of a menagerie. A wide boulevard stretching west leads to Humboldt Park three miles away, the pleasure ground for the inhabitants of the northwest part of the city. Leaving this on the south, another boulevard extends to Garfield Park, where arbors, grottoes, shady walks, rustic bridges, shade trees, winding lakes, and a winter garden prove to what extent this park is a resort of the West Side. Another boulevard drive south winds through Douglas Park, thence turns eastward to connect with South, Jackson, and Washington Parks, the great prairie driving parks of the city. Thence north one chooses between Drexel and Grand Boulevard, reaching the heart of the city by Michigan Boulevard after a drive of at least twenty six miles, largely between palatial residences. All the way the city is built beyond this circuit, whose sanitary value is already incalculable. Aside from the parks mentioned there are a dozen small breathing places scattered about where the tired laborer may rest or the weakly get a sun bath. But, to be seen, Chicago must be seen into.

In 1848 the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad began to be operated. Its projectors had been timidly feeling their way for some years, doubtful of the prosperity of any line centering at Chicago. This city is now the nucleus of 41,265 miles of radiating railroad, which with their branches afford 85,500 miles—over half the total mileage of the country, connecting Chicago with every state in the Union, Mexico, and Canada. Over these were received in 1891 in Chicago, 4,516,617 barrels of flour, 42,931,258 bushels of wheat, 72,770,304 bushels of corn, 74,402,413 bushels of oats, 9,164,198 bushels of rye, and 12,228,480 bushels of barley.

Chicago is thus the primary market for farm products raised between the great east and west ribs of the continent. How she handles these stupendous amounts requires a visit to the Board of Trade and another to the "elevator" to understand.

The Board of Trade at present consists of 1,909 members, admission being nominally \$10 000 apiece, but usually obtained for much less, being transferable. Annual assess-

ments range from \$65 to \$90. Settlements for each day's trade are made by a force of clerks every morning. The uninitiated, witnessing the operations of the Board from the visitors' gallery would take it for a handsome, beautifully finished cage of human wild animals, screeching and shrieking unmindful of each other, gesticulating their unintelligible exclamations into empty air. One expects them to trample each other down, and suffocate.

The visible manipulations of this system, though impressing one as a musicless chorus of lunatics, are the buying and selling conducted by men in the pit; many of these brokers, whose operations jotted on bits of paper are carried to firms across the court in the "Rialto" by boys running for dear life, or are clicked out by a private wire reaching a New York firm or other customer. The gesticulations are not meaningless. An outward stroke of the hand indicates a sale, an inward motion a purchase. The number of thousand bushels bought or sold is shown by the number of fingers outstretched. A shouts an offer of 10,000 bushels, B catches his eye and buys. Crowding through the jam he receives from A a scrap of paper. It is an elevator receipt for the amount. He gives A a check for it. No wheat is in sight except the little sample in a paper bag over at one side. The purchase is safe. A state inspector has graded it, and the grade is marked on the elevator's paper. He may be buying for a rise, combining with others to "run a corner," planning a "blockade," or may be carrying out the orders of a customer. He may make or lose a fortune in a day. If the former, he is a wise man; if the latter, he is a fool. He arms himself either for a "bulge" or "break" but in so doing he may be either a shrewd calculator of chances or a blind plunger. Board of Trade abuses are as hard to prevent as those in other branches of gainful occupations.

The material basis of these transactions is found by visiting a grain elevator. Here the pulse of Chicago trade may be felt as distinctly as on the Exchange. "Elevator" seems a cheap misnomer for those gigantic warehouses of which there are twenty-six in the city with a combined capacity of 28,675,000 bushels. Take Armour's for instance. This is the largest in the world, holding two and a half million bushels. With track yards on one side, tracks through it, and a dock on the

other, it fills an entire block. Grain cars are run in from which the grain is scooped into hoppers which feed receiving elevators. Hoisted to the top, or "scale floor," it is fed into another hopper and "weighed in." A Board of Trade "tallyman" stands by to see that no mistakes in weighing are made. It is then dumped into a bin receiving grain of its grade which has been determined by a "car inspector." Grain of various owners is not kept separate but known by grade and weight. It may be bought and sold a dozen times on the Board before leaving the elevator. When shipped, it is drawn from the bottom of the bin through a chute, fed into "shipper" elevators, hoisted to the scales again and "weighed out," being again inspected by the "elevator inspector," and run into cars. A car of 10,000 bushels is loaded and unloaded in a few minutes. Recently 100,000 bushels of corn were loaded for lake shipment in one hour. The belt of the main shaft of this elevator is five feet wide. Storage rates are three fourths cents per bushel for the first ten days and one third for each additional ten days. It is worth mentioning that Chicago inspection is good the world over.

Economy bids her when receiving the farmer's products to pay him in her own. So originated the implement, machinery, and carriage factories, mills, tanneries, and industries by the hundred. She is becoming as great a manufacturer as trader. Business enterprise is imbibed with the atmosphere. The Walt Whitman of Chicago instead of cataloguing coast indentations, will revel in the variations of stock quotations. A typical Chicago company talks of trade and investments with the same ease and familiarity with which a Chicago man drops off a car without stopping it. No wonder. The following is a careful estimate of the trade of 1891:

Produce trade . . . . .	\$497,000,000
Wholesale . . . . .	517,000,000
Manufactures . . . . .	567,000,000

This makes a total volume of \$1,581,000,000, not including speculations except when followed by the delivery of the goods.

To particularize even the most important lines of business which are rapidly making fortunes common in the city would be impossible. Lumber affords a fair example of the city's industry. From '69, when the business warranted the formation of a Lumber

Exchange until now when the Lumberman's Association has taken its place, the trade has accumulated a dock frontage, including river and canal strips, of over twelve miles. It would be hazardous to calculate the contents of mile after mile of piles. In '91 the receipts ran up to 2,087,462,000 feet of lumber, 310,168,000 of shingles, 57,139,000 of lath, 4,233,720 cedar posts, 2,052,052 railroad ties, and 53,375 telegraph poles. The disposal for the year was the largest ever known to the market. Yet three fifths of it was in the city, only two fifths being shipped.

The lumber business suggests an interest aside from that of trade. It begins in the heart of great primeval forests, where the quiet of nature and beauty of dappled sunlight is broken only by the frisking or fright of deer. The Chicago man sets his deadly eye upon these beautiful pineries bringing down forest after forest until now where once was health-restoring fragrance and gardens of nature's planting, are hundreds of miles of barren stumpy soil. Michigan and Wisconsin have already well-nigh poured their whole forest treasury into the lap of this city, which is now reaching south for the cypress to supply the failing of the pine. Chicago's home demand for lumber has far outstripped her shipping. Prosperity in the lumber trade is assured; Illinois, Chicago being the main consideration, consumes more lumber than all the other western states put together.

But what of social Chicago; of its relation to happiness and misery, the great human conditions, beside which material prosperity dwindles to a small figure? Happiness, upon whose search all humanity is engaged, is not determined through statistics of wealth. Nor does the tongue speak, so bent is mankind upon covering its woe with a smile. Only a glance at some of the sources of everyday content and at the means of ennobling culture can be taken as an exponent of the elusive *summum bonum*.

One fact that prejudices the general mind regarding Chicago's weal is the well-known activity of her divorce courts. Against this should be placed her hymeneal activity, which is far greater. In 1891 Cupid must have been made glad, having more than 15,400 marriage licenses taken from the county clerk's office. But the majority of people are neither being married or unmarried during the most of their lives. They are in pleasant or unpleasant quarters, learning and grow-

ing wiser, trying to help others and growing happy, or vegetating in the absorption of their own selfish affairs.

Welfare of childhood depending upon education, statistics afford a good showing in this direction. Chicago has 140,000 school children, the average period of attendance being, however, but three years. This period will rapidly be lengthened by the prohibition of child labor, and the operation of the recent compulsory school law by which during the past year about 10,000 children have been brought from the streets and placed in schools. Evening schools have a peculiar feature, that of a very large attendance of adult foreigners learning English, the effect of which is to Americanize them far sooner than possible otherwise.

The poor man's university, public libraries, have recently taken a large advance stride, resulting from the Newberry and Crerar bequests. Mr. Newberry's gift of \$4,000,000, the handsomest ever made in America for a library, is under the management of Mr. Wm. F. Poole of world-wide renown and is being expended for reference books. John G. Crerar's bequest of \$2,000,000 for a similar purpose will render library facilities of this city second to none in this country. During the past year the public library, which numbers 166,500 volumes, reached a circulation of almost a million and a third, aside from visits to the reading room. The collections of rare books being made by the new Chicago University will also place its library among the noteworthy ones.

Chicago's colleges, literary, medical, dental, musical, her art and industrial schools, deaf and dumb institutions, and her peculiar enterprise of employing a teacher for juvenile offenders in jail, these and many other phases of city education cannot be touched for want of space. Her lack of reputation in culture is not due to lack of effort to secure it, as is proved by the valuable work of the Historical Society, the Fortnightly and Contemporary Clubs, and many others; remarkable commercial prominence has overshadowed the deserts of culture. It is not generally known that the number of newspapers mailed at Chicago in a year equals the number mailed at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Cincinnati combined.

A visitor to any one of the three hundred and fifty churches of Chicago would be convinced of the city's devoutness. Churches



are crowded. Let him then number the saloons, which reach 6,400, to find that when Chicago is good she is very good, but when she is bad she is—very bad. Intensity characterizes the *morale* as well as the business character of the city. Her practical cast of mind is also illustrated in the prevailing style of her churches; little of the Gothic cathedral or Roman basilica, but a commodious structure in every seat of which one can see and hear.

Chicago's limitless fortunes, her freedom

from hampering conventionalities, her prosperity, the force quieting, because employing, a large floating population, her ambitions and free-handedness, luxury and charities, afford a fertile field, the surface of which has scarcely been scratched by this pen.

She knows no rest. Every day to her is an epoch. Young blood ever courses through her veins. Greatness and gayety both are hers. One should apologize to her for writing anything less than a volume under her name.

## TO ADONAI.

BY HUGH T. SUDDUTH.

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abodes where the eternal are."  
—Shelley's "Adonais."

NEW glory has the moon seen o'er the brow  
Of eastern hills, and tender Night  
An ampler glory wears, serene and bright,  
Responsive to sweet Dian's glance, since thou  
Endymion's love didst sing. And fairer now  
The art and myths of eld, clad in new light  
Of beauty by thy song; a new delight  
The nightingale now wakes from dewy bough!

Thy fortunes sad, thy name, and high renown  
To Beauty's self forever didst thou link.  
O woo us once again to Olympus' brink,  
Thou bright Endymion of the realms of song!  
The flowers languish and on Latmus brown  
The lone star queen still keeps her vigil long.

O peerless Latmian! Couldst thou but have known,  
Or seen through Hope's eclipse, the years to be  
When Fame eterne should lowly bend to thee,  
How would the sight have soothed thy anguish lone!  
The passing dark, a sudden glory grown,  
Had calmed the tumult of thy eager soul,  
And not in water but on Fame's bright scroll  
No fairer, star-wrought name than thine had shone.

From heights that hold the dawn-glow and the gleam  
Of realms of beauty glimpsed by thee, but lost  
To us, there falls a glory like a dream!  
For thou wast as an eaglet, tempest-tost  
Against bleak cliffs alone to die!—but now,  
A glory as of morning round thy brow!

## BERNARD PALISSY AND HIS WORK.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.



**E**ITHER the world has been maligned when accused of ingratitude toward its great men, or it is only a little tardy in its recognition of true merit and means to pay such debts in time. Certain it is that as far as a sympathetic appreciation of genius is concerned, it is at the present time generous to a fault. There is scarcely a city, village, or hamlet that is not diligently searching its past in the

hope of discovering some son or daughter deserving of monumental honor. This pride in the dead has manifested itself especially within the last twenty years, and plastic art was never in greater demand.

Following on this track, the pretty little French town of Villeneuve-sur-Lot celebrated last July the memory of Bernard Palissy in the unveiling of his statue. Although the time and place of birth of this illustrious craftsman is not known to a certainty, there is sufficient evidence that it was about 1510, and in the province of Saintonge.

The sculptor represents him in the sixteenth century garb, with his apron on and surrounded by his tools. The countenance, like all portraits of Palissy, is pensively anxious, deeply furrowed by thought and long deferred hope, and we can read in it a portion of the man's life.

He came from humble parentage, from a family of workmen, and his education consisted in simply knowing how to read and write. This, in the sixteenth century, was considered sufficient knowledge; but Palissy had that within him that strove for more. Taking advantage of a few hints caught here

and there at random, he devoted himself instinctively as it were, to the study of drawing, mathematics, and geometry, and acquired a certain proficiency which secured to him the post of land surveyor. This was poorly paid, and he looked out for additional occupation, one especially that would favor his artistic tendencies. He therefore turned to painting on glass and all that pertains to its trade.

Referring to it in his writings he says: "The occupation is a noble one, and the men who work at it are nobles." He no doubt meant by that, that the trade was held in high consideration. The corporation was called the Master Glaziers, and in certain localities there belonged to it the younger sons of noble families, who preserved the secrets of the art of staining glass and transmitted them only to persons of like condition. In cultivating this art he familiarized himself with the works of the old painters and copied them.

As soon as he had mastered this additional means of subsistence, new ideas began to ferment in his active brain. He must learn more, and he resolved to travel. It was the custom in those days when young artisans had finished their apprenticeship, to widen their knowledge by travel. They journeyed through the land, knapsack on shoulder, and met their expenses by exercising their trade on the way. Palissy visited in this manner the whole of France, Flanders, and the Rhine country.

Remarkable for their freshness and spontaneity are the various observations he jots down in the course of his travels. They became subsequently admirable lecture subjects. He looked at nature with both the poet's and the artisan's eye. While his soul is reveling in the solemn grandeur of the Pyrenees, his



Candlestick in the Louvre Museum.

practical mind is attracted to the hot springs which he meets there for the first time; and he settles down at Tarbes to study their secrets. Filled with new knowledge, to be applied in future time when he shall treat the subject of waters and fountains, he leaves Tarbes and moves on, mindful of the least of the Creator's works. In the mountains of Auvergne he finds the rock crystal; at Clermont he notices the crystalline deposits which form on objects placed under the influence of certain hot springs of petrifying quality; at Narbonne he discovers the saltwort.

Next he crosses over to Germany and studies Albert Dürer. Many, like him, following a natural impulse, have gone forth in search of knowledge in the interest of art and science; but few have shown that childlike, devotional spirit which Palissy exhibits at every step.

In 1539 he returned to his native province, settled at Saintes, its capital, and married. He had two handicrafts to rely on—glass-painting and surveying—but neither sufficed to meet the wants of the large family that soon grew up around him. He began to look out for a third means of subsistence. One day, while surveying a piece of land in the neighborhood of the chateau of Oiron, his eyes fell on a porcelain cup, it might have been some Oiron *Faïence*. The beauty of the thing, entirely unknown to him, filled him with joy. Enamel! What a vista of glory, honor, and riches this curious find pre-

sented to him! Painting on glass was on the wane.

"Now if I could discover the art of enameling [he says, relating the circumstances in his works], if I could enamel earthen vessels, and other beautiful things, my fortune would be made, because God has bestowed on me the gift of design and modeling; but I had no knowledge of the properties of clay, and I went about thinking and looking for enamel like a man in the dark."

In the mean time he began to collect what he considered the probable material, and prepared to make his first experiments. No doubt his knowledge of glazing helped him in selecting the needful ingredients. The Perigord stone—a real manganese—black, heavy, and compact, was largely used by the painters on glass, and was found in the neighborhood. The main question was to compose a fusible paste, then find the right kind of oven



Portrait on Vellum in the Musée de Cluny, Paris.

and learn the conditions of baking clay. He was long unsuccessful, for in the manufacture of porcelain there enters a variety of things of which an exact knowledge is indispensable. It is necessary to understand their chemical proportions, their dosing, their combinations, their degree of heat.

To relate in detail the story of his repeated failures (although it presents to the laboring class, in respect to what human courage, perseverance, and ingenious industry may not achieve, a most valuable lesson) would take too long; suffice it to say that in

these first experiments, he spent his meager means, his time and health, and had finally to yield to the repeated supplications of his wife, who entreated him to abandon what in her estimation was but a wild scheme, and to return to his former occupations of surveying and glass-painting. But the times were bad. The religious wars between the Protestants and Catholics had laid the land waste, and cooled the artistic taste for mediæval church windows. Palissy moreover had joined the new sect, and its opponents stood against him in practical matters likewise.

But just at that time another bit of good fortune came to his rescue. Francis I. published an edict relative to the salt works along the ocean shores of Saintonge, and required that they should be surveyed. Palissy's skill in that art of *portraiture*, as the drawing of plans was then called in France, again procured him steady work and money. His hopes revived; he turned again to his enamel scheme, and made fresh experiments, but with the same doubtful results. Fate seemed to play with him, allowing him just enough success to keep his faith and energy alive. Still, in



Bagpipe Player in the Louvre Museum.

every failure he detected a stepping stone to victory. His last convinced him that it was not his materials that were at fault, but the strength and duration of the oven's fire.

He begins anew, and begs this time a master glazier to loan him his oven. He collects some hundreds of broken bits of earthenware, and covers them with a layer of enamel composed of an infinity of different materials, and carries them to the friend's oven. At sundown he makes the fire, and all through that night he watches the operation with a beating heart. Slowly the day breaks; the fire goes out; the oven cools. What will it be? Breathless he draws out the various specimens on which are staked his last hopes. Oh, wonder! Unspeakable joy! The fusion is complete! One of the pieces even surpasses his most sanguine hopes, so white and polished it is. He is no longer in the dark; he understands the secret of fusion.

Warily does he proceed to manufacture next whole pieces of china. What he has tried to accomplish on so small a scale, must be tried on a larger, completer. To effect this he must turn potter. But all his money is gone again; he has no credit; his friends consider him crazy. He can no longer abuse the kindness of his neighbor, the glazier, in using his oven; he must construct one of his own.

We see him then carrying bricks and mortar on his back. He allows his poor body no rest either by day or night. With weary hands he fashions the clay, and gives it those wonderful forms which have placed him among the first of modelers. All this took nine months to put in readiness. Once more success hangs on a thread. The fire is made, the clay in its keeping, and for six days and six nights the poor artisan watches its silent work on the various pieces intrusted to it.

Seeing the first venture threatening de-



Fruit Dish in Baron Rothschild's Collection. Center a Sea Anemone, border Monogram of Henry II.



feat, he fashions new pieces to take their place. Crazy with anxiety, weak from exhaustion, he watches with fixed and troubled eyes the second attempt. But at the decisive moment the wood begins to fail. Wild with despair, his eyes injected with blood, the perspiration streaming from him, he seizes upon everything that comes under his hand: tables, chairs, stools, every bit of furniture; he tears up the floor of his room, runs out, and pulls up the railing of his garden; all, all is thrown into the gaping furnace. It means ruin or glory now. The enamel has entered into fusion!

We read of martyrs being put to the torture, and granted periods of release in order to gain more strength for renewed applications



Hunting Flask.

who was to prepare the earthenware destined to be enameled. His own table being pitifully scanty of food, he engaged board for him in a neighboring inn and thereby incurred new debts; finding moreover after a few weeks that he could not pay the man, he discharged him, giving him his best clothes.

His next tribulation was still more aggravating. He discovered

that his roughly constructed oven had suffered serious damage during the continuous fire he had been obliged to keep up during his last experiment, and that there was nothing else left for him to do than to demolish it, and build a new one with the old material. He went to work, and with bruised and bleeding hands achieved the task. He next endeavored to get money, and succeeded in borrowing some. Great were the expectations in view of this renewed effort. Friends and creditors gathered around him to witness its results.

The fusion of the enamel proved complete, and the specimens were of such great beauty that many wanted to buy them. But the pieces were here and there marred. The small stones contained in the mortar of the oven had burst, and those scattered fragments of silex had injured the enamel wherever they struck it. Palissy refused all entreaties to sell. He took up a heavy iron bar and with one blow destroyed his work. No



Jasper Dish belonging to Count Berandiere.

of the terrible instruments that are to break their convictions. Palissy's fidelity to his ideas in the interest of ceramic art is no less heroic than theirs, and not only in the interest of a cherished means of livelihood did his grand moral nature distinguish itself, but, as we shall subsequently see, in the interest of his religious faith also.

The results obtained on this occasion, while in part still imperfect, laid nevertheless the foundation of his future glory, and filled him with renewed courage. The only obstacle in the way was lack of money. His wife besought him on her knees to renounce an occupation so disappointing and so torturing; but he held firm. He took a short period of rest and then began afresh. To gain time, he took into his service a workman



The Lizard Dish in Baron Rothschild's Collection.

need to describe the indignation this act of excessive honesty called forth among the bystanders. But the artist's pride was greater than his necessities. No faulty specimens, he insisted, should leave his workshop. He would surely pay his debts; only wait.

Sure of victory he calmly turned for a while to his former means of livelihood, and earned enough money to maintain his family and pay what he owed. In the meantime with his mind on enamel, he bethought himself of a means to protect his clay treasures against accidents similar to the last one, and he invented a sort of earth muff to protect the enamel. These earth muffs, vulgarly called cases, are still in use in porcelain manufactures.

In all these various experiments, he gradually acquired the true science of chemistry. He learned the manner of regulating the fire; possessed himself of the whole secret of dosing the ingredients that enter into the

artistic work, and he began to produce what has been considered his master-work—the rustic pieces. His close study of nature in former years had impressed his mind with most of the forms of animal life. He was a profound observer of all moving, creeping, and swimming things. This naturally led him to adorn his pottery with the vivacious inhabitants of brooks and meadows, ponds and marshes. Soon was the marl of his dishes all alive with snakes and lizards, crabs, fishes, and shells of every description. This new form of ornamentation led of course through other series of tribulation, but he had money now and could afford experimenting. It was not long before the "rustic pieces" became all the rage. His next venture was the discovery of the pure white enamel, and this also was accomplished. But by this time poor Palissy was reduced to a skeleton.

Prosperity however, was at last established



Great Reptile Basin in the Industrial Museum, Lyons.

composition of enamel, and of the knowledge of their power of coloration.

The next attempt was a complete success, and enabled the sturdy workman to devote himself entirely to artistic pottery. He produced for a time what was known by the name jasper porcelain, which was a mixture of various enamels, imitating jasper. It became the fashion and Palissy could at last procure some comforts for his family.

But that species of *Faïence* was not his ultimate aim. His ardent soul longed for more

in the household. No more poverty. Renown and large orders gradually atoned for past trials. The Palissy ware was ranked in value with the best works of the ancient jewelers and silversmiths,—artists in metal. Kings vied with the nobles in procuring those far-famed rustic pieces. The humble artisan had become the Lucca della Robbia of France. His genius attempted all manner of things pertaining to decorative art, from tile pavements in churches to sepulchral monuments of illustrious men.



Jug of the Andrew Fontaine Collection,  
Warford Hall, England.

In the chateau of Ecouen he constructed a rustic grotto which his rich fancy peopled with the liveliest of the creatures of wood and lake. It was the wonder of the age. Nor was his modeling of the human figure any way inferior to his other designs. On the floor of the sacristy of the chateau chapel, the Palissy tiles represent Scriptural subjects especially noted for the excellence of the figures. On the wall, the Passion of our Lord is represented in sixteen pictures within one frame—Albert Dürer fashion—the enamel of which is flawless; in fact, the whole of that chateau, with its stained windows, tile pavements, galleries, and corridors might serve for a Palissy museum.

There were many works of his, now lost, that in his time were considered masterpieces and priceless, and which testified to the indomitable industry and extraordinary versatility of genius he was endowed with; as for instance his garden fancies, which led him to

write on landscape gardening. The book is called *Jardin Delectable* and falls in with or rather preceded the garden theories of the time of Louis XIV. No doubt the latter were largely based on those of the artist-potter.

These were the happy years of his life. But his trouble had only been put to sleep. His destiny was to suffer. The Calvinistic doctrines, which from Geneva had spread over France, found in him a ready disciple. He became one of its most zealous propagators. He built at Saintes the first Protestant church and won for it a large number of people. The enthusiasm in that direction became such that the bishop of Saintes, in order to protect his diocese from the invading heresy, found it necessary to preach Palissy down. It was brought to the king's knowledge and led to much trouble.

Henry II., who at first seemed indifferent to these religious manifestations, was presently awakened to a sense of danger. Liberty of any sort—political or religious—was



Rustic Jug of the Andrew Fontaine Collection.

considered by most people a throne-undermining principle, and he was induced to issue against the Protestants a severe edict which attached to all heresy the punishment of death. Palissy came under the ban. The Duke de Montpersier and Count de la Rochefoucauld exerted themselves in his behalf and

luxury, called Palissy to its bosom. There his genius found itself in the right atmosphere. In the midst of the masterpieces of Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Benvenuto Cellini, and especially of Jean Goujon, the master sculptor, his brother in faith, who was then adorning the Louvre, the potter's



Rustic Basin in the Bohn Collection, England.

succeeded in obtaining for him a safe-conduct, and in having his studio declared a place of franchise.

But sect and art jealousies were too bitter to let so highly protected a rival alone. Palissy indefatigable in both his work and his faith was presently apprehended and put in prison. His protectors again rallied around him, but the enemy was too strong. He was carried off by night out of the jurisdiction of Saintonge and imprisoned in the Bordeaux dungeons, where death would have been certain had not the queen mother interfered in obtaining from the king a rescript, which declared him the king's and queen mother's inventor of rustic figures, putting him thus under royal protection. He was set free.

Leaving his native province that had treated him so ungratefully, he settled awhile at La Rochelle, the stronghold of the Protestant party, and there published some of his works. Though unshaken in his religious opinions, he felt kindly toward the king and his mother, who had come so timely to his aid, and he dedicated to Catharine of Medicis one of his larger scientific works, the *Réceptacle Véritable, par lequel tous les hommes de France pourront apprendre à augmenter leurs trésors*.

Paris the while, the city of progress and

workmanship acquired additional elegance of style and purity of form. The queen-mother, who was then building the Tuileries, gave him lodgings in the palace and allowed him to erect his ovens in it. Recent excavations have shown where these were located. It is owing to this fact that a number of authors have called Palissy, *Bernard des Tuileries*. The illustrious workman took then his two sons with him in his art-trade, and with them executed a large number of ornamental pieces for the decoration of the great palace.

It is not known by what miracle the master in clay escaped the horrors of St. Bartholomew night. Probably, like Ambroise Paré, who from a humble barber had become a renowned surgeon and had enjoyed the favor of four French kings, Palissy also owed his life to his talents. It is well known that in that terrible night the king himself shielded Paré.

It was at Paris in the mean time that Palissy's genius reached its completeness and enjoyed full recognition; and again that his fortunes reached, in worldly fame, their climax, and his faith its severest trial. From 1575 to 1584 he gave lectures which were attended by the greatest doctors, chemists, and philosophers of the capital. His reputation for correct knowledge and persuasive eloquence spread



everywhere. Had he been less sincere, less forgetful of self, he might have secured for himself an enviable old age; but he lived and worked solely for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind, and died a martyr. Intense in his religious convictions as he was in everything else, he became finally the prey of his enemies, and was imprisoned in the Bastille.

Touching in its naïve heroism is his reply to Henry III., who wished to save him, and had him called before him.

"My good man," said the king to him, "it is forty-five years now that you have been in my service and in that of the queen, my mother, and that we have allowed you the free exercise of your religion; but we can allow it no longer. Both the Guise faction and the people constrain us to oblige you to renounce heresy. Unless you do so we must give you up to your enemies, and you know what the result will be—they will burn you."

"Sire," replied Bernard, "you have assured me many a time that you pitied me. You need pity me no longer, for it is rather I who pity you for using such a word as *constrain*: it is not a king's word. I have always been ready to give up my life for the glory of God, and if it ever was with regret,

this regret exists no longer, since I have heard my king say, 'I am *constrained*.' This is a thing, sire, which neither you nor any of those who *constrain* you shall ever say of me. I shall not be constrained to renounce my faith, because I am not afraid of death."

Despicable a king as was Henry III. of France, he dared not stain again his conscience with an honorable man's death. Palissy was allowed to die a natural death in the Bastille. He was ninety years old.

The claims of Bernard Palissy to the admiration of posterity are not only based on his skill and ingenuity as a potter-artist, but on his invention of new pottery that borrowed nothing from other nations; an original pottery which in its various ramifications is an eloquent expression of French taste. On the other hand, his scientific researches proved at that time of the greatest utility to his country. His studies concerning the nature of marl and its use in fertilization, enabled France to gather four millions more of bushels of wheat than it had gathered before.

His character is unquestionably one of the noblest of the sixteenth century. It combines with great genius the rarest moral qualities, and as such may serve as a worthy example to our own time.



The Magdalen in the Desert. Plate in the Louvre Museum.

## Woman's Council Table.



Mrs. C. R. Corson.  
Author of "Russia and the Russians," "Bernard Palissy  
and his Work," etc.



Mrs. Mary Treat.  
Author of "Home Studies in Nature," "My Garden  
Pets," etc.



Mrs. Margaret B. Wright.  
Author of "A Poet's Town," "On an English Canal  
Boat," etc.



Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick.  
Author of "What to Eat and How to Serve It," "Liberal  
Living on Narrow Means," etc.

A GROUP OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## Woman's Council Table.

### ON AN ENGLISH CANAL BOAT.

BY MARGARET B. WRIGHT.

THE captain was a big, coarse fellow, in greasy corduroys. The crew consisted of Jim, a boy of seventeen, and "Samp." The latter name, a curtailment of "Sampson," was an amiable bit of satire for the bunch of bones which hauled us through the canal. The cabin was almost no cabin at all, being filled with cargo, save a small unroofed portion covered with waterproof cloth. There was only room for hand-to-mouth cooking on a portable stove by day, and the captain to stretch himself at night. Jim, the driver, slept where he could, on the oil barrels. I was expected to go ashore every night to an inn.

Before the first day of my canal boating was done, I found that the Midland Canal boatman resents "swell togs" as he would a slap in the face. The British lower classes are not in the least abject slaves! On the contrary their insolence is colossal, and their jealousy and suspicion infinite. They consider a gentleman their natural enemy and an insult to creation. I would have sold all that I had—at least in my knapsack—if I could thus have looked less of Bond Street and more of the Midland Canal. To be sure, my costume was a crazy arrangement, odds and ends of threadbare suits, but everything "had been," which was quite enough to condemn it.

A London canal is not of silvery and salubrious substances. It is filthy and full of dogs and cats, with old hats and bonnets afloat on its surface. As we drifted along through solid walls of grime we passed other boats doing scavenger work for the great city. Our noses were assailed by even stronger odors than of our own oil,—odors of hides, market garbage, and kitchen refuse; even a load or two of foul eggs being hauled away for London's good.

The cap'n and I were taking our tea on neighboring barrels when we came to clear water and left London filth behind. With our tea we had bread and "faggot" (hashed meat balls, chiefly of liver, and sold for a penny each at cheap cook shops). We were just passing through Uxbridge. The water looked deliciously cool and clear, almost like that of mountain torrents. It seemed pure enough for an Undine's habitation, but alas! it cov-

ered no mossy grots, no emerald caves. As half a score of urchins swam about us they seemed to be writhing upon the pebbly bottom, it looked so near. I threw a few coppers into the water and left the mermen diving for them, as we were dragged away in the gathering twilight.

When we drew up for the night at R— it was dark. All along the dimly lighted bank other boats were drawn, and athwart pale streaks of light from cabin lamps flitted grotesque figures, the boat people preparing for supper and bed, for a neighborly gossip, or a rough evening at some inn. Lower down through the shadows upon the water, figures more than half naked darted to and fro, splashing, spluttering, screaming, with coarse laughter and coarser speech. This was Christian England of the nineteenth century, and yet these were English women, not men.

Some of the tied-up boats were colliers, some loaded with lime, some with gas-tar, and some with general merchandise. Some I should judge were loaded with carrion. Women and children were scolding and squalling. The law forbids crowding of women and children on canal boats but like many another law it is treated with contempt. One boat that we knew carried father, mother, and seven children, the veriest heathens, ignorant as catamounts and unambitious as slugs. Their food was garbage, their raiment rags, yet they were neither peaked nor pale, perhaps because they lived in the open air. There had been ten of them but three had tumbled into the canal at various times and "drowneded theirsells."

As I stepped ashore a lively scrimmage was going on between two boatwomen, all about a tin pan. The language of the poor creatures was indescribable. Their husbands looked on in grim silence without removing their pipes. Perhaps they were not sorry to see their "women" trounced without trouble to themselves.

Mine inn was a boatmen's *rendezvous*. I spread my waterproof over one of the eight beds and lay down in my clothes. I had asked mine host if I could have supper. He hesitated, then airily replied,

"Yessur! cheese'n'gin."

## Woman's Council Table.

340

### ON AN ENGLISH CANAL BOAT.

We were three hours in the fog and chill of the unsunned canal next morning before I broke my fast. We had two locks to pass through, and breakfast could not come till afterwards. Even then the first "afterwards" was not breakfast but another fight between the two "men" of the viragoes of last night. Now the two women stood by and jeered. The marked difference between this fight and yesterday's was that the men never said a word, whereas the women swore worse than our army in Flanders.

For breakfast on my barrel I had bread and sausages, and a tin cup of tea. It was not a sumptuous repast. But hunger is the best of sauces and I don't believe the Marquis of Lorne enjoyed his breakfast better that morning than I mine on a barrel of petroleum and my only cutlery a jackknife.

I began to form a certain sort of acquaintance with the boats that kept about the same pace that we did, going the same way. That is, I knew them by sight and exchanged salutations with them. The *Belle Sauvage* loaded with horribly smelling bones was "crewed" by the captain's wife, who also drove the horse. She was barefooted and bareheaded. She was about thirty, looking forty-five, and had a voice like a cracked trombone. Madam began the acquaintance by bawling, "Are Lun-nun nobs good at hatching?" When I offered to change places with her and give her my nest, she retorted, "Lawk, you couldn't drive a mouse!"

I was invited to tea one afternoon with this lady. The table was set in the cabin and actually spread with a cloth. Candor compels me to state that its quality was not refined, and its appearance entirely of a sheet washed in canal water. The tableware was of various complexions, and the viands, baker's bread, bloaters, cheese, "swipes," and rank tea. The conversation was entirely the gossip of "the cut"; the "banging" that Joe Brown owed Billy Downe; how clever Sim's Jane was in disposing of many of the old clothes given her children in charity; of Ned Tow-line's proficiency in "figgers," and the fuss Captain Barton's young ones made if kept away from school. I did not find it "romantic."

We were now pulling through bits of that exquisite rural England which is the inspiration of so much poetry, so many pictures. The canal wound like a snake about the hills. At times we scarcely saw the tow, and seemed

drifting straight upon the meadows fringed with willows, starred with flowers, and stretching far away to shadowy hills. Cottages of soft gray stone amid orchards and vines, stirred my imagination and made my memory ring with the music of poets that have been illumined by just such picturesque visions. Waving flowers and tasseled grasses hung over the towpath, toying almost with Samp's ragged mane. The boom and buzz of happy insects made dreamy music in my ears.

Through it all how vigorously those petroleum barrels smelled!

Here water cress grew in green waving sheets. Fresh water fishes darted to and fro, casting fantastic shadows on the white pebbly bottom. Sometimes the sound of church bells drifted softly across the meadows, an exquisite whisper that, in spite of canal swearing, fighting, and ignorance, there was a heaven above us all.

Too bad the inns were not better! Doubtless they were, farther away from the canal, but I dared not wander in search of them lest *The Bouncer* unwillingly move on without me at dawn. But often I left my barrel perch and spent hours among the country lanes and beside the highway, gathering blackberries. I could almost always buy cream at some cottage, and thus my dinners were refined. Often I struck "cross country" to some town to buy a paper, a dinner, and to stretch my legs by meeting *The Bouncer* at some distant winding of the canal.

One night arriving late at an inn I asked for supper. The landlady had nothing to offer but cold pease porridge. She brought half a dozen hard, round balls on a plate, sickly green in color, and which she said she always kept on hand for the factory girls, who bought one apiece for a penny for their breakfast as they passed in the morning before dawn. Such Spartan habit made my sausages and beef almost wanton luxury. I was quite reconciled to taking my tea, hot and strong, from battered tin cups washed with our plates before my eyes in the canal and dried upon the captain's knee, elbow, or seat, as the case might be.

Another mess frequent along the canal is scarcely more inviting,— "slim dicky." It is plain rice boiled with water without milk or eggs, then spread in flat flakes and baked with a thin coating of sugar. It is cut cold, in pie-shaped wedges two inches thick, and



is the only diet for a day, at a penny a wedge, of many of the poor boat children who pass that way. Tripe, liver, cheap bacon, kidneys, hearts, and pigs' feet and ears were the chief meat diet of the canal boatmen, the cheapest food he can buy, washed down with villainous beer. "Slim dicky" and pease pudding are not in his line, but women and children, he thinks, need nothing better. Still it was not uncommon to smell savory bacon and succulent steaks from the best of the boats at noon, or even to be invited to "come over" for a slice of hot suet pudding.

In my country crossings I bought candy for the towpath children, "sucks" they called it. In eagerness to catch what I flung to them, I think fully a score tumbled into the canal at one time and another, not to my sorrow if to theirs, for thus they got some benefit of the washing they all needed so desperately. I rarely ever saw one of those children (living directly upon fresh clean water) who had a clean face.

One day we met the dirtiest creature of all, and it was not a child. She was on a steam

tug which drew a line of boats. She was the only crew we saw, a greasy, sweaty woman, black as a collier. She was stoker, engineer, steersman, everything, while probably her lord and master lay in bed of a fight, or snored off the effects of "old Tom." She caught sight of me, and raised herself up to halloo to my captain:

"Lawks, Bob, why don't your canary bird sing?"

When we were in one of the locks, one I remember served by a boy and an idiot, I was told that these places (or are they things?) are sometimes called "Doctor Lock," and for this reason: Boat horses not unseldom dislocate their shoulders; and no wonder, such light shoulders as one sees towing such heavy loads! In such cases some boatmen take the poor beast to the side of the lock and unceremoniously tumble him in. The water being deep he of course swims for his life, and the motion often restores the shoulder to place.

"But if it does not?" I asked.

"Knock him in again," was the answer.

## THE SOURCE OF VANITY.

BY MARGARET N. WISHARD.

NOT many question that vanity is a growth indigenous to feminine soil; whose development is as natural in a woman as in a peafowl. Cropping out in fashion caprices, affectations, coquetties, and artifices, these are generally forgiven on the plea that "woman's mission is to please."

Indeed, appearances are against her. Look at the distorted figure struggling against the odds of a sheathlike skirt, body rigid as bone, neck jointless in a framelike collar, a tangle of dead birds and lace surmounting, and a sweeping train cutting a swath in the pavement *débris* which it collects. No question about her "style," and no more as to her vanity.

Still she is a slave, though unconscious of exhibiting her badge of servitude. She shears the sheep to the skin, then suddenly discards its fleece for the silk cocoon. She strips the ostrich, then abandons its plumes to chase the furred monkey. She scours the ends of the earth with merchant marine for

her toilet. She sends the diver to the bottom of the sea and the miner to the bowels of the earth for her jewels. She startles the forest with the rifle shot and fits out the seal poacher for her wraps. For her the rose-fragrance is distilled; even the bright-winged creatures of air flutter down lifeless to yield their beauty to her. The earth and its creatures lay their treasures at her feet, and the greedy one thoughtlessly adorns herself with the costly trophies.

Having ransacked earth and sea for an outfit, she is ever impoverished. Though "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety," her habit is drearily monotonous. For in this infinite variety, but one mode is admissible at a time. Whatever kind of figure a prevalent style of dress is adapted to—and rarely is that figure seen—old, young, tall, short, thick, thin, women all must wear the same, and that must be "the latest." Why the newest thing in dress, rather than that tested and approved by experience, is a subtlety no mortal can explain

except in the absence of reason. However, the oldest laces on the newest mode of gowns is the thing. Verily this is not only vanity, but vanity gone mad. A few figures are well set off by a style of dress; the majority sacrifice becomingness for fashion, and many are made living martyrs by their sacrifice. Yet a more cheerful martyr never marched to the stake than pudgy Mrs. Grundy, as she emerges from her milliner's. "Butterfly" bonnets are the "rage," and placidly she submits to having an airy little film perched above her globular, shining face, beaming when told she looks "perfectly stunning"—and indeed she does. If conscious of some subtle lack of harmony between the fairy butterfly and the ample efflorescence over which it hovers, she contents herself, reflecting,

"Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shown,

In wearing others' follies than our own."

This, however, does not explain woman's servility to fashion; nor does it, to say as first stated, that it lies in vanity, as innate as the power of speech.

It is not to be disputed that vanity is at present more of a feminine manifestation than a masculine. That its origin was coeval with the apple event or is a universal monopoly of feminine nature both history and the analogy of nature disprove. In the lower animals it is the male that exhibits conscious pride in himself. The turkey gobbles and struts while the turkey hen quietly sits. The peacock circles and sweeps his caudle glory before spectators, leaving the peahen to draggle hers and find her own food. In animal nature it is the masculine element that displays its colors and does the crowing, roaring, and showing off, while the feminine can usually be found at home tending to business.

In savage tribes, Feejees and Patagonians, beads, skins, and feathers are more an ornament to the man's toilet than to the woman's. Among civilized ancients, Greeks of both sexes wore the same two kinds of garments, the *chiton*, or under, and the *himation*, or upper, used as a cloak. Wearing these, of a coarse, plain texture, who can attribute vanity to the famous Spartan mother, offering her husband and son the shield and bidding them "return with it or upon it"? Even the luxurious Athenian woman with

her oils, unguents, and mirrors no more than kept pace in vanity with her lover and brothers, who in Greece's greatest prosperity are described by Aristophanes as "ring-loaded, curly-locked coxcombs," wearing trailing robes and attended by a body slave. Whether inclined to or not, she was not permitted to indulge in the vanities attending a stag dinner, begun with the washing of the reclining guests' feet in perfumed wine by slaves, and ending with the distribution of myrtle garlands, roses, and ribbons with the serving of desserts.

The Roman matron was fonder of bright colors than the Greek, but it is doubtful if she prized rich dyes for her *stola* more than her husband valued the purple senatorial stripe in his *toga*. Certainly her love of jewelry was no greater.

Until recent times men have indulged as much fondness for color, gaudiness, and ornament in dress as women. Louis XIV. originated the high-heel folly. Wigs were also a vanity of masculine introduction, and one not laid aside by our forefathers till after the Revolution.

In the last century however vanity in dress has disappeared largely from the list of masculine shortcomings, but remains a formidable stumbling block to oppose the advancement of woman's character and weight. Why has woman in this respect lagged behind in effort to conquer the dwarfing power of vanity? In the answer lies a most mortifying fact; one that exists but to degrade womanhood.

Woman is taught to place her strongest reliance on the power of her personal charms. Experience has proved to her that therein lies a strong drawing force. Who ever hears a man speak of girls other than as "pretty" or the reverse? Did ever male novelist depict a heroine without focusing a search light upon her physical beauties? If she begins as an ugly duckling she turns out a swan before the last chapter. By gradual percolation if not by direct instillment a girl comes to conclude her path a thorny one, if homely, but strewn with garlands, if pretty. Finding her looks preferred stock, she resorts to artifice to increase this capital. Probably more than nine tenths of the pretty things said to her apply only to her surface. If she be pretty she soon knows it; every man she meets will manage in some way to develop her vanity, which soon becomes the lode-

star of her existence. In the way of humanity, she expects in time to marry. But whom? By word she dare not say whom she would. Among men there is one whom she prefers but conventionality seals her lips. Vanity to the degree of deformity is not thought so enormous as any verbal committal as to her sentiments, a frank acknowledgement of which in a natural way might save her a future heartache, or perhaps clear the sky for the object of her preferment. This would be heinous indeed.

Forbidden to express herself in words but having imbibed a knowledge of the potency of personal attractions she makes looks a study for all and for more than they are worth. The most melancholy fact connected with this procedure is that in most cases she is successful in her wordless wooing through

the eye. Would the majority of women place their dependence in the power of looks if by so doing they did not generally succeed?

Woman has the characteristic, it may be fault, of pliability. What man has wanted her to be, that she has, for the most part, been—unfortunately to some badly needed virtues.

The condition that makes dress the mark of the woman and which foolishly represses in her the natural expression of honest affections, combines to effect a most harmful result upon her character. Speed the day when mind and heart of woman shall share the honors now paid to damask cheek, liquid eye and costly dress. May these not become less, but take their proper place,—that of herald to the greater spiritual beauty within.

# NEW ENGLAND PROVINCIALISMS.

BY PAMELA MCARTHUR COLE.

"**R**ACE" originally meant *root*, we are told on high authority; hence, *racy*, "an epithet applied to that which, growing out of a strong and vigorous root, tastes of that root out of which it grows." Surely no more expressive epithet could be found to describe certain words and phrases to be heard in New England.

City life, which, it is said, "wears off sharp corners," tends to do away with individuality of speech as well. But for genuine raciness, "that which comes from the root," go to some typical New England village. It may nestle among hills stately as the snow-crowned heights of Switzerland, it may gaze upon its own image reflected in some blue lake in the valley, but it must be far from any railway, accessible only by the stage whose daily coming over its rough roads is the most important event of the day.

Most of the inhabitants are of "the old families," possessing the many claims to such a title which some of our Anglomaniacs assert are only to be found on transatlantic shores. Though the village is not many centuries old, perhaps it may have but lately celebrated its second centennial, their ancestors were the first to break soil where, until their coming, "the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole un-

scared." The land has never passed out of the possession of the family, though neither law nor custom compelled the retaining of the ancestral name; their archives contain records of many a deed of daring, and old tradition whispered by the fireside embalms the memory of ancestral ghost or forest goblin.

When the original colonists established themselves in this wilderness a removal overseas was an event of no little importance. No semi-weekly steamers brought eager tourists for a hasty glance at a new country, no peasant emigrants found it an easy matter to transport regiments of brothers and brigades of cousins to the blessed shores where all would be free and equal. The founders of these old New England families endeavored to bring thither whatever they deemed lovely and of good report in the home they had left, and near the new homes they established rose the church and the school-house, side by side.

Of the quaint forms of speech peculiar to this part of the country, some claim a descent of hoar antiquity, others are the result of modern inventiveness, sharpened by the exigencies of daily life. Some of them may well repay attention.

The state of the roads is described in vary-

ing phrase. Everywhere there are persons who say, "the roads are good," "the walking," "the riding," "the wheeling," are bad or good, as the case may be. In some places these common words are seldom heard, but "going" is almost invariably used. "Good going" and "bad going" are good and bad walking or riding, and it is said that there are remote nooks and corners where, instead of "going" the inhabitants say "doings"; expressive, surely, since to those whose chief work is plowing, planting, and carting, what is going but doing?

In some parts of Massachusetts where but little farming is done, the word "passing" takes precedence of other words descriptive of the state of the highway, as, "Did you go to church on Sunday?" "No, it was too bad passing."

A newcomer was surprised at the style of a note of acceptance: "I shall be pleased to accept your invitation, and if the passing is good, you may expect me on Thursday." "Sitting by the window to see the passing," was one of the pleasures of Mrs. Whitney's Emery Ann, but this is nearer the legitimate use of the word.

Certain words belong to certain places. There are country towns where men's short stockings are known, not as "socks," but "footings"; thus designated by the name of their most prominent part, the legs being of but small account. But in some places they are called "feetings," the variation having probably originated in the brain of some fastidious grammarian who feared implying a false statement by the use of a word derived from a noun in the singular number. It was doubtless one of similar thirst for correctness to whom we owe "teethache" for "toothache."

So many "pairs of feetings in the wash" denotes in some households the number of men in the family.

A kind and hospitable invitation implying a certain degree of liking or respect seems to give a reason for "compliment" being used by some New Englanders as synonymous with "invite"; as, "I never visited Mrs. B— until last week, but she has complimented me several times." By some persons it is applied especially to a self-invited guest; as, "Mrs. — came to spend the afternoon with us; she sent her compliments that morning."

Here I am reminded of a singular use of the

word "visit." I first heard it from a well educated woman, who said she was shocked to see the indecorous behavior of the congregation in a certain church: "They spent the time before the opening of service in visiting from one pew to another." It was the first thought that persons went about from pew to pew, as those who make calls from house to house, but hearing her afterwards speak of "sitting down to visit with" a guest in her own house, it was easy to see that she used the word in the sense of to talk, to enjoy social intercourse, and as such I find it is used by many persons both in and out of New England.

The seeking of the hospitality of relatives has long been known as "cousining"; but the pleasant old word "neighboring," as applied to familiar and social visiting and more especially to the interchange of friendly offices (to neighbor) is, I think, not in very general use. The word may sometimes be found in the books of good English writers.

"Faculty" has different significations, according as it is applied to the human mind or to the ruling body of a college; but in the speech of an old-fashioned New England matron it has a meaning better illustrated than definitely expressed. She who rules well her household, has meals properly served, wardrobe always in order, has "faculty," and if, in addition to her home duties, she has time and strength for affairs outside, if she does her share in the work of her parish and the various duties of social life, she may receive the high praise of being called "very facultied."

But there is a reverse to this fair picture. Alas for her whom competent judges have decided to be "anything but facultied"! "Shiftless" is the fatal epithet that describes her, and it is certainly expressive as denoting one without resource, with no readiness, no adaptability to circumstances. The favoring gales of fortune may waft her to a happy haven, but woe for her in the rough waves of poverty and disappointment! The ancient heathen poet tells us that it is pleasant in safety on the shore to behold the struggling mariner upon the deep; such, he might have added, had he lived in other land and time, the calmness with which the facultied gaze upon the shiftless as they wrestle with fate.

\*Another form of this adjective is "faculized," which used to be heard among old people in Newport, R. I.



In one town at least, "scour" was formerly used only in the sense of washing with soap, and a new resident was startled when a neighbor, mentioning the duties of a busy Saturday afternoon, ended, "and then I must scour Rebecca" (her adopted daughter). The stranger, associating the word with sand and scrubbing-brush, timidly asked, "How?" and was greatly relieved by the explanation.

A "sightly" room or house is one commanding a wide prospect,—thence sometimes passing into the sense of pleasant or attractive.

"To sense" anything is to understand, to be "brought to a realizing sense" of it. It is often said of one so crushed by affliction as to be seemingly stupefied, "He seemed not to sense it."

There is a certain degree of moderation, a lack of self-assertion, in a common method of stating an opinion, "I presume to say," as seeming to imply a modest hesitation in the speaker. It ceases, however, to be graceful when it ceases to be grammatical and is degraded into, "I presume likely."

"Likely" in common parlance often refers to looks and appearance denoting pleasing or estimable: a shade of its common meaning, "probable," appears in the phrase "a likely young man," applied to a promising youth, one in whom a shrewd eye discerns capacity, a likelihood of success.

We all know the familiar use of the word spell—a short time—but there is a verb in New England speech derived therefrom, "to spell" anybody, meaning to relieve him by taking a turn at his work. Some readers may remember among the late Warren Burton's sketches of the "District School as It Was," the account of the champion speller, Memorius Wordwell, famous in those orthographical tournaments called "spelling-matches." Him on a cold winter's day the teacher sent out to the relief of a comrade who was splitting wood, saying, "Memorius, you may go out and spell Jonas."

Memorius, though Yankee-born and bred, was so carried away by his own special hobby that no thought of the local use of the word occurred to him, but, spelling-book in hand, he marched out, and Jonas, far from being relieved from his task, found himself obliged to spell. Considering so complicated a state of things, we are by no means surprised at the results as reported by the self-appointed tutor, "I heard him spell clean through the

whole lesson, and he didn't spell hardly none of 'em right!"

An expressive word in frequent use is "slim," not as applied to the human form, but to mind and abilities. "A slim preacher" is one who shows but small ability for sermonizing; a certain minister was once described as "rather poor at a funeral and very slim in prayer." There is a certain poetic element in the phrase as descriptive of one void of firmness and vigor, making a feeble effort to do what he was so evidently incapable of doing, to speak words of warning to a people and give voice to the desires of a multitude. Perhaps it is but fair to add that the person above referred to was considered eloquent by some admirers, one of whom remarked that "he never was put to it for words."

"She is sick in her naked bed," was the pathetic account of a friend given by a native to an irreverent stranger who was moved to laughter rather than pity. The phrase, not a new one, was probably at first "naked in her bed." The misplacing of adjectives in this wise is an ancient fashion and found in ancient writers. Another curious transposition of words heard sometimes from old-fashioned persons is the separation of "most" from the word it qualifies, as, "most a beautiful thing," "most an excellent medicine."

"Sauce" is often, too often, alas! *softened* into "sass," and vegetables which furnish so welcome an addition to a meal, are familiarly known as "garden sass,"—sometimes "garden truck,"—"truck" being a word which does "yeoman's service" in New England. "To sass" any one, that is to address him in rude or abusive language, however degraded, rests on high authority, and in its form of "sauce" may be found in Shakspeare.

Though there are genuine Americanisms in abundance, yet many of the words and phrases so-called are in reality old English; they have been retained here while the mother country, usually tenacious of ancient usage, has allowed them to fall into desuetude. Some of the provincialisms given in this paper have come down to us from

"The stately days of great Elizabeth."

They belong to that class of words which excellent critics tell us should for the enriching of our tongue be revived,—

"Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke."

## Woman's Council Table.

### CREOLE WOMEN.

BY MARY L. SHAFFTER.

**C**REOLES are the descendants of French or Spanish, born in Louisiana. Incorrectly the term is applied to any one born and living in New Orleans or its vicinity. Indeed there is a broader misapplication common in some parts of the state, where fresh eggs, Louisiana cows, horses, and chickens are called creole eggs, creole ponies, etc.

New Orleans, in reality, is two cities, the dividing line being a broad, tree-bordered avenue, running east and west from Lake Pontchartrain to the Mississippi River. "Up town," or the south side of this avenue, which is called Canal Street, is the home of the American population, while "down town," the north side, is the French or Creole Quarter. Up town the streets and the houses and many of the residents are new. It is a progressive, a self-made, a new city. Down town is the old town, with little improvement since the days when the houses were first built. Occasionally a creole family crosses the line, as it were, and goes to live up town, but they rarely become Americanized, for, above all things the creole is conservative.

To-day the wealth of the city is in the American portion: thirty or forty years ago its wealth and refinement were centered in the French Quarter. Not much wealth remains there, but the people still possess what money cannot buy—the chivalry of their men and the grace and beauty of their women.

The women are called beautiful, and justly so. It is true that as the years creep on apace, they incline to *embonpoint* and the down on their upper lips often darkens and deepens into a very perceptible line. Despite these facts, a creole woman grows old gracefully, she never becomes coarse looking, and her hands never lose their distinctive marks of refinement.

There live no lovelier girls than those one meets in creole society in New Orleans. Such figures, lithe yet full, such shapely heads, with crowns of glossy black hair, such a clear olive complexion, and great dark eyes, which speak before the arched red lips,—who can condemn the heart that is taken captive by the bewitching beauty of *la belle creole*?

Creole women are artistic by nature; they paint and play and sing. They talk well and are good at repartee. They usually speak several languages, French being their mother tongue. They emphasize with gesture, and occasionally surprise the listener with a *Mondieu!* or *O ciel!* which, with them, is no profanity.

As wives, creole women are without superiors; loving and true, they seldom figure in domestic scandals.

The creole woman entertains beautifully. Her salon, her toilet, show the refinement of her taste. In her manner there is none of the American "gush"; she receives with unaffected cordiality, which has the true ring. She is careful in the selection of her friends, for down in the *vieux carré* of New Orleans money cannot purchase an entrance into society.

Creole women, as a rule, are good housekeepers, are economical and industrious. When one pauses to think that these women were reared as princesses, with slaves at their command, one realizes that noble blood has made noble women. They never speak of their poverty, or proclaim their ingenuity in supplying a dainty table from a slender larder. They have accepted their lot, they attend to their homes, they make their cheap dresses with their French taste and wear them with the grace of a *grande dame*. There are many creole women who have striven hard with pride, and have wished to die rather than to acknowledge their poverty, but whose better nature conquered, and they now hold honored places among the bread winners of to-day.

Creole women have large families. This they do not regard as a misfortune, after the manner of some of their more progressive sisters. Their babies are made welcome and tenderly reared. Especially are the girls the object of much solicitude. Above all their beauty must be preserved, their hands and feet, their glossy hair and white teeth must be cared for. They must learn to dance, to sing, and to embroider. Their religion, too, must not be neglected. At ten or twelve they must go, arrayed as brides, to take their first communion. The next few years

are spent at a convent, and at sixteen or seventeen the girl is ready for society. She receives with *maman*, visits with *maman*, shops with *maman*, goes to balls, the opera, and to church with *maman*. Sometimes it happens that a gentleman visits the house say five or six times; if so *papa* asks his intentions. If he expresses friendship only, he is then requested to discontinue his coming; but if, on the other hand, he declares his love, all things being desirable, the visitor becomes a suitor, the engagement is announced, the girl wears the honors as a *fiancée* but a short time, and then becomes a wife.

While there is about creole women that refinement that one admires, a *noblesse oblige* that one respects, a dependence that attracts love, it must be acknowledged that as a class they are not progressive. They are tender, loving mothers, they care for the health and beauty of their children, but they know nothing of the beauty and development that come from physical culture. They train the little feet to dance bewitchingly,

but are horrified at the suggestion of a thick-soled, broad-heeled boot and a five-mile walk.

They are accomplished rather than intellectual. Women's rights, for them, are the right to love and be loved, and to name the babies rather than the next president or city officials.

Musically gifted, they prefer a gay *chansonnette* to the intricate passages of one of Bach's fugues, and they would rather wander through the realms of poesie than to venture into the shadowy region of metaphysical laws.

They are not club women, they do not aspire to fame, and it is true that the average creole woman cannot compete, in some respects, with her American sisters.

When the pictures in books do not make creole women proud and pure and loving, capable of great development morally and mentally, women of whom Louisiana should be proud, then it is simply because the painters painted without a model and the writers never knew the password by which to gain admittance into the society of creole women.

## LEGAL BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

BY MARY A. GREENE, LL.B.

Of the Boston Bar.

**U**NDERLYING every business transaction are to be found the principles of the law of contracts. According to the popular use of the term, a contract is a formal written document, but this is not the legal meaning of the word. In law, any agreement, whether oral or written, is a contract, and if duly made between competent parties, upon a legally sufficient consideration, it is binding, unless its object is to do something positively prohibited by the law.

While it is always advisable to have a contract reduced to writing it is required by law in but few cases. Anything, from a toothpick to a million dollars' worth of bonds, may be bought and sold by the mere exchange of a few words. But it is difficult in case of a dispute, to prove the terms of an oral agreement, owing partly to the unreliability of human memory, and partly to the tendency of mankind to misrepresent facts with a fraudulent intent.

There are certain transactions so peculiarly

liable to be accomplished by fraud that the law for the past three hundred years has required them to be put into writing in order to be valid. These are:

1. Agreements for the sale or transfer of any interest in lands.
2. Any promise to pay the debts of another person.
3. Any agreement of an executor or an administrator to pay out of his own property the debts of the deceased.
4. Any agreement made in consideration of marriage; that is, an agreement, for instance, of a father to pay in advance a sum of money as a settlement upon his daughter at the time of her marriage.
5. Any agreement which by its terms cannot possibly be performed within one year from the time it is made.

In addition to the foregoing cases, there is in most states and in England a rule of law that where "goods, wares, or merchandise" to the value of fifty dollars or over are sold,

the agreement must be in writing, *unless* the goods are delivered to and actually received by the purchaser, or, unless the latter makes a part payment at the time of the sale, to bind the bargain. So it will be seen that not even in the case of such large purchases is a writing absolutely required.

A receipt and a receipted bill of parcels are neither of them a contract, but a mere evidence of payment. Therefore the lady who tore up the receipted bill because she wanted to feel sure the matter would never come up again, had not deprived herself entirely of the means to prove payment in case she should be sued for the amount of the bill. She could still testify orally that she had paid it, but the fact that she had destroyed the receipted bill would be a very suspicious circumstance against the truth of her oral testimony.

Written documents have more or less weight as legal evidence, according to their character and the rules of the law of evidence, but as a general thing it is wise to preserve all such for use in case of any controversy, for in nine cases out of ten they are of more actual value than any amount of oral testimony.

To the validity of a contract, competent parties are necessary. Minors, married women, drunkards, insane persons, sailors, and spendthrifts are not fully competent, although they may have power to enter into certain kinds of agreements. Thus married women may now in most states make binding business contracts with any person except their husbands, but they cannot contract with their husbands except in a very few states by recent laws. Insane persons may have lucid intervals when they would be capable of making an intelligent agreement.

The consideration for a contract is often, but not necessarily, money. The promise of one party may be a good consideration for the promise of the other party. This is the reason why a deserted maiden may sue her sweetheart for a breach of promise of marriage.

The object of the contract must not be to accomplish an illegal end. Thus, no court of justice will lend its assistance to enforce agreements to bribe public officials, to buy or sell the right to hold public offices, to obstruct public justice by screening criminals, or to obtain money due from bets, wagers, and gambling obligations in general.

Contracts made on Sunday are also void,

unless for purposes of charity or actual necessity.

A sale of personal property is complete when the contract is agreed to on either side, without any change of possession, that is so far as the buyer and seller alone are concerned. But if the buyer leaves the article with the seller, and the latter sells it to a third person, or if the seller's creditors claim it, the original purchaser will lose his right to it. Therefore, property bought should be taken into actual possession as soon as possible to secure a perfect title to it.

Where the goods sold are part of an unseparated mass, as, for instance, a thousand bushels of grain from a quantity in a grain elevator, or ten pounds of sugar out of a barrel, the title does not pass until they are measured or weighed, and so if the elevator or storehouse burned with its contents, the loss is that of the seller, and he must make it good.

So where goods are bought and left for alterations to be made, a frequent occurrence in clothing stores, and the store with its contents is destroyed, the loss falls on the seller.

If a sewing machine or anything else is purchased on the installment plan, and the buyer is unable to make the final payments, the seller has a right to take back the article, and to keep so much money as has been already paid. But as this is a harsh rule of law, bearing with especial weight upon the poor, the legislatures of some states have passed an act, providing in such cases that the purchaser shall have the right to redeem property so taken by tendering the amount due within a given time, usually about twenty days after the seizure.

If property is hired, the law requires the person hiring to take as good care of it as a man of ordinary prudence would do. If a horse so hired is overdriven and abused the hirer would have to pay damages, but if he was exercising ordinary skill and care and another runaway horse should dash into the vehicle and injure it, the loss would fall on the owner and not on the hirer, unless indeed, the owner of the runaway beast should be ultimately liable, as he might be if he had been negligent or careless.

So where property is left to be repaired, the person doing the work is obliged to use the ordinary skill and care of persons who engage in such business. If a watchmaker should hang a watch which had been left for



## Woman's Council Table.

ART—WHAT IT IS DOING FOR US.

349

repairs, in his shop window, and a thief should break a pane of glass and steal the watch, it would be a question whether the watchmaker had not been deficient in exercising ordinary care, but if a cyclone swept over the town destroying the shop and its contents, the watchmaker would clearly not be responsible for the loss.

The rule is the same where property is held as collateral security for a debt. Due care must be taken of it, so that if the debt is paid, the security may be returned in good condition to the owner.

When a person borrows the property of another for his own benefit, as, for instance, when one borrows a valuable book to read, the law is very strict, and exacts extraordinary care, holding the borrower liable for the slightest injury to it while it is in his possession, and of course requiring him to return it within a reasonable time, or else to

pay an amount in damages equal to its full value.

But where one gratuitously undertakes to care for the property of a friend merely to accommodate him, he need not take even ordinary care. Very slight care is sufficient, provided there be some. It is often said that he must take as much care of the article as he would of his own, but this is not a true test, because a man might be inexcusably careless and reckless in respect to his own property. A man once left a valise full of gold coin on the table in a steamer's cabin, and in his absence it was stolen. The coin belonged to a friend and it was gratuitously carried, as a favor. The court held the man liable for the full value of the coin, saying that "the care and diligence are to be proportional to the value of the goods, the temptation and facility of stealing them, and the danger of losing them."

## ART—WHAT IT IS DOING FOR US.

BY LINA BEARD.

**A**RT? Why the realm opened by this little word of three letters is so vast we do not *know* its boundaries. It contains a wealth of beauty and instruction.

In the remotest ages crude pictures helped the savage to express himself understandingly, and from these pictures we are able to form some idea of their manner of living, their implements of warfare, their modes of fishing and hunting, how they ate and drank, and how they adorned themselves.

The early Egyptian paintings have a twofold value, one as art, one as pictorial history. With the different epochs of art and the works of the Old Masters most of us are familiar. But what do they mean? What bearing have they on our lives? Of what practical benefit is art to us, the everyday people of the nineteenth century?

Art is a gentle, quiet, but tremendous force. It educates us, helps us to appreciate many beauties in nature which, before viewing them in a picture, had been passed by unobserved; it brings vividly before us scenes from other countries; it assists us to use our understanding with our eyesight; in short, to think intelligently. It strengthens patri-

otism, helps to teach the many branches of learning, besides justice, beauty, harmony, and religion. Art expresses sermons without the aid of words; most of us have seen pictures that spoke beautiful truths in such a way that we could not forget them; and it teaches humaneness; who having seen Vereschagin's pictures can have any feeling for war but that of horror?

Pictures greatly aid the teacher. An object, event, or scene requiring time and patience to describe, can be intelligently understood in a moment if a picture accompanied with a few words of explanation be shown the child, and the lesson is much more likely to be remembered.

There is no common measure that can be applied to works of art. When a merchant, a banker, a doctor, or a lawyer leaves this world, his work may be continued by others of like vocation, but it is very different with an artist; when he goes to the other world, there lives not a human being on the earth who can carry on his work; his unfinished paintings must so remain.

Art for art's sake is a mistake, a meaningless phrase. Art is for man's sake, and in the degree that it helps man it is sublime.

Pictures are in a measure common property, for all who have the opportunity of seeing them may enjoy them as much as their owner. In one sense paintings are merely "form and color displayed on space" on a blank piece of paper or canvas. The material could be purchased for a few cents, but when touched by a master's skill, its worth is thousands of dollars.

The true artist paints because he has something to say, and can best express himself through his pictures; but he must have those to whom he can speak, for it is a law of our being that we must communicate our ideas to others. If we refuse, another natural law deprives us of all ideas, for unless our mental or physical powers are used they weaken and finally disappear. So we cannot cramp our art; like ourselves, it needs freedom for its full development. An artist must express his own individuality and strike out in his own way. Can you think of Shakspeare, Beethoven, or Raphael following a beaten path?

If a dozen eminent artists paint a landscape, portrait, or *genre* picture, each will be different from the other. While each may be a faithful reproduction of the one model, no two will be alike. It is the picture with the individuality of the artist added that makes the difference between them. Twelve photographs would look exactly alike, being but copies of nature, while the paintings would idealize nature and be truer art.

Artists, like people in general, differ each from the other and each one must give expression to that something which is possessed by him alone.

Nor can art be stationary; it must and does progress because we progress. The virtually unanimous demand of our artists for the free entry of foreign works of art into the United States is a good sign. A great impetus will be given to the work when the duty is removed. Let our country be flooded with foreign art, the more the better. Even the least observant person cannot fail to perceive the benefit art has received from the hints given by Chinese and Japanese paintings. Our School of Impressionists is partially due to their influence, and, in their turn the Impressionists modify all other paintings, giving them more light and color.

A picture must have a meaning else it is a mere study or copy; be its technical execution ever so perfect it has no life. But when

it appeals to the imagination it is both stimulating and elevating. One of the most subtle phases of art awakens images in harmony with the picture but not expressed in it.

In Gabriel Max's painting, "The Last Token," a young girl, a Christian martyr, is leaning against the arena wall, a victim for the lions. At her feet lies a delicate, fresh rose. Only one human figure is represented, but how much more is expressed than is seen. The imagination pictures the surrounding arena with its tier upon tier of spectators, and one leaning forward has just tossed the flower which tells the story. Without this little rose, the story would be lost.

The artist must have a knowledge of human nature, must solve problems of color, must understand all the subtleties of his work which are not generally appreciated by the uninitiated.

Take Vibert's "Return of the Missionary." How exquisitely he paints the white of the dignitary's robe against the white curtain. One must attempt this single feat before understanding the difficulty of accomplishing it. The touches of brilliant color harmonize in a wonderful manner, instead of looking spotted and harsh, as a less experienced hand would be apt to paint them. It is good in color, composition, and drawing, but best of all in the lesson it teaches. In the elegant apartment are the high dignitaries of the church, living a life of luxury and ease. Near the center is a scarred, weather-beaten, poorly clad missionary, evidently only just arrived, trying to tell of the hardships and labors endured; but these so-called brothers in office do not seem interested. They turn indifferently aside, and only a few listen and with languid curiosity gaze upon the scars the poor missionary points out to them. What a contrast! The man who works, who makes the church what it is, returns to report and finds no sympathy, when but for him and other hard workers like him, the church would crumble away.

One more painting I would mention, Turner's "Slave Ship." Here I quote from Archdeacon Farrar:

"It is a picture of a black slave ship chased by a British frigate, under a lurid sky, and flinging her slaves overboard into a lurid sea. The horrors of the picture reveal, interpret, emphasize the horrors of the fact. The sky and multitudinous sea are bathed with blood, the blood of

## Woman's Council Table.

### IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

351

vengeance, the blood of wrong. That lurid blood-red picture overwhelming in its solemnity and power and shuddering intuition of wrong, is Turner's way of saying to his fellow-citizens, 'Verily there is a God who judgeth the earth.' By such pictures a painter takes his share in the noblest warfare of mankind."

In a way, we are all artists. Our minds are our galleries and our pictures indicate our character. Within us lies power to keep the best ones bright by thinking of them; and, by refusing to gaze upon the evil ones, they gradually disappear, leaving only the good, true, and beautiful.

### IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

BY A. ERINIUS.

Translated from "Ueber Land und Meer," for "The Chautauquan."

BY the seventh of June, 1892, fifty-two years will have elapsed since the death of King William III., builder of the mausoleum in the park at Charlottenburg. This consecrated place, where Prussia's tutelary genius, the immortal Queen Louise, is commemorated by a magnificent marble statue standing beside the statue of her husband, has for ten years been a place of pilgrimage for all Germans. The silent tomb under the chapel in which the sarcophagus of the royal couple lies is celebrated as the burial place of Emperor William I., whose life is invested with a mythical glory; and here too the Empress Augusta found a last resting place. While on the Rhine long columns of German troops were gathering, King William I. came here to his mother's grave to consider whether he did right and whether she would bless his deed. Then on that sultry July day, 1870, he took his departure; the next time the heavy mausoleum doors closed behind him was after Germany had regained in him her emperor.

At the end of the road dark with fir trees in the park of Charlottenburg, stands a plain Doric building of granite. Over its outside steps there is an open porch of polished granite, whose triangular gable bears the inscription, "Christ is the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." This plain quiet temple has become a sacred place to the Prussians. In joy and sorrow they involuntarily turn eyes and hearts to this place where rests the severely tried woman whose graciousness won all hearts and from whom the moral regeneration of the Prussian nation emanated after long years of effeminacy and dishonor. At every anniversary of her death the royal

family gather in the mausoleum for an earnest memorial service.

The rebuilding of the mausoleum two years ago was its fourth alteration. The first remodeling executed by Gentz, was very limited, consisting of a porch built of granite about a room which received light through high side windows and was intended only for the sarcophagus of the immortalized queen. On Rauch's suggestion the windows were walled up and blue light from above substituted, by which arrangement the artist obtained a deeper effect and a more uniform lighting for his beautiful work.

The sarcophagus should not be passed over so lightly. Rauch had it made in Carrara. After its completion it was brought on board a ship which was captured near Lorient by the American privateer *The Lion*. The *Lion* was seized soon after by the English ship, *Eliza*, which conveyed the splendid booty to Jersey where a high price was asked for it. The displeasure of the king and of the artist may be imagined. After long bickering they finally regained the sarcophagus free. It was brought by Englishmen to Cuxhaven, thence after much wandering and many dangers to Charlottenburg.

Soon after the death of Frederick William III. in 1840 the mausoleum underwent a third change. In compliance with the king's request Hesse undertook the task of enlarging it after a plan by Schinkel. This was accomplished without disturbing the old part; indeed, the old dividing wall was not removed until all was completed, which perhaps accounts for the indifferent result, and one laments that the blue light so greatly celebrated discords with the delicate color tone of the room.

The original sarcophagus chamber with its

blue light became now an anteroom on whose stone floor two inscriptions marked the places beneath which the coffins of the sleeping royal couple lay. Later between them the heart of Frederick William IV. was buried in a heart-shaped receptacle. This chamber was cellar-like, built of building-blocks, on which the marble sarcophagus was supported in the new chapel, where occasionally ecclesiastical affairs were transacted. This chapel bordered by mottoes had an apsis to the north containing Pfannschmidt's painting of the blessed Christ on His throne beside which the royal couple kneel in prayer. A marble altar and a crucifix prepared by Achtermann also decorated the apsis, and two stationary wall candlesticks finished by Rauch and Tieck according to designs by Schinkel completed the chapel, which left on every beholder an indelible impression.

The last enlargement made 1889-1890 by the public inspector Geyer and the government architect Weber, has not changed the character of the chapel, its object being to gain room for the sarcophagus of the German royal pair. Its total cost was 230,000 marks, including the outlay for a new grave; also for replacing the old bedizened exterior with one of polished granite, the upper part blended with gray Silesian sandstone.

The result of the new vault is a three-winged room lighted by numberless socle windows, whose walls and ceilings in their plain gray attire afford a rather melancholy view. The floor is of black Nassau marble; the two rows of pillars which separate the middle naves from the side naves covered with cross-shaped arches, consist of polished red granite.

To the front in the middle part the royal couple now rest, Queen Louise at the left, Frederick William III. at the right, and between their coffins, sunk in the ground, the heart of Frederick William IV. At the right of the king in the side nave lies the coffin of Princess Liegnitz, so that Frederick William III. rests between his two wives, although in the chapel no inscription mentions this fact, of which every trace is lost among the common people, who know only Queen Louise. To the front of the left nave near his mother rests Prince Albert, and at the feet of the royal couple, in the middle corridor, are the costly coffins enclosing the remains of Emperor William I. (at the right) and of Empress Augusta (at the left).

It was on a March day in 1890 that I visited the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, a few days before the dedication of the new chapel, at which in the presence of the whole court and a company of invited guests, the royal family and all their royal kin quietly had placed wreaths upon the coffins.

Under the trees on the way to Charlottenburg it was already beautiful and green, and in the front gardens a gay field of flowers laughed up between the trellises. Here even the stones speak forth and when at a curve in the road, from among grassy plots, trimmed hedges, and far projecting hills, the long front of the palace is seen and towering above it the bright copper-colored tower cupola, the heart beats faster and one rapidly recalls the history of Prussia, which in Charlottenburg as in no other place may be traced through all its successive changes.

We enter the castle watchhouse and proceed to the left into the front park, where it is even more quiet than in good old Charlottenburg. Half in the shadow of the high trees lies the pavilion which Frederick William III. had Schinkel build when after Louise's death it seemed too lonesome in the great castle. In this pavilion everything remains as the king left it; it is closed to the public. Hidden among the trees not far from the pavilion is the fishing house where Emperor William and his sisters used to fish.

Next comes the gatekeeper's lodge with its green shutters and its traditions of ghosts, etc. After a short walk among bushes and tree trunks, turning into the dark fir road we are confronted by the mausoleum whose rebuilding is scarcely noticeable from this direction. A few minutes later the doors close behind us shutting us in alone with the great imperishable dead.

We are attracted once more to the coffins of Queen Louise and Emperor William, almost breaking down under the burden of flowers placed there at the dedication. Breaking a withered laurel twig and plucking a faded white rose from the coffin of Queen Louise, we gave one last parting look and the doors closed behind us again, leaving us to retrace our steps through the walk of fir trees, the park, and garden, alive to memories revived, and realizing that there is no more sacred place to be found in the new German empire than the mausoleum and the quiet sepulcher in the park of Charlottenburg.



## Woman's Council Table.

### PENNY-WISE OR POUND-WISE.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

**T**HERE are few persons in this broad land of ours, who are not obliged to practice economy in some form.

Those who are struggling along on a meager income, naturally look upon the possessors of more liberal means as able to gratify every wish, but they are entirely mistaken. One will find quite as much of the "poverty-stricken" feeling among the well-to-do, even while they are enjoying what seems to others almost princely incomes, as among those to whom the daily bread comes by daily labor. Everything is relative.

With the extremes, either of poverty or of wealth, we have nothing to do at present; let us consider economy as practiced by the great middle class, those who live comfortably, even elegantly, but are forced to deny themselves much that they would like.

We of American stock have been almost universally brought up on the "Poor Richard" model of saving the pence that the pounds may take care of themselves, as the old adage affirms that they will. But this is not the only way open to us: there are really two methods of solving the financial problem, how to get the most and the best out of our money. These may be fitly designated by terms borrowed from the old maxim, as penny-wise and pound-wise. They are of course diametrically opposed to each other, but something may be said on both sides. An example or two will show what I mean.

Mrs. Penny-wise regulates her conduct by the time-honored pence-saving method. As the saying is, she looks twice at a penny before she spends it. She rides by ferry if the bridge fare is a penny higher; she walks, when she ought to ride, to save car-fare; she patronizes the butcher and baker who undersell their neighbors; she haunts the "bargain counters"; she pays low wages; we all know her, we meet her every day of our lives. A woman of this kind, in a city where living is costly, brought up a family of four, always dressing them well and occupying a house of good style, and from her husband's salary, which never exceeded fifteen hundred dollars per annum and for many years fell below that sum, accumulated a fortune of thirty or forty thousand dollars. It was done by the

most minute attention to details, by giving her whole time and her most earnest thought to the saving of pennies, which savings she invested judiciously and managed wisely. She gave her life to it, and she succeeded in her aim,—she accumulated a fortune to leave to her children.

Another family of the Penny-wise, who spend more thousands than she did hundreds, save their pennies just as carefully. They live elegantly; they give costly dinners; they travel; they sport Worth dresses. But how do they do all this? They screw down servants' wages, and beat down tradesmen; they wear old finery in rags about the house in the morning, to save the cost of special gowns; they never buy a book or magazine or subscribe to a library; they hear no music or lectures, and see no pictures, unless free tickets are given them. They feel that this is the highest wisdom; they pride themselves on their economy.

Mrs. Pound-wise manages the same income on the opposite plan. She indulges in no extravagance of dress or living; she dresses her family comfortably and well, but not in a costly manner; she never has a Worth dress; she keeps no men servants; sets a good but not lavish table, eats fruits and vegetables in their season and not from the hothouse; and by this course is able to pay generous wages, give the butcher and baker their regular prices, buy of the best dealers, wear tasteful home dresses, enjoy books and music and art as she desires. By a mere looker-on it would be thought that Mrs. Penny-wise had a much larger income than Mrs. Pound-wise.

Now the consideration that shall govern each woman in deciding which of these methods she will adopt is this—and only this,—*What is her object in life?* Is it to make a great show? to outshine her neighbors? to have the credit of wealth? Or is it to develop the character, to cultivate the mind and heart of herself and her children?

Let no one imagine that these little things have no effect on character; they may seem small, but their outcome is most serious. Constant dwelling upon the petty ways of saving, carries its unavoidable penalty of keeping the mind bent upon small things,

and consequently growing narrow day by day.

Moreover, the little things one is obliged to sacrifice by this system, are somehow the things that keep us contented; we are made all the time a little uncomfortable, and we naturally long for a larger income, and from that to envy those who have it, is a short step. This way of economizing, therefore, cultivates narrowness, penuriousness, and envy.

The pound-wise system, on the contrary,

by leaving one free to indulge in what seem little things, takes the mind from petty considerations, and lets it grow and broaden. It is only occasionally that the economies of the larger sort press themselves upon the notice, and they can be met with the philosophy it is not worth while to call up for trivial matters. It is the "little foxes which eat the vines," the insignificant cares which wrinkle the brow and sour the heart.

### STATE REFORMATORIES FOR WOMEN.

BY WILLIAM McKENDREE BANGS.

**I**N our age and country much has certainly been done for the improvement of the condition of the poor and suffering, and better methods have been adopted for the care and punishment of the vicious and criminal; but, strange to say, very little provision has been made by the state for the reformation of unfortunate women.

There are state prisons and penitentiaries where those who have committed felony are confined, and there are many institutions to which youthful delinquents may be committed and where they may be taught to work and the value of better things than such as they have known; but it was only after eight years of effort and of constant agitation on the part of some good people interested in the welfare of their sinning fellow-creatures that the House of Refuge for Women was established in New York.

That institution, where adult women needing restraint and reformation may be sent, was the first of its kind in this country. It has accommodation for only two hundred and fifty inmates; but another institution of similar character is being built in the western part of New York, but a bill recently before the legislature of that state providing for the establishment of another for the great cities of New York and Brooklyn failed to pass. In other states some steps in the right direction have been taken; but the need is still a real and great one.

The care and punishment of the female felon is perhaps as well provided for as the circumstances of her case will permit, except in so far as prison reform generally is needed. She is upon conviction of a felony sent to a state prison or to a penitentiary. There she

is not only restrained, but put at work, and she is not permitted through sheer idleness and association with other idle and dissolute persons to sink lower into degradation and sin. If, as so often happens, her crime was committed under stress of some great and overpowering temptation and was not the natural outcome of a vicious life, she has an opportunity to rehabilitate herself in her own esteem, and, upon her discharge, she may lead a good and useful life.

It has seemed to be the theory of the country, as represented by its law-makers, that efforts to educate and reform should be confined to the sinful of tender years, and that those older should be punished in the ways provided for in the general statutes relating to crime and its punishment. But there are many women who are not felons, that is, who have not committed any wrong recognized by the law as important, against person or property, who should be taught, if possible, how to live proper and decent lives.

It is for these women that educational and reformatory institutions should be established. They are women of depraved and degraded lives, who are vagrants or prostitutes or who have been guilty of petty theft or habitual drunkenness, and who are, in the lack of better means, subject to imprisonment for short terms varying from ten days to six months in county jails, or to commitment for terms of six months to county poor-houses. These short sentences and the manner in which they are carried out are demoralizing and tend rather to further degrade those who suffer them than either to properly punish them or lead them to better lives.

Then in the county jails no proper ar-

rangements exist for the seclusion and classification and proper care of the female inmates. They are kept often not out of sound of the male prisoners, and, sometimes not even out of their sight; they pass their time in enforced idleness and among degraded companions, and they are more apt than not to issue from the jails more proficient in crime than when they entered. The herding together of all classes without distinction of age, sex, or the character of the offense makes the jail seem a school of vice rather than a means of reformation. What can be more certain than that the state in so treating these unfortunate women not only fails in the duty it owes to itself and to them, to attempt to rescue them; but does its share toward forcing them upon the downward path of degradation? For the lack of fit establishments where they may be properly confined and instructed these immoral women pass their lives harming themselves and injuring the community by careers of vice diversified by occasional short terms in jail or poorhouse.

The lot of those who are sent to the poorhouses is no better than that of those who are sent to jail. There is the same indiscriminate herding of all classes together, the same idleness, and the same lack of instruction. Besides the presence there of depraved and vagrant women renders the poorhouses unfit for the worthy poor when driven there to seek a refuge in poverty, illness, and old age.

One of the rules governing the conduct of the desired reformatory workhouses should provide for an indeterminate sentence or for a maximum sentence reducible at the option of the officers or board of managers controlling the institution. With such a rule, should

any person by accident or mistake be sentenced to the reformatory who is not a proper subject for its discipline the managers would have full power to discharge her at once, or they would be able to discharge an inmate whenever she should exhibit to their satisfaction that training and restraint had brought about the desired change in character.

For another reason than the important one of reforming the vicious the state should for its own sake establish reformatory workhouses. It is beyond question or doubt that vice and pauperism, idiocy and insanity are hereditary. In a report made to the State Board of Charities of New York a few years ago it was stated as incontrovertible that "the degraded, vicious, and idle who when in good health are always on the verge of pauperism, and who, at the approach of old age and illness, inevitably become paupers, are continually rearing a progeny who, both by hereditary tendencies and the associations of early life, are likely to follow in the footsteps of their parents."

It is certainly the duty of society to take positive measures to prevent the harm which will be done to it by a continuance of this evil. If reformatories for women should effect no other good—an almost incredible hypothesis—they will at least prevent their inmates during the time of their commitment, from becoming the mothers of beings destined to a life as wretched as their own, and as dangerous to others.

The poorhouses are obviously enough not proper places for the confinement of the vicious; the county jails provide only for the one duty, to receive and safely keep the convicts. The fault is not in the prison officials; but in the system itself of penal institutions.

# DIVINE TRACINGS.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

THE worthless piece of paper lying  
Unnoticed by another man,  
The ancient Jew, the fragment spying,  
Would raise, with reverent eye to scan.

For on that relic rudely tattered  
By many a hasty, heedless tread,  
And oft by rain-stirred soil bespattered,  
Might be Jehovah's name most dread.

Ah! deem no soul, how stained by sinning,  
How much a wreck it seem to be,  
All ruined or beneath thy winning,—  
Look! there God's image thou mayst see.

## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### THE ART OF SELF-ADVANCEMENT.

MUCH has been said of the art of "getting on." There are silly folks in all our cities who are trying to "get on." By this they mean getting into "society," so-called. They wish to be included among those few idle, rich, and usually uncultivated people who give their time and attention to mere amusements. Such persons imagine they are pursuing the art of self-advancement. They are, indeed, seeking to advance themselves, but the real advance is, at best, so small, so unworthy serious thought that it seems only pitiful. Such self-advancement is not the road to the best society.

To advance one's self is, really, to gain in education, to advance in knowledge, in experience, to become a better man, to gain a finer and nobler womanhood. Self-advancement is self-culture and there is an art of self-culture. Wherein shall a man or woman rise to higher and better things? Schools there be and teachers. There are also books. We cannot all go to school—teachers cost—none can go to school all the time. There must be an end of mere schooling. For nearly all of us the end of school days comes too soon. Work, business, and the household demand our time, and we graduate and call our education finished.

Practically our education begins the day we leave school. The teacher has merely taught us the use of our tools. It is, now that schools are done, our duty to educate ourselves. This is the true self-advancement—that a man goes on to learn. How? Therein is the art.

First of all, system, then regularity, then persistence, and the greatest of these is system. Chautauqua stands for a system. It is the art of self-culture by means of a regular systematic reading of books. The man who as a boy "tumbled about in a library" had a grand chance for self-advancement, but mere scrappy, haphazard reading, the mere getting of odd bits of information does not mean advance. The wonderful inspiration to culture that Chautauqua holds forth lies in its exact, definite system of study. We read subjects—not mere books, we read along cer-

tain definite lines of thought. It is training, not exercise that makes the athlete. It is system, not reading that makes the scholar. Chautauqua calls to regular daily study through months and years. It stands for system, regularity, persistence. Certain wise men not long ago set out to name what they regarded as the best hundred books. Let no man fancy that if he read these best hundred books that thereby would he be best seeking real advancement. Such reading, while useful, would be unsystematic and frittering to the mind.

The brook wandering in wayward curves through the meadows seems to choose a haphazard path. It really obeys a law of its nature. It seeks the path of the least resistance and its crooked wanderings show the exact line of slope in the meadow toward the sea. So in the art of self-culture the line of least resistance points out clearly what each one of us should do. He who would advance must first of all know himself, first study his limitations. For instance, a certain study may be easy, may prove inviting. In this study we make rapid progress. Another line of study may prove difficult and unattractive. There is mental resistance that way. Then, choose the other. The strong man is said to rejoice that he can run a race and he wins the race because he does rejoice in (or enjoys) running. Find out what you do best. Learn to understand clearly your limitations.

True culture demands that we know something of everything, but life is too short to persistently try to master a branch of study in which we have no interest. Better be an expert in bees or butterflies and win a lifetime of pleasure and study out of them than to toil over medicines or chemistry for which you care nothing. Let somebody else know it all for you. Don't fritter the mind away. Don't try to know all about everything. Know something of all, for thereby comes a broader life. Know what you like to know very well indeed—know it better than anybody else, if it costs sixty years of study.

For some of us the four years that Chautauqua held out to us draw to an end. The gate upon the hill may even open to us. Let us not think that the Day of Recognition



ends our self-advancement. It has only begun. Chautauqua has stood for us as the wise guide to this art. The art is now in our own hands. It means system, regularity, a wise selection, an unchanging pursuit in study. Books are the tools in this art. Many men and women have lifted themselves to the highest education and culture without schools or teachers. Books were their only instructors. A young man or woman may become learned in anything, having the books and the will. Choose your subject, start, begin at once, read everything you can find on that subject. This is the art of self-advancement—to go on in study, observation, and reflection. Read to acquire, think to make it your own.

There is a society worth the seeking—the society of wise and good men and women. Self-advancement opens the door to such society. To meet such people is to “get on” in the best sense. It will come not by seeking but by being worthy.

#### BOOMING IN LITERATURE.

WHEN a publisher advertises a book in the usual way it is not hard for the reading public to judge of the chances when it comes to buying; but of late years the practice of “booming” has prevailed to an extent highly injurious to the reputation of some good publishing houses and certainly destructive of public confidence in the foundation upon which some of the most belauded literary fame-fabrics have been built. Doubtless people are beginning to see through the trick by which third rate novels have been foisted into a specious popularity and fifth rate writers made notorious if not truly famous all over the world.

A few years ago a weak and viciously written story entitled “Called Back” was issued in London and was lifted above other literary trash by a shrewd scheme of advertising which sent the book into America by the half million. Two or three more of the same sort of fictions were dashed forth, crude, vulgar, worthless, from the same hand and a fortune was made. Even after the overworked and overpraised tool of the “boomers” died, as he did in a year or two, the novels kept appearing, perhaps one every two months, as long as the trick could hold good.

Hugh Conway was not more than well known.

buried before H. Rider Haggard bobbed up with his absurd “King Solomon's Mines.” We do not deny this and others of his romances whatever merit there is in preposterous big-talk tales; but isn't it singular that no American can make such a story go, write it as well as he may?

Then there is Kipling with his Indian sketches, whose merits though considerable were as nothing in the matter of making them go compared with a clever swing of the advertising boom by which Kipling appeared to be the catch-word in almost every American newspaper, the editor of which in nine cases out of ten had never read a line of Kipling's writing.

Gladstone puffed “Robert Elsmere” in the way of friendship and immediately the cue was seized by the publishers; the same thing happened in a smaller way to the thin little story of “Mademoiselle Ixe” and to the book of Marie Bashkirtseff. It was plain to a thoughtful and knowing observer that (although some of these books going over the sea and the land with banners before and trumpets behind were well worth reading) the main cause of such sudden and vast popularity as certain English and French writers were winning in the United States arose out of just such manipulations as caused the popularity of stocks in Wall Street.

But why not boom home producers and home products? The absence of International Copyright was, perhaps, the beginning of the preference for aliens and their work, for the author's royalty was clear gain to the publisher in the case of a foreigner, and the habit once formed of lauding and pushing to the front whatever came from the pirate's feeding-ground got settled upon us.

We have International Copyright now and if booming must go on we see no longer any reason why American authors should not have the benefit of it in their own country. It must be understood, however, that we condemn out of hand as deadly to the highest hopes of literary art every application of the wrecker's and the boomer's methods to the building of literary fame.

What we do regard as worth keeping in mind and laying close to heart is that even literary artists are human and must eat if they are to do good work. Moreover, they find strength in encouragement. We need not praise a poor thing because an American did it; but we must not take it for granted

that American literary art is necessarily of a lower order than that of Europe.

Hearty, honest encouragement waters the deepest roots of genius and sends up through it the sap of rarest energy. Tennyson has lived and flourished and wrought amazing things through a long and still melodiously lengthening life fed by the loving praise of the English people. Continued heavy frosts of contempt and scoffing with the added injury of preference for alien poets might have shriveled even his vigorous powers.

England has been called a tight little island; she certainly has kept well the fame of her poets and her romancers. We American boomers, who never long for the time

"When the Rudyard cease from kipling  
And the Haggards ride no more,"

so long as their kipling and their riding can fetch a dollar to the coffer of a publisher, might well take a lesson in that sort of tightness; it is one of the elements of national greatness. And speaking of England, now that Mr. Gladstone has refused (as it is said) to do for another book what he did for "Robert Elsmere" and "Mademoiselle Ixe," it may be that such of our American boomers as desire to be truly British will follow suit and we may hear less of the blatant, fog-horn noise about this and that foreign writer who is always going to eclipse the sun and dazzle out the stars.

It is well enough to bestow praise with a safe reserve upon even our home geniuses; and much need is there of a wiser discrimination than we now observe in meting out just dues and nothing more to the works of much advertised alien writers. It is time to quit booming.

#### DR. PARKHURST AS A MORAL REFORMER.

THE method adopted by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst to stir up the police of New York to the performance of their duty in the suppression of vice raises a fundamental question for the church and ministry to consider.

In the exercise of his functions as President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime he deemed it a practical duty to go forth and search out and discover personally forms of vice which exist in every great city under the eyes of the police and with their toleration, if not connivance. His purpose was to furnish the public and the authorities

with facts which would be indisputable and to which he could swear before the grand jury and in a court as things actually seen with his own eyes. For that purpose there was but one way of acquiring his knowledge, of course: he had to visit the resorts of vice in some other guise than that of a minister, or one who went solely to rebuke it.

This business of vice is conducted for pecuniary profit solely, hence he had to bargain and pay for its exposure. He had to hire the vicious and the abandoned to exhibit their vileness before him. If he had gone among them as a minister of Christ, with the teaching of the Gospel, probably he would have seen nothing of the sort. Depraved as these miserable beings were, they would not have been shameless in such a presence. Even if they had been lost in their wickedness utterly they would not have had the motive of pecuniary gain to incite them to the exhibition.

The question then arises whether Dr. Parkhurst could perform such an act without doing violence to his mission as a Christian minister. It is alleged that by his visits to evil places their inmates were made, if anything, worse; that his patronage of their shameless exhibitions sunk them deeper in their degradation. Moreover it is recorded against him that he witnessed sights upon which it is a shame even to look; that he went into hell and, upon returning, his garments smelt of sulphur.

Concentration of attention upon these facts without the recognition of a wide range of correlated ones aside from these, have led many worthy and conscientious people to hold up their hands in horror at Dr. Parkhurst's methods, losing sight of their high and unselfish purpose and justifying results.

Possibly Dr. Parkhurst's means were not of the wisest. He is human and finite in his scope of judgment; possibly some one else could have suggested a better mode of proving that vice instead of being made "exceedingly difficult," as the oath of the police binds them to make it, has been winked at by those sworn guardians of order.

No one did. Dr. Parkhurst with mind and soul alive to the unlawful fostering of things forbidden in the civil code, much more in the moral, and with heart fired with enthusiasm to do all the good possible for his abilities and energies, did not scruple to roll up his sleeves to it, so to speak, however unclerical that action. He acted a deception for the

once; not for the love of it but for the loathing of it and to make it less possible for others to commit the same offense loving it. He ordered beer in a low place, drank it, and paid for it. Surely not because he loved beer or wished to help support the resort. He at once reported to authorities the disorderliness.

Suppose he had been asked by these how he knew such things and he had replied, "By hearsay." Of what avail would such evidence have been? Or suppose, because of the cut of his garb, he had said, "This evidence must be secured, but not by a clergyman; a clergyman should hire another to do such loathsome work." Should a preacher only preach and others do the practicing? Could any one be expected to go through such a fire as that to which Dr. Parkhurst subjected himself, with fewer scars than those which would fasten upon a man whose daily practice is to pursue the good and the pure? Perhaps he bears a scar. If necessary that some one should bear it, were it more heroic that a minister of unimpeachable motives should cast himself in the breach or that he should thrust another therein, upon whom might remain a wound instead of a scar? He declared it would take a month of solitude under heaven's sunshine to bleach him, after the contamination of the scenes he had witnessed. It would probably take much longer to bleach one less repugnant to the soiling, and it remains a doubt whether the other would undergo the bleaching process.

Lifting our eyes from the realistic details of Dr. Parkhurst's pilgrimage of disgrace, as one does from the uninviting fertilizer, let us look at the fruits it is enriching. Planted to revivify a lifeless police, the first result was a presentment by the grand jury of overwhelming exhortation of a well-paid but inefficient municipal body; another was an

election resulting in a victory for respectability in municipal rule; a monumental one, is the reawakened activity of the New York City police, in the enforcement of the excise law, violations of which by saloon keepers on a late Sunday caused seventy-one more arrests than the average of those for the past five years. Suppose Dr. Parkhurst to have followed mistaken methods, since only his methods and not his motives have been impeached. Will not the fruits of his mistakes compare favorably with the works of other ministers whose manner has been faultless? By their fruits ye shall know them. Dr. Parkhurst may sacrifice some so-called dignity by dismounting and disregarding his epaulettes, entering the fray with the most valiant, but what a soldier he makes!

Good people are splitting upon the typical and proper attitude of a minister; a conservative class relegates him to the church steeple, whence he must call down to the multitude, encouraging good and urging its warriors to use every means for its promotion, while he remains unsullied upon his eminence. A modern body of Christian soldiers are demanding his bodily presence, his example as well as his precept, refusing his call unless he leads; it is this body of Christians whose demand Dr. Parkhurst answers, though unaware. There is large use in the world to-day for men who do, even at the risk of doing mistakenly. Others are entitled to their preference, of never doing a mistaken thing, though they never do a wise one.

Dr. Parkhurst has not only denounced sin but has named it; has not only declared that vice exists, but has told where, how, and why. If we do not approve his means let us approve his honesty, his enthusiasm, his unselfishness, and, adopting these, go forth and show him a better way.

## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

OUR frontispiece with this number presents the portrait of Mr. Francis H. Root, of Buffalo, N. Y., the well-known first vice president of the Board of Trustees of Chautauqua. Mr. Root has long been identified as a promoter of religious and educational enterprises, having given largely to bring the Methodist churches of Buffalo to their plane of being free from debt,

and having been a liberal contributor to Syracuse University, of whose Board of Trustees he is president. He has from Chautauqua's early days been one of her best friends, liberal and useful both in counsel and financial help. Though immersed in business he is frequently seen at Chautauqua, which he asserts is next in his heart to his home.

MOUNT VERNON, Monticello, Springfield, and New York now contain altars upon which the incense of patriotism will be burned, north, south, east, and west. The laying of the corner stone of the Grant monument in Riverside Park at the last-named place assures the completion of a tribute worthy the Silent Soldier. A delicate recognition of the modesty and unobtrusiveness of the great man's character, was shown in the simplicity characterizing the ceremony extending to both President Harrison's remarks and orator Depew's finely chosen words. Regarding the rearing of so imposing a monument to one averse as Grant was to any kind of display, Mr. Depew said: "To lie in the churchyard where slept his father and mother would have been more in accord with his mind. But he appreciated that his countrymen had a claim upon his memory and the lessons of his life. He knew that where he was buried, would be built a shrine for the inspiration of coming generations." Whether Grant reflected upon these points or not, certain it is that no surer educational factor can be established than the object lessons in patriotism which are presented by noble monuments reminding the living of heroic examples.

THE appointment of Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, as United States minister to France could not be attended by any better wishes than that his career in that capacity may be as successful as that of his predecessor, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. Farewell dinners and other testimonials by the French people to the latter minister give assurance that socially his career has been no less distinguished than as an official entitled to the gratitude of Americans for an international trade agreement, and that of agriculturists and meat dressers for securing the abolition of the French embargo against American meat. The new minister, Mr. Coolidge, is a grandson of Thomas Jefferson, a man of wealth and acquaintance with the French people through several years' residence in France. His business life has been that of a manufacturer and railroad official, his public services including various state offices and a membership of the Pan-American Congress, in which his silver resolution was adopted.

THOSE who heard Amelia B. Edwards lecture during her American trip last year have reason to feel a personal loss in the death of the Englishwoman. Her rare and

voluminous learning, her quiet grace and perfect naturalness, her dainty touches of humor charmed and impressed one that she well filled her own description of an antiquarian,—one possessing indomitable courage and will, unwearying patience and energy, and an impregnable constitution, besides the love of discovering unrevealed history. Dr. Edwards, sixty years of age at her death, began her literary career fifty-three years ago, when her first poem was printed. Her childhood was a succession of brilliant promises, owing to her varied gifts. The publication of a novel at twelve, and a flattering offer made her as a caricaturist did not prevent her from devoting herself to music seven years, becoming a composer in that time. The reception accorded a novel led her back to literary life, in which she achieved success, writing nine novels, ending with "Lord Brackenbury," now read in many tongues. She will be chiefly remembered as an Egyptologist of unrivaled authority. Her works on that subject are many: she contributed the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on "Recent Archæological Discoveries in Egypt." Her sympathies were always with the advancement of women, she having long been the head of the West England Society for Women's Suffrage.

A PETITION was recently presented to the Massachusetts legislature by the city government of Boston asking for power to pension all persons employed regularly for a term of years by the city after they reach the age of sixty. There has also been much agitation of this subject in New York City, where the movement is said to have the approval and support of the municipal authorities. The scheme is similar to the Boston plan, the definite provisions under consideration being the pensioning of members of the police and fire departments and teachers in the public schools. This system of recognition of public service involves the principle of pensioning those engaged in industrial as well as other branches. Bills concerning these points will be introduced in the legislatures of the two states named, but it is impossible to estimate the favor with which they will be received.

FOLLOWING the enactment of legislation in many states regulating the hours of labor comes the agreement of the House Labor Committee upon a bill limiting the hours of daily



labor upon all work carried on by the government or by the District of Columbia. It forbids any mechanic or laborer from working more than eight hours on any one day, and it is made unlawful for any officer of the government or any contractor or sub-contractor upon any public work to employ or require the employment of laborers or mechanics for a longer time than eight hours in any one day, except in cases of extraordinary emergency. Any person violating the act is subject to punishment by fine or imprisonment, or both. The law now in effect which covers the main points in this bill is considered to be a dead letter, because of the lack of penalty attached to its infringement. The bill will no doubt be the means of provoking considerable discussion, for upon its passage will rest chiefly the adjustment of wages in line with the shorter hours of labor.

A NEW application of the Monroe doctrine is contained in the announcements made of late by the Navy and Treasury departments. Secretary Tracy declares that "none but American citizens shall hereafter be appointed to places in the navy yard." Secretary Foster announces that only seamen who are American citizens, and not any Canadian seamen are to be hereafter employed on lake vessels flying the United States flag. There is no bombast nor false Americanism in these declarations. Under them lies the sound principle of inculcating and demanding patriotism in every government employee. Aliens cannot be expected to man our navy vessels so trustworthily as Americans who love the flag above them. Nor in the revenue department, especially on the lakes, can any aliens, particularly Canadians, be expected to do the same loyal service natural to a patriotic American. Only Americans in government service is only right.

Nor long since, in the Tory city of London a body of men were elected to the London County Council upon the platform of city control of local monopolies. That meant that municipal government of London has begun to be of the people and for the people. We are given to lauding ourselves that in local as in national government we attain that standard. How far can we prove it? Are our local elections based upon the desire of an administration of and for the people, or upon the love of party triumph? Instead of asking whether a candidate for mayor or other office

will exert himself to keep streets clean and paved and the city lighted and supplied with water and transit at the least possible cost to citizens, we in most cases only interest ourselves as to the candidate's national politics. It would be equally consistent to prescribe his religious belief. Local administration is not the best place to fight the battles of one's political party.

THE delicate question of abuse of "Record" privileges has at last come before the House Committee on Rules, precipitated by the introduction of whole chapters of a book on the tariff, by representatives who took this means of circulating the views of the book as quotations in their speeches. Of course the purpose is to disseminate freely under their frank, literature which would otherwise remain unread by constituents. The balance between practice and propriety in this matter is very fine to decide upon. Much of the Journal matter printed "by leave of the House," but extraneous to the actual proceedings, is unobjectionable; still to attempt the publication of an otherwise unmarketable original poem, as was done some years ago, under this privilege, is taxing Uncle Sam beyond his good nature. The agitation of this abuse if no further means of counteracting it are taken will tend to diminish it.

THE reporting by the House Indian Committee of the bill for the removal of Utes from Colorado opens the old wound suffered by Indians at the hands of whites. The bill involves a fresh application of the "moving on" policy, whose pursuance makes this government a cruel dispossession, to use no stronger term. A few years ago the Utes of two of the three Colorado reservations were pushed into Utah, leaving only the southern Ute reservation in the state. This, comprising a large fertile tract, has caught the greedy eye of settlers, the result being the bill proposed. If passed, it will nullify the land in severalty law and will consign to inevitable barbarism a handful of helpless Indians, the Utah reservation in prospect being a barren tract seamed by gulches and ravines. Settlers have a right to ask that the surplus of the present reservation be opened to settlement, but not to ask for the removal of the present owners.

THE latest census returns for New England showing her "voting strength" afford some startling figures. Maine has an adult

male population of 201,241; New Hampshire has one of 118,135. In these states the highest vote ever cast was 77 per cent of these numbers, leaving 23 per cent silent. Vermont's corresponding number is 101,697 of whom 64 per cent voted at the fullest election, 36 per cent not voting. Massachusetts male adults number 665,009, her highest vote reaching 52 per cent of this number, 48 per cent remaining at home. In Rhode Island out of 100,017, the highest voting per cent is 55, 45 per cent refusing. Connecticut has 224,092 possible voters, 69 per cent of whom form the highest voting record, 31 per cent failing to cast ballots. Of these numbers an allowance should be made for incapables, and foreigners who have been in the country less than five years, a small subtraction being due for those restrained by sickness. This done, the proportion of nonvoters in our model and oldest states cannot be far from one third those eligible to vote. What does this mean? Can a man be a patriot who does not vote? Are one third of our voting citizens indifferent to their high and honorable responsibilities? And this, in historic dyed-in-the-wool American New England! What a reproach!

LOUISIANA, shake hands with us! You have ousted a monster that had not only snugly ensconced itself in your home but, like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," flattered you, telling you its teeth were pearls and its presence made you rich besides supporting you. Such demons are much easier to keep out than to get rid of when once their claws have taken hold. Both Congressional legislation and United States Supreme Court decisions have proved unable to match the strength of the Louisiana lottery, as long as the state permitted its presence. The expiration of its charter and the election of state officers averse to its existence by an unmistakable vote of the majority seals its fate. Though the most of the states forbid lotteries in their constitutions, one state, failing to do so, renders unavailing the integrity of the others. Louisiana now redeems herself.

THE results of the recent combination managed by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad are daily becoming apparent. In addition to the control of the railroads of the anthracite coal region, the extensive colliery interests of George H. Myers & Co. of Hazeltine, Pa., have been purchased. By this transaction and others of a like nature the

mines will be operated directly by the Reading combination, and a royalty paid for the use of plants and machinery. A shut-down of three and one half days per week has been ordered, which means that 60,000 miners will remain idle during that time, if the whole force is retained on this basis. In addition the working hours in ten repair and building shops in as many towns were reduced one half, with a corresponding reduction in wages, amounting to about \$75,000 per week. It is assumed that the combination will be the means of increasing the dividends of the corporate members of the "deal," and the steps by which this is to be accomplished are already arousing much interest. It is a known fact that the individual operators have not been making money during the past year, which may be an excuse for the retrenchments of the new proprietors. Having obtained control of the mines and directing the operations of the lines of railway centering in the coal region it is obvious that the combination will also control the market. Just what effect this reduction of the output and assumption of the entire business will have on the price of coal is difficult to tell, but it is certain that the final result will be watched by more than those few who study the economics of the business.

At the recent convention of state railway commissioners held in Washington resolutions were adopted urging upon Congress the passage of a bill providing for the equipment of freight cars throughout the country with uniform automatic couplers and with train brakes and the equipment of locomotives with driving wheel brakes. The third annual report of the "Statistics of Railways in the United States" lately issued from the Statistician's Office of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that during the year ending June 30, 1890, 531 employees were killed and 2,588 were injured by train accidents, and that 369 employees were killed and 7,842 were injured in coupling and uncoupling cars. President Harrison has three times called the attention of Congress to the need of legislation in this matter, and a bill has lately been introduced in the Senate containing the desired regulations. The statistics, which are more than fairly accurate, are the most potent argument in favor of legislation which shall be a safeguard to those whose business it is to operate the railroads of the country, and it is to be hoped that

there will be some outcome to the renewed agitation of the subject.

WHATEVER the merits of the war in Wyoming between cattlemen and "rustlers" calling out United States troops and arraigning wealthy citizens under the charge of murder, one result, unless justice be meted where most deserved, will surely follow—a depression in trade serious to the state. Between conflicting representations it seems apparent that cattlemen have long suffered from the depredations of "rustlers" who by means of freebooting thievery have built up considerable herds of their own, while unable to show purchase bills for the same. For a time a law was in force making a maverick the property of an owner upon whose ranch it was found. This law affording a generous cover for cattle thieves, or "rustlers," who, killing a cow could transport its calf before marked, has been replaced by one obliging mavericks to be sold, the proceeds to be turned over to the state. Cattle stealing receiving no check cattlemen organized an expedition with the dubious result first alluded to. Should their case as prisoners under a grave charge go against them it will cripple Wyoming cattle industry, which is now said to pay over half the state taxes.

AN abuse practiced by capital has recently been unearthed in Chicago for which a remedy should be forthcoming. An industrious investigation has disclosed the unequivocal fact that saloons are used by a large number of contractors and "bosses" in that city, in which to pay off employees. The reason given by those admitting the practice is that saloons are the only warm, lighted, accessible places in which they can meet their "gangs." A different analysis is suggested by the disclosure that men paid in many of these saloon pay-offices are given credit by the bar keeper, who is assured by the contractor that the debt will be taken from the wage check on next pay day. Treats many times round are also the rule, making it obvious that neither saloon keeper nor contractor is disinterested in the system.

WHILE we are sending vessels of grain to the starving victims of Russian famine the czar is answering our proffers by cutting off the most capable and unselfish citizen of his realm in relieving the distress we cross oceans to alleviate. Neither the expulsion of Jews,

exile of suspected innocents, nor Siberian cruelties illustrate the tyranny of Russian despotism more than the imprisonment of Count Tolstoi upon his own estates. Not for nihilistic expressions or any disloyal conduct but for arraigning in a paper the Russian nobility for the miseries of the poor. This service intended for the good of his people is rewarded by imprisonment. Whatever criticism may be passed upon his social theories, his life has exemplified, as that of no other living man, the direction, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." Fortune, title, and rank he has freely sacrificed, becoming a laborer for love of his people. His sovereign has bestowed upon him a characteristic reward.

THE contest for the prize of one hundred francs recently offered by the *Figaro* newspaper of Paris for the best definition of socialism was an interesting one. Of the six hundred definitions submitted the following received the award: "Socialism is the totality of aspirations and theories which would establish between men, by various legislative measures, the greatest equality of wealth or poverty." This definition will not be acceptable to many adherents of socialism but it will serve perhaps to simplify ideas pertaining to a system so complex. There have been few definitions of socialism framed which are considered as accurately expressing its object but there is some truth even in the rather humorous definition which considered socialism to be "the search on behalf of the human race for the key of Paradise Lost."

As an offset to the teachings lately expounded to students by a Harvard professor to the effect that woman is demonstrably inferior in mind, to man, it is instructive to note a few facts collected by the Civil Service Commission at Washington. The last report of the examining board of this commission, transmitted to Congress, states that in examinations for copyists' positions one sixth of the women candidates failed against one half the men. In examinations for the classified service one fourth of the women applicants failed, to one third the men. In examinations requiring special scientific or legal attainments, the majority of the women passed while the majority of the men failed. Individual instances are given where the contrasts are stronger. If this looks like a too

severe exposure of the dominant sex they have the consolation of knowing that while women exceed in percentages, men surpass in appointments, having received over two thirds those made during the year. It is a gain that women are admitted to examinations.

THE plot of the anarchists to assassinate the baby king of Spain and destroy the Spanish Cortes, compared to which the Gunpowder Plot of James I.'s reign dwindles to commonplace, illustrates motive and means employed by what might be truthfully described as the vagabond political party. Of all living sovereigns little Alphonse is most guiltless of any abuse of power or oppressions. Spain is

full of men among whom the blame should be divided; these were ignored and the emblem of hated monarchy sought out, who if destroyed would have been succeeded by another, perhaps worsting the good pretended to be sought. Anarchy has never exhibited its aims to worse showing than of late in France, Spain, and other European countries. Dynamite the means and chaos the end, is the motto its actions declare. This is not a social reform, but a social disintegration in which the might of the beast would rule, instead of the average of power attained by every man conceding some rights to every other man. It is easy to see that plunder and not principle is at the core of the whole *furor*.

#### C. L. S. C. COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1892-1893.

A NEW departure will be noticed in the naming of the year—which is called the *American-Greek Year*. Emphasis is laid throughout the course on the influence of the Greeks as felt in American life and institutions of to-day. Aside from the interest involved in this thought for its own sake, another motive leading the Counselors to this decision was the fact that the near celebration of the World's Fair demanded that particular attention be paid to all American affairs. So while not in any way slighting Greek topics, and thus deranging the whole four years' course, the two subjects have been blended with a happy result of adding to the interest of each.

The course of reading as arranged for the coming year includes the following books: Grecian History, by J. R. Joy; Callias, an Historical Romance, by A. J. Church; The United States and Foreign Powers, by W. E. Curtis; Greek Architecture and Sculpture, by Smith and Redford; Classic Greek Course in English, by W. C. Wilkinson; A Manual of Christian Evidences, by G. P. Fisher. The list shows that the course is a strong one and one of marked attractiveness.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN will contain illustrated articles on the influence of Greek architecture in the buildings of the United States; on the American school at Athens; and on

the Odyssey and the Iliad in art. There will be one line on Greek Democracy, History, and Literature, and one on Greek Geography, Life, and Influence.

A series of articles will run through the year on the World's Fair, the first one being on "International Institutions," and showing that the Olympic Games were the World's Fair of ancient Greece. The papers will all be of a practical character and will help readers in the preparation which will enable them to receive the greatest good from the Exposition.

Practical Economics will hold an important place in THE CHAUTAUQUAN; specialists on the different subjects have been selected to write all of these articles.

The advance of science in all of its different departments is to be considered in a series of careful papers by those who are abreast with the most recent developments.

A line especially for post graduates will be one pertaining to American National Systems and the Constitution of the United States.

The Sunday Readings, as heretofore, will be selected by Bishop Vincent.

It is with great gratification that THE CHAUTAUQUAN gives this outline to its readers. So promising a course has never been arranged in any former year.



## C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

### FOR JUNE.

#### OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

##### *First week (ending June 8).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapter IX.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Battle of Lundy's Lane."

Sunday Reading for June 5.

##### *Second week (ending June 16).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapter X.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Downfall of New France."

"Physical Culture."

Sunday Reading for June 12.

##### *Third week (ending June 23).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapter XI.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The United States Patent Office."

"Botany."

Sunday Reading for June 19.

##### *Fourth week (ending June 30).*

"Classic German Course in English." Chapters XII. and XIII.

#### IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Something About Our Sugar."

"Maps and Map Makers."

Sunday Reading for June 26.

#### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

##### GOETHE DAY—JUNE 3.

"He gleams like some departing meteor bright."

A very pleasant evening may be passed by reading "Hermann and Dorothea" in character. A stage very simply arranged will meet all the requirements. A homelike room is needed for the indoor scenes. The poem can be cut so as to leave out references to the porch and to the change to "the little back parlor." For the other scenes out-of-door costumes and one or two rude benches for seats will suffice—these scenes are those in which the mother finds the son, in Part IV.; and where Hermann and Dorothea meet, in Part VII. Only the conversational parts are to be used save where more is absolutely necessary. The poem will need to be greatly abridged, and, in order to connect the parts and make all clear, there will probably be needed a reader for some descriptive and narrative parts, which should be made as brief as pos-

sible; this reader is to have a position at one side, and not to form one in the group of readers.

In Part I. join the hostess' exclamation, beginning,

See! You comes the minister,

and the two lines immediately following it to her request two pages farther on,

Tell us what you have seen.

End Part I. with the line,

And by care more odious far to me than misfortune.

In Part II. join directly these separated lines,

But I'm compelled to speak by necessity.

Then I loosened the knots of the cord;

and to the line following this last, connect,

And I hastily opened the boot of the carriage.

Omit the mother's account of her own courtship and marriage. In Part III. read only what the mother says to her husband. Omit Part VI. or all save a few connecting links. In Part VII. give only the talk between the lovers. With these hints regarding cutting, expurgation, and arrangement, no one will have any trouble in adapting the poem to any requirements.

Another method of celebrating this memorial occasion is to have an "Evening of Conversation." Perhaps no character ever spent more time in conversation than did Goethe and about none has more conversation ever been held; so such a program would be very apropos. Twenty minutes could be devoted to each of five topics and leave plenty of time for changes and for any other variations that might be required. A leader should be appointed for each topic. Question and answer and comment should be freely given. The following topics are suggested: Goethe's youth (see his Autobiography); his friends; his travels; his writings; his last years. To these may be added for selection: Goethe's self-culture; childhood as portrayed by Goethe; womanhood as portrayed by Goethe; his "Faust"; Goethe's true place in literature.

Reading. "Talks with Goethe."\*

##### SECOND WEEK.

1. Table Talk—Current events.
2. Paper—History of Wallenstein. (There are numerous biographies of him, and full accounts may be found in the larger histories of Germany, in histories of the Thirty

\* See *The Library Table*, page 380.

Years' War, and in any life of Gustavus Adolphus.)

3. Reading—"Wolfe's Victory."\*
4. A General Study—The present history of Canada: its government, parliament, financial condition, reciprocity with the United States, etc.

#### THIRD WEEK.

1. A *résumé* of the work of the present session of Congress: bills passed, questions discussed, etc.
2. Questions on Botany in *The Question Table*.
3. Reading—"The Petrified Fern."\*
4. German Fairy Stories. Let each one come prepared to tell one of these stories, or, if it is preferred to read only two or three longer ones, let them be read in turn. From

\*See *The Library Table*, page 380.

Grimm's "Fairy Tales" many good ones can be selected, such as "The Sleeping Beauty"—in connection with which Tennyson's poem on the same subject found in his "Day Dream" could be read. Hans Christian Andersen has given some fine versions of German fairy lore, such as "Hans in Luck," "The Goblin and the Huckster." Goethe has a fairy tale in his story, "The German Emigrants."

#### FOURTH WEEK.

1. Roll Call—Quotations from German authors.
2. Questions and Answers on "Classic German Course."
3. A summing up of the work done by the circle during the year.
4. A Preview—Plans and suggestions regarding circle work for next year.
5. A farewell banquet.

### C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

#### ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JUNE.

##### "CLASSIC GERMAN COURSE IN ENGLISH."

P. 167. "Nar-cis'sus." A mythical youth, son of a river god and a nymph, who saw his image in a fountain and fell in love with it. He thought it was some beautiful water-spirit, and plunged his arms in to embrace it. It fled at his touch, only to return again after a moment and renew the fascination. This love consumed him, he pined away and died, and his blood was changed to the narcissus flower.

P. 172. "Meph-is-toph'e-lēs." In the old demonology this was the name of one of the seven chief devils, the second of the fallen archangels, and the one next powerful after Satan in the lower regions. In the old legends of Dr. Faustus this character always figures under this name as the familiar spirit of that renowned magician (Faustus), and Goethe chose the same name for the relentless fiend whom he depicts in his *Faust*.

P. 173. "Lōt'te." *The Deutsches Haus* was the property of the knights of the Teutonic Order and was occupied at the time of Goethe's story by one of the officials of the order in Wetzlar, "by name Buff, an honest man with a large family of children. The second daughter, Lotte, blue-eyed, fair, just twenty years of age, was first met by Goethe shortly after his arrival at a ball at Wolpertshausen. She strongly attracted him; he became a constant visitor at the house. He found that Lotte was a second mother to her brothers and sisters, and he de-

lighted to play games with them and tell them stories. Lotte was really though not formally engaged to Kestner, a man of two-and-thirty, secretary to the Hanoverian legation. The discovery of this relation made no difference to Goethe; he remained the devoted friend of both. He visited Lotte and her children; he walked with Kestner about the streets till midnight. Kestner felt no jealousy; Goethe was content with Lotte's friendship."

P. 176. "Petronius Arbiter." The author of a romance written in Latin, half in prose and half in verse describing the vices of Roman society under the first emperors. It is devoted chiefly to the adventures of several young bacchanals in the south of Italy. Nothing is known concerning the author.

P. 182. "Bourgeons" [bour'juns]. The present tense of the verb meaning to bud, to sprout.

P. 186. "Iphigenia" [if-i-je-ni'a].—"Ag-a-mem'non."—"O-res'tēs."—"Pyl'a-dēs."

P. 190. "Ag-o-nis'tēs."

P. 192. "In-ter-max'il-la-ry." Between the maxillary or upper jaw bones. In man this bone is small and "speedily unites with the supramaxillary (upper jaw bone) with obliteration of all signs of its previous distinctness."

"Met-a-mor'pho-sēs of plants." The changes which occur in plants, such as when the stamens appear modified into petals, or the stip-

ules into leaves. "Metamorphoses does not imply that the petal, for example, has ever been a stamen, but it implies an alteration in the organizing force which took effect at a very early period in the life of the organ. . . . It is due merely to the fact that the development of the organ has pursued a different course from what is usual."

P. 193. "Os-te-o-log'ic-al." Pertaining to the bones. A derivative from the Greek word for bone.

P. 194. "Lachrymose" [lăk'ri-mose]. Tearful. From the Latin word for tear.

P. 198. Mignon [me'nyon].

P. 200. "Socles" [sō'kls]. Plain surfaces or plinths which run like a border around the lower part of a wall or a pedestal; just as friezes are the flat surfaces, often enriched with ornamental designs, which run around the upper part.

"Sar-coph'a-gus." A Greek derivative from two words meaning flesh and to eat. The name was given to a kind of limestone which, according to Pliny, possessed the property of consuming flesh, and was for this reason chosen by the ancients as material for coffins. Hence in time the name came to be applied to all stone coffins. The meaning contained in the roots of the word is in modern times entirely dropped.

P. 201. "Ganaches" [gä-năsh].

P. 208. "I-con'o-clast." Literally, an image breaker. Hence one who destroys shams or impositions of any kind.—Wolf (1759-1824) was a German classical scholar whose chief literary work was a treatise on the writings of Homer.

P. 211. "*Caput mortuum*." A Latin expression, meaning literally a deadhead, but liberally translated as worthless remains. "The term was originally applied by the alchemists to the solid residuum of an analysis from which distillation was supposed to have taken life and spirit."

"U-ră'ni-a." One of the nine muses, the muse of astronomy.

P. 212. "Het'er-o-clite." Irregular, deviating from the common form.

"*Diablerie*" [dya-ble-re]. A French word. Mischief, diabolical acts, devilry.

P. 222. "The Robbers." De Quincey in his sketch of Schiller says concerning this play, that it is "beyond doubt the most tempestuous, the most volcanic, we might say, of all juvenile creations anywhere recorded. Schiller himself calls it a monster, and a monster it is; but a monster which has never failed to convulse the heart of young readers with the temperament of intellectual enthusiasm and sensibility. . . . The truth is, that, as a coherent work of art,

'The Robbers' is indefensible; but it possesses a power to agitate and convulse, which will always obliterate its great faults to the young and to all whose judgment is not too much developed. . . . Among the young men of Germany it was received with an enthusiasm absolutely unparalleled, though it is perfectly untrue that it excited some persons of rank and splendid expectations to imitate Charles Moor in becoming robbers. On the other hand the play was of too powerful a cast not in any case to have alarmed his serenity, the Duke of Württemberg, for it argued a most revolutionary mind and the utmost audacity of self-will."

P. 230. "Barmy." Resembling yeast or barm. Frothy.

P. 232. "Styx." The mythical river which encircles the lower world "nine times."—"Ce'res' daughter." Pros'er-pine, whom Pluto discovered one day while the young girl was gathering flowers with her companions, and, being enamored of her beauty, forcibly carried her away to his kingdom, over the lower regions of which he made her queen. Ceres having discovered her daughter's whereabouts implored Jupiter's interference to gain her release. The father of the gods consented to Proserpine's return on condition that she had not eaten any food during her stay there. When Mercury, who was sent to lead her back, demanded her of Pluto, the latter consented, but it was soon discovered that the maiden had eaten a pomegranate there, and could not be released. However a compromise was made later which allowed her to pass half her time with her mother and the rest with Pluto. See reference in Shakspeare's "Winter Tale," act IV. scene 3, and Milton's "Paradise Lost," book IV. Another name for Pluto was Dis.—"Orcus" was a name for Pluto's realm.

P. 236. "Charybdis" [ka-rib/dis]. A whirlpool on the coast of Sicily. A monster bearing this name, the daughter of Neptune and Gæa, dwelt under a large rock on the coast, and three times each day drank down the waters of the sea and three times threw them up again, thus causing the whirlpool. Directly opposite on the other bank in a cave, lived another monster named Scylla, having six heads, each with three rows of teeth, who lay in wait for luckless victims. Whenever any one is placed in double danger he is commonly said to be between Scylla and Charybdis.

P. 247. "Pro-tag'o-nist. A Greek compound from two words meaning first and actor. One who takes the leading part in a drama.

"Cab-a-lis'tic." Occult, mystical, symbolical. Pertaining to the cab'a-la, the mystic philos-

ophy of the Jewish religion which sprang up in the tenth century. It purported to be a mysterious kind of science divinely revealed to the ancient Hebrews, and transmitted by them and their descendants through generations. It made clear the hidden meaning in the Scriptures. The written law was thought to be throughout a mystery, toward the solution of which, every letter, symbol, and word played an important part. The cabalists went so far as to claim that this science enabled them to foretell the future.

P. 255. "Pro-lix'i-ty." Great length, minute detail.

P. 266. "Fettle." A provincial English term meaning to repair, to put in order.

P. 271. "No-vā'lis."

P. 272. "Ad-um-brā'tion." The Latin word for shade is *umbra*; the prefix *ad*, means to, in this case best rendered by the word forth. Thus the noun means the act of shadowing forth, making a slight resemblance or a faint sketch.

"Ther-a-peu'tics." That part of medicine which relates to the discovery and application of remedies for diseases; it includes hygiene and dietetics. The word comes into the English language from the French, having reached that tongue through the Latin, whence it is traced to Greek, where it designated one who served another, an attendant, one who took care of another. Its final application when transformed into an adjective, in a foreign tongue, to things of a healing or curing nature was a very natural change, as also was the technical use of the allied noun for a department of the healing art.

P. 275. "O-ri-en'tal-ism." A knowledge of Oriental, or Eastern languages and customs. The word is derived from the Latin verb *oriri*, to rise, the participle being *oriens*, rising. Hence

the name came to be applied to the place of the sun's rising, the east. Specifically, when used with a capital letter, the Orient refers to those countries which lie east and southeast of the leading states of Europe, such as Turkey, Persia, Egypt, India.

"Parthenon." The celebrated temple erected in honor of Minerva (Greek, Athena) in Athens.

P. 277. "Phi-lol'o-gy." Greek *philos*, a friend, or as an adjective, loving, fond of, and *logos*, a word, speech, discourse. The study of language, the investigation of its laws.

P. 284. "Nec-ro-man'tic." Pertaining to necromancy, which means the foretelling of future events by pretended revelation gained from communication with the dead; magic art. The word comes from two Greek words meaning dead, and divination. By some confusion in spelling, the early English and French forms of the word were written *nigromancie*, and thus in tracing the origin it was supposed to be connected with the Latin word *niger*, black; and hence arose the expression the "black art," often applied to necromancy.

P. 298. "Sardonic grin." "What curious legends belong to the sardonic, or Sardinian laugh, a laugh caused as was supposed by a plant growing in Sardinia, of which they who ate died laughing."—"The *Herba Sardonia* is so acrid that it produces a convulsive movement of the nerves of the face, resembling a painful grin."

P. 304. "Volligeurs." French, for light companies of soldiers.

P. 305. "Bon jour." Good day.

P. 309. "Cl'io." The muse of glory and history.

P. 319. "Ar-is-top'h-a-nēs." (444-380 B. C.) A Greek writer of comedy, who expended his wit on local topics.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

#### "CLASSIC GERMAN COURSE IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. When did Goethe live? A. From 1749 to 1832.

2. Q. What traits does Goethe say he inherited from his parents? A. From his father physical strength and the steady guiding power over his life; from his mother a happy disposition and love of story-telling.

3. Q. In which of his writings does Goethe tell of his personal history? A. In his "Autobiography" and in "Wilhelm Meister."

4. Q. Repeat his expression regarding the

lack of happiness in his life. A. "In my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure."

5. Q. Where did he receive his university training? A. At Leipsic and Strasburg.

6. Q. The acquaintance of what man and of what book did Goethe make at Strasburg, both of which exerted a powerful influence over his life? A. The poet Herder, and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

7. Q. What singular ocular illusion was experienced by Goethe after his parting with



Frederika? A. A vision of himself as he appeared eight years afterwards riding back to Sesenheim once more.

8. Q. Whose works inspired Goethe to write "Goetz von Berlichingen"? A. Shakspeare's.

9. Q. Why is this book styled an "epoch-making" production? A. It gave rise to the famous "Storm and Stress" period in German literature.

10. Q. What besides fame did the writing of "Goetz" and of "Werther" secure for their author? A. A position in the court of the Duke of Weimar.

11. Q. Repeat Heine's description of Goethe as the great poet of nature. A. "Nature wanted to see how she herself looked, and so she made Goethe."

12. Q. Which of Goethe's works is called the noblest monument of his genius? A. The "Iphigenia."

13. Q. About what character in "Wilhelm Meister," according to Carlyle, does all the interest center? A. Mignon.

14. Q. Which is considered the most popular of Goethe's longer pieces in verse? A. "Hermann and Dorothea."

15. Q. Upon what is the tragedy of "Faust" founded? A. The myth of a man's selling himself to Satan.

16. Q. How long a time elapsed between the beginning and the ending of this literary work? A. Sixty years.

17. Q. How was the "Faust" ranked by the critic, Professor Grimm? A. "As the greatest work of the greatest poet of all nations."

18. Q. What is the most celebrated part of the poem? A. The prison scene between Margaret and Faust.

19. Q. What does the author of the "Classic German Course" predict concerning "Faust"? A. That the time will come when men will wonder that such a production was ever considered a triumph of genius and art.

20. Q. What two high authorities support this opinion? A. Coleridge and Emerson.

21. Q. In what profession did Schiller unwillingly take a degree? A. That of army surgeon.

22. Q. How old was Schiller when he wrote "The Robbers"? A. Nineteen.

23. Q. Why did this work shock all German conservatism? A. It tended to excite a revolutionary spirit, which was dangerous to paternal government.

24. Q. What is mentioned as probably the best of Schiller's minor poems? A. "The Diver."

25. Q. Whose friendship was to Schiller bet-

ter perhaps than a university education would have been? A. Goethe's.

26. Q. How are Schiller and Goethe compared as to their aims in life? A. Schiller's aim was literature, and fame through literature; Goethe's was the culture of himself.

27. Q. Name Schiller's mightiest work. A. The "Wallenstein."

28. Q. What is its subject? A. The treason and death of the hero, Wallenstein, who was a conspicuous figure in the Thirty Years' War.

29. Q. In this historical drama what characters are purely the imagination of the poet's brain? A. Max and Thekla.

30. Q. What conclusion is reached regarding the "Wallenstein"? A. That it is the greatest poem in German literature.

31. Q. What class of writers are opposed to the "romanticists"? A. The "classicists."

32. Q. What German author united in himself the characters of a "romancer" and a "romanticist"? A. Ludwig Tieck.

33. Q. How did Tieck and "Novalis" differ? A. Tieck was by quantity the weightiest; Novalis in quality the most ethereal.

34. Q. In what two writers did the romantic movement find a source of authority? A. The brothers Schlegel.

35. Q. What were the chief productions of the elder Schlegel? A. Translations of Shakspeare, Dante, and Calderon, and original poetry.

36. Q. How did this Schlegel help carry the romantic literary movement from Germany into France? A. By his relation as traveling tutor in the German language to Madame de Staël.

37. Q. In the philosophy and literature of what people did Friedrich Schlegel awaken a great interest? A. That of the Hindus.

38. Q. In what species of literature did the brothers Grimm excel? A. In popular tales.

39. Q. How are their stories described? A. As those which simply tell themselves as if they had no author, and in which there is no attempt to moralize or sentimentalize.

40. Q. Who are the three German authors chosen as representatives of the romantic tale? A. Hoffman, Chamisso, and Fouqué.

41. Q. To what American writer is Hoffman said to bear a literary likeness? A. Poe.

42. Q. As an instance of what rare phenomenon is Chamisso held as an example? A. Of literary success won in a foreign language.

43. Q. In that impossible kind of fiction which Chamisso wrote, what American author has shown himself a consummate master? A. Edward Everett Hale.

44. Q. Who is Undine? A. The heroine in the romantic masterpiece of Fouqué.

## THE QUESTION TABLE.

45. Q. What did Coleridge testify of this work? A. That it furnished to him an absolutely new and original idea.

46. Q. Who is entitled to be called by eminence the German romanticist poet? A. Uhland.

47. Q. What prose production gained fame for Heine? A. His "Pictures of Travel."

48. Q. Who was the great hero of Heine? A. Napoleon Bonaparte.

49. Q. In what one word is Heine described? A. That of jester.

50. Q. In view of what principle has the criticism in the "Classic German Course" been made? A. That it is fatal for the interests of literature to separate personal character from genius.

## THE QUESTION TABLE.

## ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

## AMERICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

1. What American poet, a Jewess, translated many of the poems of the German Heine?

2. What is the meaning of "Salmagundi," the name of one of Washington Irving's books?

3. If Shakspeare had never in any other way alluded to America, why would his use of the word cannibals prove that he knew of the explorations then being made in the New World?

4. About what heroine in American fiction who never had any existence—except a fictitious one—does the interest of a famous short novel center?

5. What implied personage in one of Stockton's novels, who was also always non-existent, was made to exert an influence?

6. In what work does the character of "Tit-bottom" with his wonderful spectacles appear?

7. What writer makes the same set of characters appear in his several different short plays, and frequently causes them in one play to allude to incidents in another?

8. What is the whole of the pen name taken by Franklin, which is usually shortened to "Poor Richard"?

9. Who are designated by the following nicknames: The old man eloquent; the good gray poet; the sage of Concord; the Quaker poet; the Scott of the sea?

10. Who wrote under the following pseudonyms: Gail Hamilton, Ralph Iron, Peter Parley, Uncle Remus, Miles O'Reilly, Col. Ing-ham, Grace Greenwood, Ik Marvel, Timothy Titcomb, Elizabeth Wetherell?

## BOTANY.

1. How is reproduction by periodic flowers and fruit better for the plant world than propagation by vegetative modes?

2. What is the botanist's idea of a perfect flower?

3. Owing to what structural peculiarity are some blossoms, such as the dandelion, thistle,

sunflower, etc., often mistaken for single flowers?

4. Describe the floral envelopes of common grains and grasses.

5. What features characterize plants that depend upon the wind or water to carry pollen for their fertilization? Why?

6. What is the economical utility of nectar to a flower?

7. Why are wingless insects unwelcome to flowers even if of a proper size to rub against the pollen and stigma in correct order?

8. How is the flower enabled to repel her unwelcome guests?

9. In referring to the poppy what did Goethe mean by the "spectral image in complementary color"? Who was the first to discover this fact about flowers?

10. How may this luminosity be seen and how does it differ from phosphorescence?

## WORLD OF TO-DAY—THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

1. How many American or New World republics are there?

2. Which, next after the United States, is the largest?

3. Which is the youngest?

4. How long has Colombia existed under its present form of government?

5. Which has had the longest continuous existence under a constitution modeled after that of the United States?

6. Which one has been in almost constant revolution since gaining its independence from Spain in 1821?

7. Which one is said "to be distinguished above all other countries of the world by war and bloodshed"?

8. Which is the smallest of these republics?

9. What two republics exist on one of the islands of the West Indies?

10. In what marked respect as regards religion do many of these republics differ from the United States government?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN  
FOR MAY.

## AMERICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.

1. James Fenimore Cooper. 2. William Cullen Bryant, in Roslyn, Long Island. 3. Washington Irving. 4. John James Audubon. 5. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 6. Washington lived in it when he assumed command of the American army; and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow made it his home. 7. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 8. James Russell Lowell. 9. That of Samuel Langhorne Clemens [Mark Twain]. 10. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 11. Nathaniel Parker Willis. 12. Donald Grant Mitchell.

## BOTANY.

1. Flowers are modified branches and their parts altered leaves. 2. (a) By their position, always growing from the axil of a leaf or from a terminal bud, as do branches. (b) The sepals and petals resemble leaves in appearance and texture, and there is often a gradation from the last leaves of the plant into the sepals, from the sepals into the stamens, etc., the whole flower sometimes changing into a bunch of leaves as in "green roses," and in the "double cherry," or even into a leafy branch. 3. The production of seed. 4. The stamens, which are the fertilizing organs, and the pistils, which they fertilize and which bear the seeds. 5. To support and protect the essential organs, and in many cases to attract insects which in their visits carry from flower to flower the fertilizing powder or pollen. 6. The English daisy, as do a number of other flowers, closes up on the approach of foul weather. 7. The *sepals* and

*petals*; the stamens, consisting of the *filament* (stalk) which bears the *anther* (case containing pollen); and the *pistil*, consisting of the *ovary* (seed case), the tapering part above it called the *style*, and the sensitive portion of the style or of the ovary when there is no style, called the *stigma*, upon which the pollen falls to fertilize the ovules. 8. Each flower is based upon a particular number, which will be found to run through all or most of its parts. 9. While on the same plant the latter buds may grow both at the summit of the stem and from the axils of the leaves, flower buds usually grow either all from the axils or all from the summit. 10. The accompanying leaves become smaller and often change in shape and texture. (They then are called bracts.)

## THE WORLD OF TO-DAY—ALASKA AND BERING SEA.

1. Two, Russia and the United States. 2. By right of discovery. 3. About one thousand miles. 4. It is a technical term meaning a closed sea, a sea within the jurisdiction of a particular nation. 5. Over the eastern half. 6. Russia, over the western half. 7. Over that part lying within three miles of its coast. 8. The wish on the part of the United States to prevent the capturing by Canadians of seal on their way to their rookeries. 9. That it shall be submitted to a board of arbitration. 10. Two Americans, two Englishmen (one probably a Canadian), one Frenchman, one Italian, and one Swede. 11. Whether the United States has any exclusive rights in Bering Sea as a *mare clausum*. 12. It is a Latin term, meaning literally manner or mode of living, but used in a technical sense of a temporary arrangement pending a settlement of matters in debate between nations.

## THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1895.

CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."  
"Seek and ye shall obtain."

## OFFICERS.

President—Col. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark.  
First Vice President—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.  
Second Vice President—Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Ill.  
District Vice Presidents—Mrs. Jesse L. Hurlbut, New Jersey, Eastern Vice President; Mrs. Frank Beard, Illinois, Western Vice President; Mr. C. L. Williamson, Kentucky, Southern Vice President; Dr. F. S. Henson, Illinois, Western Vice President.

Secretary—Mrs. J. Monroe Cooke, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer—Mr. Lewis E. Snow, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

A PROMINENT judge of the Superior Court in

one of our large cities enrolled four years ago in the Class of '92; not only has this busy professional man pursued the course for the four years, but he has taken pains to fill out the yearly memoranda and, more than this, to conduct a weekly circle during the past two years. His admirable work and his constant enthusiasm have been an inspiration to the circle. Personal leadership counts for a great deal in the work of the C. L. S. C.

Two belated '92's send their fees for the fourth year, and one writes, "I am very sorry to be so tardy in finishing my last year's work, but

sickness and other things have prevented its earlier completion. Next to home and church we esteem the C. L. S. C."

A SOUTHERN '92 sends this: "I hope all my classmates of '92 have derived as much pleasure and benefit from the C. L. S. C. as I. The readings have improved me in many respects, enlarging my mind, stimulating my ambition, and giving me much valuable information. I teach school from 9 to 4:15, keep house, do a good deal of sewing, read the 'Teachers' Institute,' and attend to my flowers, besides having a piece of fancy work on hand most of the time. Nor am I a Yankee girl—having been born in Louisiana and always lived here. I am delighted to see that Chautauqua has a teachers' course, and intend becoming a member as soon as I have finished this year's readings."

#### CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

*"Study to be what you wish to seem."*

##### OFFICERS.

*President*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, 337 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

*Vice Presidents*—George W. Driscoll, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.; Miss Kate McGillioray, Fort Calborne, Province Ontario, Canada; the Rev. M. D. Lichliter, McKeesport, Pa.; the Rev. A. F. Ashton, Ohio; the Rev. D. F. C. Timmons, Tyler, Texas; Mrs. Helen M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. A. W. Merwin, Wilton, Conn.

*General Secretary*—Dr. Julia Ford, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Prison Secretary*—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Meadville, Pa.

*District Secretaries*—The Rev. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; L. E. Welch, Albany, Ga.; Dr. Charles A. Blake; Mrs. Robt. Gentry, Chicago, Ill.

*Treasurer*—Prof. W. H. Scott, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Class Trustee*—George E. Vincent.

*Executive Committee*—Miss Kate Little, Preston, Minn.; Prof. W. H. Scott; Mrs. Anthony.

*Building Committee*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

*EMBLEM*—THE ACORN.

#### LETTER FROM A VICE PRESIDENT:

CLASSMATES OF NINETY-THREE:—The singing birds, bursting buds, and springing flowers, remind us that winter has past and spring has come, and that the time is drawing near when many of us shall gather at the Mecca for all Chautauquans and mingle together amid the Elysian shades of the Hall in the Grove.

I trust that all Athenians have enjoyed their pilgrimage amid the beauties and glories of our Columbia, and that those who are native are better Americans, and those foreign are impressed more deeply with the land that Columbus discovered and the principles that characterize this first experiment of a constitutional government.

Another year and we shall be near the end of our course of study. As the time draws nigh let

every member catch new inspiration and may those who are lagging arouse themselves, and let us assemble *one thousand strong* in 1893 at Chautauqua; and I trust that more than a score of thousands, in spirit, if not in act, will pass through the golden gate, and be mustered along with the veterans of the Pioneer corps, whose influence still stirs all Chautauquans the world over.

M. D. LICHLITER.

McKeesport, Pa.

The following is the report of the treasurer of '93 for April:

"Last report showed 144 cards received. Since then 160 have been received with collections amounting to \$60.31. The average amount on those of last month being 37½cts; and on the whole number, 33cts. The treasurer would be exceedingly pleased to receive some additional \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00 contributions. Is there not some earnest member of '93 who will make a still more liberal donation and help our fund, say by \$25.00 or \$50.00? Such a generous offer by one would probably induce others to do the same, and help on the good cause:

W. H. SCOTT, Treasurer.

#### CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

*"Ubi mel, ibi apes."*

##### OFFICERS.

*President*—John Habberton, New York City.

*Vice Presidents*—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N. Y. the Rev. E. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; the Rev. L. A. Banks, Boston, Mass.; the Rev. J. A. Cosby, Benkleman, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

*Secretary*—Miss Grace D. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Treasurer*—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.

*Class Trustee*—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.

*Building Committee*—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace D. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

*CLASS FLOWER*—CLOVER.

THE Central Office reports that a large number of members of the Class of '94 have paid the extra fee which entitles the student to the correction and return of his papers. This is a fact upon which the class is to be congratulated as it denotes an interest in thorough work.

A '94 classmate gives a little glimpse of her experience which we are sure has been repeated over and over again in the lives of others. "I am the housekeeper in a family of four persons, am not very strong and cannot afford to hire assistance even with my sewing. Sickness in the family kept me from the work entirely for more than three months, but I felt that I could not give it up. The Chancellor's letter in Septem-



ber seemed as if addressed to me personally. To the question, 'Has the course supplied a need in your daily life,' came the response from the depths of my heart, Yes, yes, it has indeed; it came to me as a godsend. When a great trouble was overshadowing me and preying on my mind almost constantly, a kind Providence made it possible for me to begin the C. L. S. C. course. It was the first thing that enabled me to keep my thoughts from myself."

#### CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

*"The truth shall make you free."*

*President*—Dr. H. B. Adams, Baltimore, Md.

*Vice Presidents*—The Rev. Dr. Wilbur Crafts, New York; Miss Grace Dodge, New York; Mrs. Olive A. James, Rimersburg, Pa.; Miss Mary Davenport, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Frank O. Flynn, Belleville, Ont.; the Rev. William M. Hayes, Oxford, Ga.; the Rev. Hervey Wood, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. E. H. Durgin, Portland, Ore.; Miss Carrie L. Turrentine, Gadsden, Ala.; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard, Providence, R. I.; Prof. J. A. Woodburn, Indiana University.

*Corresponding Secretary*—Miss Jane Mead Welch, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Recording Secretary*—Miss Mary E. Miller, Akron, O.

*Treasurer*—Mrs. E. C. Thompson, Litchfield, Ill.

*Trustee of the Building Fund*—The Rev. Fred. L. Thompson, Litchfield, Ill.

*"The U. S. Army Chaplain,"* edited by Chaplain Pierce of Fort Leavenworth has offered space in its columns each month for items of interest pertaining to the C. L. S. C. The editor is himself a Chautauquan and both at the Post and at the Military Prison where he has been chaplain he is encouraging the introduction of Chautauqua work.

In the course of a year a number of letters from foreign born American citizens find their way into the C. L. S. C. office. A German woman in Kentucky writes that she has plenty of leisure, is anxious to know more of the English language, and feels as if she could learn if she only had some one to guide her. Another correspondent, a Swede, writes: "I have come to this country with an intention of making my home here, but have not what I need, American education, and I am without means of attending a college here. Would I be admitted to the C. L. S. C.?" To all such Chautauqua opens wide her doors and bids a hearty welcome.

#### GRADUATE CLASSES.

REGARDING the coming decennial celebration of the Pioneers of '82 this letter has been received from the president:

Dear Fellow-Pioneers:—Since it is the pur-

pose of the decennial committee to prepare a program for the coming celebration which shall be suitable to the great occasion, and to publish it in such form that it will be worthy of preservation as a cherished souvenir, I thus appeal to you through THE CHAUTAUQUAN, urgently asking that you send to me, at an early date, original sentiments, or quotations from your favorite authors, that from the responses to this request, selections may be made by the committee for publication in the program; and other selections from these responses be read at the decennial exercises at Chautauqua.

It is greatly desired that you be present on the hallowed ground, August 15, the date of this celebration, to unite with your classmates in this special reunion, to both give and receive joy in the fellowship. But if it is impossible for you to come, please communicate with us by letter, addressing our Class Secretary, Mrs. E. S. Curtis, Geneseo, N. Y., or, if you do not write until after August 1, address her at Chautauqua, New York.

If you know of any deaths among our classmates since the time of our graduation will you please send the names, and dates of deaths, to me, here, at your earliest convenience?

Looking forward with great pleasure to the opportunity of greeting you, and engaging in these delightful services with you, I am,

Yours sincerely,

MRS. B. T. VINCENT.

Pueblo, Colo., March 25, 1892.

To this Bishop Vincent adds the following:

I sincerely commend this call of the President of the Class of '82—the Pioneers of the C. L. S. C.—to every member of that "most ancient" organization of our out-of-school "college." Come or write, but by all means let every member of '82 still on this green and blessed earth make some communication to the great decennial gathering.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 4, 1892.

#### ADDITIONAL GRADUATES OF THE CLASS OF 1891.

Edith I. Phelps, Connecticut; Annette M. Becher, Illinois; Anna J. Whitaker, Iowa; Adelaide Delia Kingsley, Jennie Patten, Minnesota; Mrs. C. D. Stratton, Charles H. G. Thompson, Missouri; Jacob Stevens Morrill, New Hampshire; Mary Garvie, Mrs. Emily A. Grinnell, M. Blanche Blair Reynolds, J. M. Russell, New York; Alice J. Miller, Emily Capron Willoughby, Ohio; Henry Warren Hicks, Oregon; Kate E. Leonard, Pennsylvania.

## LOCAL CIRCLES.

### C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We Study the Word and the Works of God."*

*"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

*"Never be Discouraged."*

### C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.  
BRYANT DAY—November 3.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.  
MILTON DAY—December 9.  
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.  
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.  
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.  
ADDISON DAY—May 1.  
LESSING DAY—May 10.

GOETHE DAY—June 3.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.  
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.  
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.  
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.  
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday after the first Tuesday.

### CHAUTAUQUA IN BRITISH INDIA.

IN spite of the many changes incident to missionary life, the Oriental Circle of British India still leads a vigorous existence. The meeting of the North India Conference in January of each year brings many of the missionaries together and is made the occasion of a Chautauqua jubilee. Recent letters from the field give a report of the last meeting held on the 8th of January.

The following is from the secretary's report. The annual C. L. S. C. meeting convened January 8 at 4 p. m., by the singing of "Break Thou the Bread of Life," after which tea, sandwiches, and cake were served, followed by toasts, the responses to which were most felicitous. Among the toasts were "Missions," "The Deaconess Movement in America," and "Outlook for Chautauqua in India." All joined in repeating the C. L. S. C. mottoes; an interesting paper on Chautauqua was given by the president of the Oriental Circle, Mrs. Messmore. Roll call was responded to by quotations from the year's course of reading, and musical and other exercises occupied the remainder of the meeting. Miss Downey, who had recently returned from a visit to America, during which she had been in Buffalo, brought back with her the greetings of the Home Office. Mrs. N. M. Rockey was elected to the secretaryship in place of Dr. Christianity, who had served the cause long and faithfully and who is now enjoying a much needed rest in this country.

The president of the Oriental also writes, "We had an interesting meeting during the North India Conference week. We always have delightful C. L. S. C. meetings. As soon as we in concert repeat our beautiful Chautauqua mottoes we feel at home. All our members will pursue the C. L. S. C. course to the end. A few are in arrears but mean to do better this year. It has been in our hearts to have an Assembly at

Nainee-Tal. It would be a help to the schools in their vacation. Those wishing prizes could go to Nainee-Tal and study. We must hope that this will be realized in the early future."

### NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—Sea-girt Vancouver now blossoms with a new circle thriving and asking for sustenance.

VERMONT.—The circle at East Corinth, though numbering only a quartet, has enough to furnish all the elements of melody.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Hopdale Circle has expunged the word "fail" from its vocabulary. Four months old, it numbers twenty-four, and holds lively meetings, filled with spirited discussions.

RHODE ISLAND.—Five new readers at Pawtucket have not yet found it expedient to join hands, but are doing their first year's work as "lone stars."

NEW YORK.—Twenty members of Northville, Long Island, Circle are bending their energies to the creditable completion of the present year. —The average attendance of Solvay Circle almost equals its membership. It claims one purpose, to keep its members interested. —Utsyantha Circle of Stamford is taking up the lines, beginning a Chautauqua course one dozen strong. —A new circle has made its appearance in Fifth Avenue, New York City, promising to make up the months lost by working during the summer. —The Nurses' Progressive Club at Buffalo State Hospital reports a fine progress, the result of perseverance in the absence of a valued leader. The interest has spread to a number of outsiders who are expected to unite. —Savannah Circle numbers seven '95's.

NEW JERSEY.—Tuckahoe Circle, formed and at work since October, has only recently been emboldened to report its progress. —Beach

Circle of Jersey City furnishes a rousing program, including the main diet of the course with *entrees* and salads of music and literary selections.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Irving Circle of Sellersville numbering six holds meetings of the "liveliest interest." Its programs are the delight of members, holding them firmly together.—Bituminous Circle of Arnot began in January with a small membership, but despite tardiness has increased to thirteen.—Woodland Circle has organized with fifteen members, the outlook promising an increase.—The new circle at Grater's Ford is conscientious to the last degree, following out fully suggestions given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and leaving no point touched without full discussion.—Loyalhanna Circle of Latrobe meets semiweekly, so urgently does the work appeal. These meetings are beneficial, and far from dry. A membership of fourteen is enrolled.—Ninety-fives are increased by a contingent at Pittsburgh, who have been at work all the year, though neglecting until recently to report.—Other reinforcements of '95's report from Blairsville and Greensburg.

MARYLAND.—A new circle at Frostburg is steadily and cheerily at work, even with the course.

OHIO.—Chautauqua seed sown in Paulding and Norwalk has sprung up in circles of good standing and prospects in those places.

MICHIGAN.—Charlotte Circle places emphasis upon careful preparation of the readings, following no other program than to question each other concerning these.—A small new circle vowing to be "faithful to the end" sends greeting from Gaylord.

WISCONSIN.—Two faithful graduates have formed a circle at Madison numbering nine who celebrate special days with elaborate programs, and are well directed in their work.

ILLINOIS.—A good name, better than riches, is that of The Toilers of Elgin, numbering nine young people earning their own living and improving their spare moments intellectually. The large membership of Argus Circle of the same city should lend its prestige to Chautauqua by enrolling at the central office. Favors should be mutual.—"Long live the Home College!" sings the new circle of Bradford numbering fifteen, under excellent leadership. At a recent entertainment and banquet given by the circle eighty were present, well interested in the circle's projects.—The new circle of thirteen at Springfield has been at work since October, but is feeling its own way in the new work of arranging programs and managing a literary enterprise.—Alpha Zeta Circle of Rogers Park reserves its majority as a local membership;

this large circle should not remain outside the fold of the union.

KENTUCKY.—Several readers at Franklin feeling unable to pledge themselves to the four years have undertaken the shorter course; a half loaf is better than none.—An interesting letter comes from Shelbyville, where is a new circle of ten given to furnishing a monthly "open session"; the benefit of this is obvious.

MINNESOTA.—Irving Circle of St. Paul is proud of its harmony, including besides members of various evangelical sects, Catholics and Jews. The circle meets in the church parlors excepting the last of each month, when members entertain at homes, and special meetings are held including such features as mock trials, senate, etc.—The Star of the North, of a dozen students at St. Paul, declares its members have never spent so delightful and profitable a winter as this. Original papers have been prepared by all members on historical subjects.

MISSOURI.—A bright letter from Calvin Circle of Kansas City numbers the circle at twenty, doing "better or worse," with an inclination toward the former.—Ten readers organized recently at Curryville, expecting to do only the year's work. Four are now permanent Chautauquans, enrolled.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—East Vermillion Circle of Winfred, numbering nine, affirms steadfast adherence to the outlines in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

NEBRASKA.—A small circle has taken permanent shape at Crete.

TEXAS.—The Pathfinders of Tyler are up with the work, promising eight graduates in '95.—Guests at a hotel in Devine have formed a Home Circle at work all the year, but only recently asking admission at the central office.

UTAH.—A class of eleven at Ogden has by central enrollment lost some of its members, the remaining ones being however sifted and un-failing.—Manti reports a young and live circle of eighteen; meetings consist of reviews of work by questions and answers, or by discussions conducted by a single member, or of topics prepared as assigned by the president.

OREGON.—"Chautauqua is doing a great work for us, but we need lecturers," writes the secretary of Pacific Circle of Amity. This circle numbers nine members, new, strong, and eager.

CALIFORNIA.—Chrestomathean Circle of San Francisco has struck a keynote of success. In each of the "church slips" found in pews Sundays is an announcement of the circle meeting with subject announced and invitation to visitors to be present. Advertisement of a profitable meeting is as valuable a means to Chautauquans as to the world of business.

## GRADUATE CIRCLES.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—Pawtucket Alumni Association is pursuing the American history course, finding in it a new bond of fellowship between co-workers of years' standing.

**WISCONSIN.**—The graduate circle at North Greenfield is to be congratulated upon the force and enthusiasm with which it has taken up the course in English history and literature.

**WASHINGTON.**—The Seattle Alumni Association of twenty-nine members recently gave a banquet to the Puget Sound Chautauqua Alumni of which there are sixty-six members. Classes of the past ten years were represented, the feast including literary delicacies as well as those of the table

## OLD CIRCLES.

**CANADA.**—Most of the '92's of Maple Leaf Circle, Ottawa, expect to graduate with white seals on their diplomas. The circle is in a highly prosperous condition, a sample program affording a most tempting array of subjects. Hawthorne celebration was observed, a feature being the dressing of members to typify some one of his stories. Maple Leaf and Ahmeek Circle of the same city maintain the most helpful relations with each other.—"Alpha is working steadily and keeping up the interest, devoting itself more industriously to its studies than ever before," writes one of the members of that circle at Galt, where will graduate several white sealers this year.

**MAINE.**—All the members but one of Omega Circle at Westbrook are engaged in the mills; all but two are white seal readers. This speaks volumes for the circle.—"The South Freeport Circle is to be commended for its perseverance in face of obstacles. Retaining so strong a hold upon the work itself, the circle should feel no hesitancy about undertaking the whole course.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Chaucer Circle of Salem now in its fourth year retains eight faithful members determined despite wide separation and bad country roads to keep to the line in individual work.—"Charmingfare Circle of Candia is variously composed of seven graduates, three undergraduates, and a majority of local readers. Graduates report as much profit as in previous courses.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The Wachusett Circle of Westminster with a membership of seventeen, but a much smaller attendance, is puzzling over the why of such an ebb in the Chautauqua tide. Possibly sameness of program is somewhat to account. A series of novelties such as the investiture of a subject with characteristic costume or reproduction of some event, may be de-

pended upon to quicken life in a circle containing as much material as this one.—"Committees on meetings of Dorchester spare no pains to render meetings attractive by carefully arranged and artistic programs. Systematic progress and culture are easily indexed by thoughtful programs.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—Fort Hill Delvers of Providence are digging in about the same numbers and with the perseverance that has characterized this circle a half dozen years. Programs are well sustained and brisk.—"Delta Circle of Warren, now in its eighth year, has a membership of a dozen.

**NEW YORK.**—Canterbury Pilgrims of Victor are almost as numerous as last year, now numbering forty-four. Meetings are well attended, instruction committees of five serving one month. A "historic reception" was recently given affording much pleasure and profit to members.—"The Socratic Circle of Bergen will graduate several members this year, work of the circle being very creditable.—"Honeye Circle is of the determination "to keep the circle going as long as its members live." Now in its seventh year, fruits are plain to be seen.—"Thirty circles of Brooklyn which have participated in a series of socials and lectures this winter, recently spent "An Hour with Lowell," conducted by Prof. Brainard Kellogg. This series has been closed by an entertainment presenting a unique and attractive program, afforded by the No Name Circle.—"The excursion to be given June 11 by the New York City Union will be joined by the Brooklyn Assembly. This outing to be taken at Laurelton Grove on Long Island will be brightened by a fireworks display, gun salutes, and a choice program. Information concerning the excursion may be had by applying to F. M. Curtis, 2107 Seventh Avenue, New York.—"Golden Arch Circle of Brooklyn celebrated its anniversary with a program of original papers, music, recitations, speeches, refreshments, and toasts after refreshments by N. H. Gillette and D. H. Underhill of the extension committee.—"The committee on lectures of the Syracuse circles has secured a series of lectures on American Literature which, given on the University Extension plan, are receiving marked favor in that city.

**NEW JERSEY.**—Congregational Circle of Plainfield celebrated the anniversary of Washington's Birthday by a meeting at which colonial costumes were the rule. Two-minute papers on the events of Washington's administration and a poem on the historic "Hatchet," were interspersed by social diversions, the occasion being one to remember for its instruction and



amusement.—The annual banquet of Central Circle of Bridgeton contained in the literary menu a wide range of intellectual food, some sketches referring to local and circle history, others to that of the country, while subjects of a general character, as nineteenth century inventions and woman's position in the United States formed a part.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Fort Washington Circle has seal readers enjoying Chautauqua to the full.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Holliday's Cove Circle though not so strong in numbers as last year maintains a goodly attendance and steady interest.

GEORGIA.—Duncan Circle of Albany is working zealously, expecting to graduate some of its members this year.

OHIO.—Bryant Circle of Port Clinton numbering ten, affords its members most excellent intellectual repasts. Its programs are elastic, varying with the nature of the subject and individuality of the committee; opening exercises are either quotations, scriptural responses, or C. I. S. C. mottoes, followed by questions, papers, debates, or informal *résumés* of topics.—Philomathean Circle of Lima presents her score of members the rewards of hearty labor. A class trustee is appointed each month, who with her assistants adds to the regular program, papers or readings extending the lines of the work and affording unexpected instruction to other members.—Piqua Circle is fortunate in having several members of professional and literary vocation, who take an active part in rendering the work highly instructive to the sixteen faithful members of the circle.—Collamer Circle of East Cleveland holds its large membership of those who assert that "Chautauqua work is a boundless power for good." The secretary avows that rarely do members leave its attractions for those of the city near by. Close devotion to study is the secret of Collamer's success.—Twenty Chautauquans at Newark hold lively meetings, recently celebrating Longfellow Day with sketches, incidents, and papers on the life of the poet, and intermissions filled with music.

MICHIGAN.—Mason Circle is struggling to hold its own against heavy odds this year; success to it in its labor of holding to the work.—Twenty-eight members of Carleton Circle, Calumet, have distributed blanks in neighboring towns. This is a commendable undertaking.—Cassopolis Circle of eight members makes a good showing as reported in a local paper. Roll call responded to by news items and World's Fair news, historic reviews, and character sketches well arranged comprise its programs.

Fenton Circle has twelve wide-awake members who affirm that as the years go by their Chautauqua zeal increases. A member who is over sixty-four years of age asks for a seal course claiming that the work has rejuvenated her to the age of twenty-five.—Climax, Flint, and Howard City Circles and Hiawatha Circle of Menominee send in good reports of progress.

WISCONSIN.—A rhythmic recital of the history of Sparta Circle has been received, whose length forbids its use in these columns.—Whitewater Circle of fifteen members, includes post graduates and enjoys its seasons of home college work.

ILLINOIS.—Argus Circle at Elgin gave its annual banquet recently in a unique way. A political meeting was held, town officers nominated, and guests voted by the Australian method, women suffrage receiving recognition.—Columbia Circle of Carlinville, which recently donated a panel of native wood to the Woman's Building of the World's Fair, reports good work of its twelve members, who include five post graduates. No meetings have been missed during the year, which will close with a celebration to which friends will be invited.—Crescent Circle of Belvidere declares a week a long time between its meetings, at which after responsive quotations and news items quizzes are held upon the study of the week followed by sketches and other papers.—Alpha Circle of Barrington is reported as "thriving under an ideal leadership."—The celebration of Washington Day by Vandalia Circle was the most notable event of the winter in that city. Colonial characters were personated by all the forty-five members, the event representing an administration reception. Costumes, decorations, refreshments, and programs were characteristic of the century past.—Westfield Circle is pursuing the even tenor of its way.

KENTUCKY.—Hickory Grove Circle, widely scattered and unable to meet often, is persistent in the ambition fully to complete the course.

MINNESOTA.—Dayton's Bluff Circle of St. Paul is solidly reorganized, retaining its standard membership, and progressing well.—At the reunion held by Irving Circle of Anoka, thirty-four Chautauquans, graduates and present members, were counted. The circle's retrospect proved Chautauqua to have been a valuable factor in Anoka's prosperity.—Redwood Falls has quite a number of readers faithful to the course but less devoted to united effort. A recent reawakening has brought members to recognize the value of frequent meetings and the pooling of interests.—Indirect reports come from Delhi and Beaver Falls where the work is going on.

IOWA.—Hawthorne Circle of Marengo laments that work is crippled somewhat by the late appearance of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in that town. A private letter to the office requesting programs will secure them in advance, where this disability occurs. The account of meetings of this circle indicates them to be creditable, nevertheless.—Steadfast Circle of Wiota is anxious to do all the work necessary, but does not relish any "red tape" additions. No one can find fault with this spirit.—Manchester boasts of a circle of three classes; the Franklin, North Manchester, and Young People's. Besides these is a post graduate class of eleven members. Surely all tastes and conditions may be suited in that town.

MISSOURI.—"Helen's Babies" of Lexington are progressing in a way soon to outgrow their present condition, numbering ten, and already including post graduates.—Trenton Circle numbers but few but is thoroughly organized.

NEBRASKA.—Chautauquans and their friends to the number of one hundred enjoyed an annual banquet at Lincoln recently, after which toasts of an interesting character were responded to.

KANSAS.—Plevna reports a circle of five and in connection therewith, a senior and junior class. Meetings are described as absorbingly interesting.—Chanute Sherwin Circle contains sixteen active Chautauquans who have filled the winter with efforts to improve themselves and others. A fagot party and Longfellow Day have enlivened the heavier work.—The circle at Highland writes asking other circles to join

it in discouraging the sale of liquors at the World's Fair and the opening of the same on Sunday. The circle believes that Chautauqua as a whole in her Summer Assemblies should take a stand against these proposed measures.

TEXAS.—Paris Circle has awakened considerable interest this year by public observance of Memorial Days and by a series of public lectures. Thirteen members promise to graduate.—Sixteen members of San Antonio Circle hold the Chautauqua banner high.

COLORADO.—University Park Circle now in its second year has increased in interest constantly and, though composed entirely of very busy people and invalids, gives the most careful attention to the preparation of the lessons.

WASHINGTON.—A writer from Vancouver sends this: "We of this old town have a sprightly circle of some twenty-five members, good attendance and well prepared lessons being the rule. Though several years old, we value this year's course the highest yet."

CALIFORNIA.—At Eureka Circle, interest is maintained by each member giving a "lecture" upon some portion of the evening's topics, subject to questions to which a few moments are given after each recitation. All take part and are trained in expression and delivery.—Vincent Circle of Sacramento of sixteen members is very active, especially those who have undertaken the course this year. The questioning of each other has been found the most useful method of conducting meetings.—Riverside Circle has a number of '95's.

## WINTER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1892.

### ALBANY, GEORGIA.

THE fourth annual session of the Georgia Chautauqua was held from March 7 to April 5. A fine program was arranged and carried out in detail. Among those appearing on the popular platform were Dr. O. F. Presbree, Dr. J. L. M. Curry; the Revs. I. J. Lansing, A. S. Durston, J. B. Hawthorne; the Hon. W. J. Northern, Col. C. E. Wooten, Prof. C. E. Bolton, B. F. Jacobs, R. C. Wesley, S. T. Bradwell. The most important features of the program were the exercises commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, by public lectures and tableaux accompanied by popular American songs and illustrations.

Besides the Assembly proper, which was under the direction of Dr. W. A. Duncan, five other thoroughly organized departments were

carried on. The Sunday School Normal was conducted by Dr. A. E. Dunning. Mrs. Dr. Sherrill had charge of the primary work and of the mothers' meetings. The music of the entire session was in charge of Prof. C. C. Case; Dr. W. G. Anderson was at the head of the department of physical culture; and Prof. C. R. Wells of the commercial department. State Superintendent S. T. Bradwell and Prof. F. N. Parker presided over the Georgia State Teachers' Institute.

Prominent among the various subjects for consideration was the C. L. S. C. At the Round Tables information concerning the forming of Local Circles was given. The session was highly satisfactory throughout and argues well for the growth of Chautauqua interests in this state.

## DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLORIDA.

THE eighth annual session of this Florida Chautauqua opened on the 16th of February and closed on the 17th of March. The attendance was the largest in the history of the Assembly and the success in all departments was beyond anything before realized. The following classes were conducted: English New Testament by the Rev. J. L. Davies of Utica, New York; New Testament Greek by the same teacher; German by the Rev. A. J. Smith of Leroy, New York; Delsarte by Miss Annie A. Powell of Peoria, Ill.; Kindergarten by Miss Georgia Simpson, of St. Paul, Minn.; Calisthenics by Miss M. Connelly from Dr. Anderson's school in Brooklyn.

The musical department was under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer of New York, who had a chorus of one hundred and thirty voices. There were concerts by the chorus assisted by the Rogers Band and Orchestra and excellent soloists, among whom was Madam Dahl, a Norwegian soprano of rare ability. In addition to the music thus furnished there was a concert by Marie Decca; two concerts by the well-known and ever popular Schubert Quartet, and two by the Adelbert College Glee and Banjo Club of the Western Reserve University.

Lectures were delivered by Dr. D. H. Moore of Cincinnati, Dr. S. G. Smith of St. Paul, Dr. A. Coke Smith of Nashville, Dr. Charles Forster Smith of Vanderbilt, Dr. J. M. Coulter, President of Indiana State University, Dr. G. L. Morrill of Minneapolis, the Rev. H. E. Mott of Dubuque, Iowa, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, the famous temperance advocate, Dr. H. B. Waterman of Chicago, Dr. W. I. Cogshall of Grand Rapids, Michigan, Dr. G. Chapman Jones of Rochester, N. Y., Dr. Earl D. Holtz of Cleveland, Dr. J. H. Talbot of New Albany, Indiana, and several others.

Considerable work was done in the interest of the C. L. S. C. and classes were taught for a short term in microscopy and astronomy, the latter department being in charge of President H. N. Felkel of the State Normal School, which is located here. Although not in good health Dr. Gillet, the superintendent, gave his attention to the conduct of the program and visitors say the Florida Chautauqua never had a better.

## EGLESTON HEIGHTS, FLORIDA.

ANOTHER Chautauqua Assembly sprang into being on February 13, 1892, at Eggleston Heights, a new winter resort about four miles from Jacksonville, on the opposite side of the St. John's River. Here an elevated plateau some seventy

feet higher than the river, covered with beautiful pines, has been laid out in large lots and a number of beautiful winter homes are already erected by northern people.

Ten acres of pine grove were donated for camp-meeting and Chautauqua purposes, a neat building put up for the railroad station, and a fine auditorium erected, which can be closed and warmed if necessary.

The conductor of the Assembly was the Rev. B. B. Loomis, Ph.D. Mrs. Loomis conducted the boys and girls' department. Prof. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick was the musical director, and, receiving competent assistance, he maintained a high degree of excellence in his department.

Lectures and addresses were given by the Rev. S. D. Paine of St. Augustine, the Rev. E. B. Snyder of Jacksonville, Mrs. H. K. Ingraham, Mrs. N. B. E. Irwin, Col. Chandler of Jacksonville, and the Rev. B. B. Loomis, Ph.D.

The C. L. S. C. work during the session, which continued to February 19, was given a prominent place. The preliminary steps were taken toward organizing a local circle at Eggleston Heights, and the managers are sanguine in their hope of a successful future.

## MOUNT DORA, FLORIDA.

ALTHOUGH the attendance at the sixth session of the Mount Dora Assembly was not as great as had been anticipated, yet the meeting was a good one and left no cause for discouragement.

The musical department was in charge of Dr. H. R. Palmer of New York. The chorus formed was a fine one, and the closing concert was one of the very best. The Adelbert Glee and Banjo Club of Cleveland, O., gave a very enjoyable concert March 16.

The Normal Department was in charge of the Rev. J. L. Davies of Utica, N. Y. His classes in English, New Testament, and in Greek were large and very enthusiastic. Physical culture was entrusted to Miss Connelly of New York, and her work gave great satisfaction. Prof. C. E. Bolton of Cleveland, O., gave four delightful stereopticon lectures, and Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton delivered three lectures. Other speakers were the Rev. Dr. G. L. Morrill, Minneapolis, Minn., the Rev. Dr. S. G. Smith, St. Paul, Minn., the Rev. Dr. Chas. E. Mott, Dubuque, Iowa, Richard L. Dawson of Indianapolis, Prof. B. L. March, Eustis, Fla., the Rev. R. T. Hall of Greenwich, Conn., the Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee of Atlanta, Ga., the Rev. S. R. Bilk of Atlanta, Dr. W. E. Hall of New York, and Dr. W. L. Davidson of Cincinnati.

## THE ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1892.

- CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK—June 30-August 26. Recognition Day, August 17.**
- ACTON PARK, INDIANA—July 27-August 16. Recognition Day, July 29.
- BAY VIEW, PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN—July 12-August 10. Recognition Day, August 5.
- BLACK HILLS, DAKOTA—July 27-August 5. Recognition Day, —
- BLUFF PARK, IOWA—July 20-July 30. Recognition Day, July 29.
- CLARION DISTRICT, PENNSYLVANIA—July 13-August 3. Recognition Day, July 28.
- CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—July 6-July 15. Recognition Day, July 14.
- CUMBERLAND VALLEY, WILLIAMS GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA—July 19-July 29. Recognition Day, July 27.
- EPWORTH HEIGHTS, OHIO—July 1-July 30. Recognition Day, July 30.
- CENTRAL CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, FREMONT, NEBRASKA—July 1-July 15. Recognition Day, July 14.
- HEDDING, EAST EPPING, NEW HAMPSHIRE—July 25-August 20. Recognition Day, August 18.
- IOWA, COLFAX, IOWA—July 4-July 15. Recognition Day, July 12.
- ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA—July 26-August 10. Recognition Day, August 3.
- KANSAS, TOPEKA, KANSAS—June 21-July 1. Recognition Day, June 30.
- KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—June 28-July 8. Recognition Day, July 4.
- LAKESIDE ENCAMPMENT, OHIO—July 14-August 3. Recognition Day, July 29.
- LAKE MADISON, MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA—July 1-July 21. Recognition Day, July 20.
- LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA—July 18-July 28. Recognition Day, July 27.
- LONG PINE, NEBRASKA—July 21-August 1. Recognition Day, August 1.
- LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA—July 20-August 10. Recognition Day, July 27.
- MISSOURI, WARRENSBURG, MISSOURI—July 7-July 20. Recognition Day, July 15.
- MONONA LAKE, WISCONSIN—July 19-July 29. Recognition Day, July 27.
- MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE—July 1-August 24. Recognition Day, July 29.
- MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND—August 9-August 23. Recognition Day, August 18.
- NEBRASKA, CRETE, NEBRASKA—July 6-July 16. Recognition Day, —
- NEW ENGLAND, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—July 12-July 26. Recognition Day, July 22.
- OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY—July 28-July 29. Recognition Day, July 28.
- OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY—July 12-July 21. Recognition Day, July 21.
- OCEAN PARK, MAINE—July 10-August 8. Recognition Day, July 28.
- OREGON, GEARHART PARK, OREGON—August 1-August 15. Recognition Day, August 11.
- OTTAWA, KANSAS—June 21-July 1. Recognition Day, June 30.
- PACIFIC COAST, SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA—June 30-July 13. Recognition Day, July 13.
- PENNSYLVANIA, MT. GRETNA, PENNSYLVANIA—July 12-July 28. Recognition Day, July 20.
- PIASA BLUFFS, ILLINOIS—July 21-August 17. Recognition Day, August 11.
- ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK—August 8-August 25. Recognition Day, August 25.
- SAN MARCOS, TEXAS—June 29-July 20. Recognition Day, July 16.
- SEASIDE, KEY EAST, NEW JERSEY—July 6-August 31. Recognition Day, August 25.
- SILVER LAKE, NEW YORK—July 19-August 18. Recognition Day, July 29.
- SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, CHESTER, ILLINOIS—July 12-July 30. Recognition Day, July 23.
- TEXAS, GEORGETOWN, TEXAS—July 6-July 23. Recognition Day, July 20.
- WASECA, MINNESOTA—July 13-July 28. Recognition Day, July 27.
- WINFIELD, KANSAS—June 21-July 1. Recognition Day, June 28.



## THE LIBRARY TABLE.

### JUNE.

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes and mine  
The Month of Marriages. All pleasant sights  
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming  
vine,

The foliage of the valleys and the heights.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;

The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;

I am the mother of all dear delights;

I am the fairest daughter of the year.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *The Poet's  
Calendar.*

### THE SPIRIT OF CONVERSATION.

THAT sort of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation does not precisely depend upon the nature of that conversation; the ideas and knowledge which it develops do not form its principal interest; it is a certain manner of acting upon one another, of giving mutual and instantaneous delight, of speaking the moment one thinks, of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment, of receiving applause without labor, of displaying the understanding in all its shades by accent, gesture, look; of eliciting, in short, at will, the electric sparks, which relieve some of the excess of their vivacity, and serve to awaken others out of a state of painful apathy.

Bacon has said that *conversation is not the road leading to the house, but a by-path where people walk with pleasure.*

To succeed in conversation one must be able clearly to observe the impression which is produced at every moment on those in company, that which they wish to conceal or seek to exaggerate, the inward satisfaction of some, the forced smile of others; one may see, passing over the countenances of those who listen, half formed censures, which may be evaded by hastening to dissipate them before self-love is engaged on their side. One may also behold there the first birth of approbation, which may be strengthened without however exacting from it more than it is willing to bestow. There is no arena in which vanity displays itself in such a variety of forms as in conversation.

I once knew a man who was agitated by praise to such a degree that whenever it was bestowed upon him he exaggerated what he had just said, and took such pains to add to his success that he always ended in losing it. I never dared to applaud him from the fear of leading

him to affectation, and of his making himself ridiculous by the heartiness of his self-love. Another was so afraid of the appearance of wishing to display himself, that he let fall words negligently and contemptuously. His assumed indolence betrayed one more affectation only, that of pretending to have none. When vanity displays herself, she is good-natured; when she hides herself, the fear of being discovered renders her sour, and she affects indifference, satiety, in short, all that can persuade other men that she has no need of them.

We know the story of that man who began by praising with enthusiasm an actress he had just heard; he perceived a smile on the lips of those near him and softened his eulogium; the obstinate smile did not withdraw itself, and the fear of ridicule made him conclude by saying, "*Ma foi! the poor shrew did all she could.*"

These different combinations are amusing for the observer, and one is always astonished that self-love does not take the course, which is so simple, of naturally avowing its desire to please, and making the utmost possible use of grace and truth to attain the object.—*Madam De Staël.*

### THE MISTAKES WE ALL MAKE.

TOWARD the close of his long life, Richard Baxter, the sternest of Calvinists, and the author of numerous depressing works upon theology, wrote as follows: "I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I now see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, and I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine." "The longer we live, the more we find we are like other persons," says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in a recent essay. And George Sand quotes approvingly the Italian proverb, "All the world is made like our own family."

These opinions are significant. It is natural for men to paint black very black and white very white, to have sharp division between right and wrong, to give intense worship to the things they believe to be worshipful, and intense hatred to those that are hateful. It is natural also for men to range themselves on the right hand of the Lord, and to surrender the left to those who differ from them in creed, in temperament, in morals, in conventions, in hereditary training, in opinions. Two centuries, a century ago, how

strange and narrow were the views that European nations held of their neighbors. John Bull and Johnny Crapaud despised and maligned each other. It was only a short time ago that the French discovered a German could have *esprit*; only a generation or so back that the English learned they could read an American book; only in our own time that Europe has been surprised to discover a great Russian literature.

As with nations, so with individuals. Most men—all very young men certainly—in their inner hearts believe what the Duchesse de la Ferté avowed to Madame de Staël: "It is strange but I find nobody except myself always in the right." It is natural for us to believe that we have been born into the truth, that we have inherited infallibility. We naturally hate what we cannot understand. Indeed, that is the true definition of hatred—misunderstanding. If we really understood our enemy we would never hate him,—he would cease to be our enemy. There is nothing we resent so much as being misunderstood. Yet the misjudgments we object to we are continually visiting upon our neighbor.

All men are better than they appear on the surface. The divine soul finds itself choked and stifled by the accidents of temperament and environment; it is disheartened by the multitudinous contradictions in this paradoxical world; the brain is stupid and muddled and fails to recognize the right; the flesh is weak; nevertheless the divine soul dwells latent below the surface, and may flare out at any moment in some sudden and unlooked-for manner.

"Each idler I meet in square or in street  
Hath within him what all that's without him  
believes,—

The miraculous infinite heart of man,  
With its countless capabilities.  
And the fool that last year, at her Majesty's  
ball,  
Sickened me so with his simper of pride,  
Is the hero now heard of, the first on the wall,  
With the bayonet-wound in his side."

Great emergencies call forth the great soul. War in the twinkling of an eye turns village drunkards and pettifogging lawyers into generals and statesmen. Love transforms Cymon from a brute into a man. Necessity makes Shakspeare a dramatist; accident reveals to Scott his true powers. The most commonplace men and women have passed through the fools' paradise of love, when they were divine beings worshiping divinity, and in that fools' paradise they for a brief moment found their true selves, saw deep into the soul of their consort.

That flitting dream was in truth an awakening, the brief opening of the spiritual eye.

Look you, the man whom you hate,—are there not women who worship him, children who look up to him? Who sees the true man,—you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight, it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable, it is a part of the Over-Soul, of the Infinite, of God. Hatred is painful, it strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his mortal limitations. Love sees the virtues that are of the soul, hatred only the diseases of the skin. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be, "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"

Wisely and tenderly has George Eliot written, "It is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life juice, the wounds will be healed over by some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial, erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered." The world judges only results, it reckons not of causes. The archangel ruined becomes to the popular imagination a devil with horns.—*From Wm. S. Walsh's "Paradoxes of a Philistine."*\*\*

#### A KNIGHT THAT SMOTE THE DRAGON.

It is now 1853. Let us imagine ourselves over in England, packed with many, many others into Exeter Hall. It is a big audience. They were so eager to see somebody and hear something that people waited four hours for the opening of the doors. It is an English audience, solid, hearty, made up of people from varied walks in life. By the side of Tom the plowboy, I can see Smith the grocer, and the "squire" has come from his old-time manor to sit by the side of his village parson. It is a big audience gathered under the auspices of the London Temperance League. It is a smiling, eager, expectant crowd. I seem to hear the whispered inquiries, "Has he come?" "Is he on the plat-

\* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

form?" "Where is he?" Who is this "he?" What does it mean? Why, Britain awakened on the subject of temperance, enjoying the fruits of the labors of men like Father Mathew, Joseph Livesey, Dr. Guthrie, and others, has sent over to America for help in attacking anew that ugly dragon, Drink, still ravaging among them. An American crusader has been invited and has promised to come. This strong, gallant knight may be expected any moment to step upon the platform, and then what a hospitable, welcoming tumult there will be in Exeter Hall!

But who shall it be? What great, strong, stalwart, giant American shall come? Ah, there is America's knight on the platform. What, that slender man before the great congregation? Who is it? Hold. Do you not recognize him? Do you not recall the little fellow from Sandgate on board the packet, the boy with swollen eyes and thumping heart, crying in his homesickness? Do you not remember the young fellow singing comic songs at the theater, singing in the midst of a drunkard's wretchedness? Can you not see the young bookbinder going down into the depths of drunkenness at Newburyport? Can you not call back out of the past the poor inebriate that Joel Stratton tapped on the shoulder, and then that temperance knight set apart to his work in such humble gatherings as that in the little schoolhouse on the plain? Yes, it is Gough who has come over the seas, and just as St. George gave the dragon such a worsting, so our knight in God's name will ride hard on that old beast, Drink. There he is on the platform, still young, only thirty-six, the same wide-awake, magnetic Gough. Will he meet their expectation?

The same oratory, though, that had faced triumphantly great, critical audiences in America is successful in England. Now Gough bears his auditors away in a magnificent apostrophe to temperance, or he leads them captive and in tears as he descends into the pitiful depths of shame and misery opened by intemperance, and tells all to look about them. This moment they are laughing at some droll mimicry; the next they flame with him into a burning indignation at the cruelty of the dragon, Drink. Ah, it is the same Gough in Exeter Hall, London, as in Tremont Temple, Boston, with the same rare voice and the same rare powers behind it, leading many aroused souls after him as he rides against the dragon. For this knight from America, Exeter Hall has only enthusiastic admiration.—From *Edward A. Rand's "A Knight that Smote the Dragon."*\*

\* New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

## THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,  
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,  
Veining delicate and fibers tender;  
Waving when the wind crept down so low.  
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,  
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,  
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,  
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;  
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,  
Stately forests waved their giant branches,  
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,  
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;  
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,  
But the little fern was not of these,  
Did not number with the hills and trees;  
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way,  
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion  
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;  
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,  
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—  
Covered it, and hid it safe away.  
O, the long, long centuries since that day!  
O, the changes! O, life's bitter cost,  
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man  
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;  
From a fissure in a rocky steep  
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran  
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,  
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine.  
And the fern's life lay in every line!  
So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

—Mary L. Bolles Branch.

## WOLFE'S VICTORY.

THE young General Wolfe had the romance of a boy on many matters. He delighted in music and poetry. On the last day of his life he said he would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than have won a battle.

"If it be a sin to covet honor," he used to say with Harry the Fifth, "I am the most offending soul alive." Surely on his last day he had a feast which was enough to satisfy the greediest appetite for glory. He hungered after it. He seemed not merely like a soldier going resolutely to his duty, but rather like a knight in quest of dragons and giants.

If no man is to be styled happy until after his death, what shall we say of this one? His end was so glorious, that I protest that not even his mother nor his sweetheart ought to have deplored it, or at any rate have wished him alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds. Suppose his ascent discovered a half-hour sooner, and his people, as they would have been assuredly, beaten back. Suppose the Marquis of Montcalm not to quit his intrenched lines to accept that strange challenge. Suppose these points—and none of them depend upon Mr. Wolfe at all—and what becomes of the glory of the young hero, of the great minister who discovered him, of the intoxicated nation which rose up frantic with self-gratulation at the victory? I say, what fate is it that shapes our ends, or those of nations? In the many hazardous games which my Lord Chatham played, he won this prodigious one. And as the greedy British hand seized the Canadas, it let fall the United States out of its grasp.

What generals some of us are on paper; what repartees come to our mind when the talk is finished; and, the game over, how well we see how it should have been played! Writing of an event at the distance of thirty years, 'tis not difficult now to criticise and find fault. But at the time when we first heard of Wolfe's glorious deeds upon the Plains of Abraham—of that army marshaled in darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops—of that miraculous security of the enemy, of his present acceptance of our challenge to battle, and of his defeat on the open plain by the sheer valor of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news. The whole nation rose up and felt itself the stronger for Wolfe's victory.—*Thackeray.*

#### TALKS WITH GOETHE.

TUESDAY, May 18, 1824. This evening at Goethe's, in company with Riemer.

Goethe talked to us about an English poem, of which geology was the subject. He made, as he went on, an impromptu translation of it, with so much spirit, imagination, and good humor, that every individual object stood before us, with as much life as if it were his own invention at the moment. The hero of the poem, King Coal, was seen, in his brilliant hall of audience, seated upon his throne, his consort Pyrites by his side, waiting for the nobles of the kingdom. Entering according to their rank,

they appeared one by one before the king, and were introduced as Duke Granite, Marquis Slate, Countess Porphyry, and so on with the rest, who were all characterized by some excellent epithet and joke. Then followed Sir Lorenzo Chalk, a man of great possessions, and well received at court. He excuses his mother, the Lady Marble, on the ground that her residence is rather distant. She is a very polished and accomplished lady, and a cause of her non-appearance at court, on this occasion is, that she is involved in an intrigue with Canova, who likes to flirt with her. Tufa, whose hair is decked with lizards and fishes, appears rather intoxicated. Hans Marl and Jacob Clay do not appear until the end; the last is a particular favorite of the queen, because he has promised her a collection of shells. Thus the whole went on for a long time in the most cheerful tone; but the details were too minute for me to note the further progress of the story.

"Such a poem," said Goethe, "is quite calculated to amuse people of the world; while at the same time it diffuses a quantity of useful information, which no one ought properly to be without. A taste for science is thus excited amongst the higher circles; and no one knows how much good may ultimately result from such an entertaining half-joke."

ZENA, Monday, Oct. 8, 1827. It was by this time noon. We were again seated in the carriage.

"I think," said Goethe, "we will not return to The Bear; but will enjoy the splendid day in the open air. I think we will go to Bergen." We did so and the plan proved splendid. [The conversation turned to ornithology and Eckermann related the following instance:]

"Last summer, in the neighborhood of Tiefsfurt, I took two young wrens, which had probably only just left their nest, for they sat upon a bush on a twig with seven other young ones in a row, and the old bird was feeding them. I put the young birds in my silk pocket-handkerchief, and went towards Weimar, as far as the shooting house; I then turned to the right towards the meadow, down along the Ilm, and passed the bathing-place, and then again to the left to the little wood. Here I thought I had a quiet spot to look once more at the wrens. But when I opened my handkerchief they both slipped out and disappeared in the bushes and grass, so that I sought them in vain. Three days afterwards I returned by chance to the same place, and hearing the note of a robin, guessed there was a nest in the neighborhood, which, after looking about for some time, I really found. But how great was my astonishment, when I



saw in this nest, besides some young robins nearly fledged, my two young wrens, which had established themselves very comfortably, and allowed themselves to be fed by the old robins. I was highly delighted at this very remarkable discovery. Since you are so cunning, thought I to myself, and have managed to help yourselves so nicely, and since the good robins have taken such care of you, I should be very sorry to destroy this hospitable intimacy; on the contrary, I wish you the greatest possible prosperity."

"That is one of the best ornithological stories I have ever heard," said Goethe, "I drink success to you, and good luck to your investigations. Whoever hears that, and does not believe in God, will not be aided by Moses and the prophets. That is what I call the omnipresence of the Deity, who has everywhere spread and implanted a portion of His endless love, and has intimated even in the brute as a germ, that which blossoms to perfection only in noble man."—*Eckermann*.

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Machiavelli's  
Writings.

A man misunderstood and misrepresented and but little appreciated by those of his own time, but possessing the genius of a master mind, was Niccolò Machiavelli. He was the exponent of those ideas expressed to us in modern diplomacy and international law, the beginnings of which are traced back to the Italian republics. A diplomat and publicist rather than a statesman, and a patriot in the keenest sense, he saw the true inwardness of public success and resolved political methods into a definite code, the evolution of which has produced the political science of our day. It is therefore the eminence of the man and the value of his teachings which make the reading of his writings a profitable pleasure. The English translation\* by Mr. Detmold is presented in four volumes and the work is one of careful preparation. Following a biographical study, in which the translator's chief aim has been to do justice to the work of a great man as apart from his personality, the first volume contains the "History of Florence" beginning with the year 1215 and continuing beyond 1492. In part second is found "The Prince," among the most famed of Machiavelli's writings, a discussion of the government and maintenance of principalities. It is on account of some of these chapters that the name of the author has been tarnished; whether justly so or not it is hardly within our province to inquire. There is an expression of qualified admiration of the methods employed by Cesar Borgia and in later pages there is considered "the manner in which princes should keep their faith." If interpreted fairly it would seem that Machiavelli had written history as it was, instead of throwing into it his own personality. The whole tone of "The Prince"

is that of justification—perhaps of many partisans—for the practice of using the utmost deceit and perfidy in the administration of government, providing the conduct of those governed was sufficiently wicked to warrant the use of like methods on the part of those in authority. Machiavelli's intense love of country led him to see in strong native government, as opposed to foreign rule, the security of his own people, which may account for any possible leaning in the direction of home rule even though it may not have been above reproach. It may be reasonably supposed also that "The Prince" was written for the private reading of the Medici, in whose good graces he wished to rest. "Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius" and "Thoughts of a Statesman," the latter a collection of maxims from Machiavelli's various works, complete the second part. The third and fourth parts contain his diplomatic writings. He was above all things a diplomat and the correspondence and papers relating to his different missions contain much of the real history of the time, showing the value of the intercourse of nations and the continuance of diplomatic relations as a part of good government. The translator and publishers have done their work well and there are many who will appreciate its great value.

Economic, Social,  
and Historical.

Appearing under American copyright is Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics,"\*\* abridged and revised. The book was first published in 1850 and after several editions its sale was stopped in England, owing to the continued quotation of views which the author had abandoned. The book has been rearranged throughout, the revision emphasizing particularly the author's

\* The Writings of Niccolò Machiavelli. Translated from the Italian by C. E. Detmold. 4 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\*\* Social Statics. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, \$2.00.

views relating to the rights of individuals and the duty of the state.—In two volumes\* Professor Sumner writes of the life of John Morris and the history of the finances of the Revolution. It is a most scholarly production, in the preparation of which a vast field has been scientifically explored and careful research made among original resources. There is much of detail in the book which will be lacking in interest to the general reader, but there has also been wise discrimination in the selection of facts and the arrangement of matter. The impartiality of judgment and thorough method employed in writing the biography of one of the most important figures in American economic history, and the grouping about that figure of so much valuable historical matter, admirably supplies the need which has long existed for a critical record of this period.—The central thought in "Wealth and Progress,"† a book which has had a popular reading, is that "the standard of living is the basis of wages, and that social opportunity, or more leisure for the masses, as expressed in less hours of labor, is the natural means for increasing wages and promoting progress." It is a masterly discussion of the labor problem, rendered possible by the most exhaustive study of social conditions ranging over a long period of years. The book is not written from the isolated standpoint of the theorist but contains arguments of a student who has examined the status of labor and the returns which are made for its use.

"Principles of Social Economics"‡ is for the citizen who thinks of modern processes being applied in the conduct of industrial economy. It is progressive in that it is practical. It is, in the main, sound because of its adherence to fact. Mr. Gunton is not always justified however in his interpretation of facts and application of new theories. The field which he occupies is entirely his own. An old science in his hands is made to give up the tenets of the past and cling to existing conditions which have been evolved from the march of history. The book is manifestly a step in advance, so far as economic thought is concerned, and if in some instances it does not entirely convince the reader it will fully accomplish the result of being suggestive in a high degree.—It is a new thing for the president of an important railway system to point out the

real evils in railway management\* in such a degree that the ultimate conclusion reached is one favoring the intervention of the state approaching the demands of nationalism. Fact after fact is presented showing the unlimited abuses in railway practice. The remedy is found in the regulation of rates by public authority and the temporary assumption by the state of lines whose officers shall be found guilty of any infringement of law.—To Americans "the stump" is an important political factor and of late years "the platform" has been recognized as a leading force in movements of public interest. The book which the author has called "The Platform"† is really a history of that very modern institution which in England corresponds to the stump in the United States. To the history of English politics is added a new interest when read in the light of the development of the platform. The first platform speech made in England the author credits to Alderman Beckford in 1761 and the beginnings of platform campaigning he traces back to the Middlesex election of 1768-69, at which time the influence of the new power was made manifest in opposition to the King and House of Commons. The book covers a period of more than a century and a quarter and makes mention of all important speeches and meetings of a political nature during that time.

The lectures of the late Professor Rogers relating to the industrial and commercial history of England,‡ are issued for the first time, having been edited by his son. In the first course the development of industrial skill, the conditions of economic progress, and the economics of trade are discussed, much of the matter being purely historical. The second course is mainly taken up with the consideration of English land systems, the emigration and immigration of labor, the movements of currency, the matter of competition, both domestic and foreign, and concludes with two chapters giving a summary in brief of economic legislation since 1815. Although prepared in 1888-'89 many of these lectures stand in need of modification, made so by events of recent date. These changes are in some instances suggested by the editor, but are left to the reader for correction.

\* *The Financier and the Finances of the American Revolution.* By Prof. William G. Sumner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. Price, \$5.00.

† *Wealth and Progress.* By George Gunton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, \$1.00.

‡ *Principles of Social Economics.* By George Gunton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.75.

\* *The Railway Problem.* By A. B. Stickney. St. Paul: D. D. Merrill & Co.

† *The Platform.* By Henry Jepson. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. Price, \$4.00.

‡ *The Industrial and Commercial History of England.* By Prof. James E. Thorold Rogers. Edited by his son Arthur G. L. Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$3.00.

## Ethical and Speculative.

A book ably dealing with the principles of Christian morality is "The Christian Life."\* Considering first the natural life of man, and showing how all his higher moral development is hampered by the conditions resulting from sin, it passes on to the consideration of the Christian life, and in an inspiring manner presents it not as it is casually manifested by its professors, but as it would appear in its ideal state.—The names applied to Christ in the prophecy of His coming, Isaiah ix., 6,—“He shall be called the Wonderful, the Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,” are those meant in the title, “Holy Names.”† The object of the book, tender and reverent in its spirit, and reflecting the peace and brightness of the Divine Life, is to point out the sequence of ideas conveyed by these names, as it was unfolded to mankind after the coming of the Savior, and as it is unfolded in the experience of every one who accepts as his own the Redeemer of the world.—A book full of hopeful words and of earnest thoughts which provoke to high purposes for earnest Christian living is Dr. Miller's “Making the Most of Life.”‡—Three booklets stimulating the professed followers of Christ to ask themselves close personal questions regarding their life and example, and directing them to the light of the plain teachings of the Bible for positive answers are “Do We Believe It?” “Expectation Corner,” and “Conflicting Duties.”§ The two latter are in the form of stories.—A cursory study of the unseen powers which it is claimed manifest themselves in the occult arts, necromancy, magic, etc., is made by Dr. Matson in “The Adversary.”¶ Beginning with Bible history the workings of Satan and his evil angels are passed in review. All supernatural forces which from their nature cannot be attributed to the Divine Ruler of the universe, are referred to the influence of “the prince of the power of the air.” The teaching of the book is all summed up in the direction, “Try the spirits whether they be of God.”—A book advancing views which cross the trend of orthodox thought in many

particulars is “A Chicago Bible Class.”\* It is dominated by a spirit of earnest inquiry into the realms of truth. The conclusions reached present the Bible largely as a book of imagery intended to convey spiritual teaching.

## Stories and Other Books.

A late volume by Balzac entitled “An Historical Mystery”† is remarkable for nicety of plot. Its general effect is dramatic. Political intrigue and the characters introduced vie with each other in strength and effectiveness. The scenes cast in the early part of this century depict the political and social situation of that time, tracing the destinies of a party of anarchists under the ban of the Napoleonic régime. The character of Countess Laurence especially stands out strong and magnificent. Brilliancy of imagination, boldness of outline, and clearness of finish forbid a trivial, dragging incident.—One of the most charming books imaginable is “A Story of a Georgia Boy's Adventures during the War,”‡ by Joel Chandler Harris. It is bright, fresh, and radiant with its own peculiar humor. The negro's dialect and disposition play their accustomed part in the attractions of this author's story.—“The Story of the Glittering Plain”§ is entirely a diversion in fiction, whose best feature is that it is not common. Enlivened by no spirit of ridicule, nor intensified with accounts of perfidious wrong a love story is traced so full of interest that one readily joins in a chase of the imagination over land and sea in search of the lost heroine.—A romantic tale bears the title “Prisons of Air.”¶ A curse pronounced by a gypsy upon an innocent boy and his descendants inspires in these the very fears which lead to its fulfillment. As for the youth himself, his impetuous nature, hating meanness, is itself sufficient to drive him into disfavor and suffering. An artful parallel to this curse is traced through the descendants of the youth's cousin, who defrauded the unfortunate. They fail to make restitution, and fear of detection developing into insanity becomes an inheritance with the estate. The story teaches the uselessness of yielding to superstitious fears.—Hector Malot's

\* The Christian Life. By C. F. Paulus, D.D. Translated from the German by F. W. Schneider, A.M. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, \$1.50.

† Holy Names. By the Rev. Julian K. Smyth. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

‡ Making the Most of Life. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Price, \$1.00 § Do We Believe It? Expectation Corner. Conflicting Duties. By E. S. Elliott. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

¶ The Adversary. By William A. Matson, D.D. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. Price, \$1.25.

\* A Chicago Bible Class. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. New York: United States Book Company. Price, \$1.25.

† An Historical Mystery. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

‡ On the Plantation. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

§ The Story of the Glittering Plain. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

¶ Prisons of Air. By Moncure D. Conway. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price, 50 cts.

"Conscience,"\* a translation from the French, is well written and of high moral tone. It embraces the life, thoughts, and actions of a resolute young doctor, who, too impatient to await the vengeance of heaven, by his own hand punishes his enemy with death. The story, while retaining interest in the hero, arouses horror at his course.—Admirers of Annie S. Swan's stories will find in "The Ayres of Studleigh"† a book of unusual interest. It is brighter and more compactly written than many of her works.—"Longmans' New School Atlas"‡ is a thoroughly prepared and accurate work. In scope it embraces a great variety of subjects including in addition to those generally embodied, maps indicating magnetic variation, navigability of rivers, and other showings of interest to the student of physical, racial, social, or commercial facts concerning all countries.—The latest work on the now accepted

school of expression and physical development, is "Americanized Delsarte Culture" by Emily M. Bishop. This work reclaims the name Delsarte, and his system, from the plane of artificial posing and arm-weaving gesture to which it has been misapplied by its superficial and half-understanding "students." A spirited sketch of the formulator of the philosophy of expression is given in the opening chapter, telling who, where, and what the man Delsarte was, of whom there is in this country so much talk and so little knowledge. Following this, and based upon the ever-present purpose of inculcating health and grace through Delsartean culture, are a series of pointed, compact crystal-clear chapters on actions which ordinarily are a succession of misdeeds. Studies of insomnia, nervousness, and kindred themes are especially enlightening.—Paul Bourget's "Pastels of Men"† is a volume of somberly intense sketches. Much beauty of scene and sentiment centers about an Italian abbé and his efforts to restore his deserted convent.

\* Conscience. By Hector Malot. Translated by Lita Angelica Rice. New York: Worthington Company. Price, 75 cts.

† The Ayres of Studleigh. By Annie S. Swan. Cincinnati: Cranston and Stowe. New York: Hunt and Eaton. Price, 90 cents.

‡ Longmans' New School Atlas. Edited by George G. Chisholm, M.A., B.Sc., and C. H. Leete, A.B., Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Price, \$1.50.

\* Americanized Delsarte Culture. By Emily M. Bishop. Meadville, Penna.: Flood & Vincent. The Chautauqua-Century Press. Price, \$1.00.

† Pastels of Men. By Paul Bourget. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

## SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR APRIL, 1892.

HOME NEWS.—April 1. Death of Charles D. Drake, ex-Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims.

April 3. Timothy Hopkins presents valuable railway literature to Stanford University.

April 10. Destructive floods in the South.

April 12. Citizens of the flooded districts in northern Mississippi petition the government for aid.

April 14. An indemnity of \$25,000 paid by the United States to Italy and diplomatic intercourse renewed.

April 15. The Sisseton Indian Reservation opened to settlement.—The Woman's Suffrage bill passed by the New York Assembly.

April 17. Easter generally observed by the "boomers" of Indian Territory.—The excise law vigorously enforced in New York City.

April 18. Reception and banquet in Boston in honor of Dr. E. E. Hale.

April 19. Severe earthquake shock in California.—Burning of the Staten Island dye-works.

April 24. The annual convention of the Theosophical Society in Chicago.

April 25. Governor Flower signs the Speed-

way Repeal bill.—Dr. Parkhurst's methods indorsed by the Baptist pastors of New York.

April 26. Laying of the corner stone of the Grant Monument in New York.

FOREIGN.—April 1. Celebration throughout Germany of Prince Bismarck's seventy-seventh birthday.

April 4. The steamship *Missouri* arrives in Libau, bearing food from New York to the starving Russians.—The Belgian Conservative Association declares against universal suffrage.

April 10. Disastrous fire in Tokio, Japan.

April 13. The British government largely increases its Chicago World's Fair grant.

April 15. Death of Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

April 17. Death of Alexander McKenzie, premier of Canada.

April 19. A new Italian cabinet is formed.

April 23. Cholera epidemic in Benares, India.

April 26. The anarchists Ravachol and Simon sentenced to penal servitude for life.—Newfoundland declines the Canadian suggestion of a conference.



